STATE LIBRARY OF PENNSYLVANIA
main,stks 808.8C466
Christian parlor book :
0 0001 00356026 3

Penna. State Library

THE

CHRISTIAN PARLOR BOOK:

DEVOTED TO

SCIENCE, LITERATURE, AND RELIGION.

New-York:

PUBLISHED BY GEORGE PRATT,

NO. 116 NASSAU STREET.

1852.

EDWARD O. JENKINS, PRINTER,
No. 114 Nassau street, N. Y.

CONTENTS.

	Page
A Short Paper on Procter,	3
To the Genius of Poetry,	5
Money at Interest,	6
The Dead Weight,	10
Hannah Adams,	11
The City of Night,	14
The Unforgotten,	17
Melville, the Pulpit Orator,	18
An Hour with Thomas P. Hunt,	22
The Old Scotch Couple,	26
The Outlet of Lake George,	29
Professor Samuel F. B. Morse,	30
A Funeral in the Country,	33
Tennyson's Locksley Hall,	38
Associations,	41
Charles I. and Cromwell,	42
Time the Healer,	46
My Country Residences,	47
The River of Life,	51
The Design of Life,	52
The Mother's Lament,	54
The Crystal Palace,	55
True Greatness,	60
The Puritans Judged by their Writings,	63
The Sisters of Bethany,	66
Westminster Abbey,	67
The Wo-Prophet of Jerusalem,	68
Evening near a Great City,	69
More Precious than Rubies,	70
The Treasures and Pleasures of Geology,	74
Rage for Unearned Wealth,	77
The Fear of being an Old Maid,	79
The Voice of the Sea,	81
Half-way People,	82
The Spirit-Land,	84
The Right Side for the Bride,	85
The Minstrelsy of Nature,	87
The Christian Catacombs of Rome,	88
Submission to Providence,	93
"And God said, Let there be Light,"	94
Dies Iræ,	95
Two Stories for the Fireside,	96
The Bible Class,	102
Dr. Gutzlaff, the Missionary,	103
Autobiography of a Sensitive Spirit,	104
"To the Unknown God,"	106
"A Thing of Beauty is a Joy forever,"	107
Original Anecdotes of General Washington,	109
A Summer Evening,	111
Motives,	112
The Conquest of Peru,	115
Rev. N. S. S. Beman, D.D.,	118
A Green Old Age,	123
The Vanity of Human Things,	124
The White Lamb,	125
"My Peace I give unto you,"	127
The Claims of Sacred Music,	128
The Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence,	131
"Peace, Be Still,"	132
The Fear of Death,	133
The Feast of the Lord,	136
Let Us Love Each Other,	138
Horseback Rambles,	139
Home,	141
A Soliloquy,	142
Sunset in Baffin's Bay,	144
Guardian Angels,	144
Robert Browning,	145
Earth's Oldest Son,	147
On the Death of a Dear Friend,	150
The Presence of God,	150
"I would not Live Alway,"	153
Personal Character of Dr. Chalmers,	156
Some Great Work,	162
Apostrophe to Niagara,	167
Gems of Modern English Poetry,	168
They Fade,	171
A Plea for Old Trees,	172
Spirit of Love,	173
Prejudices against Innovation,	174
Dignity,	177
The Ideal,	179
The True Source of Happiness,	180
Early Piety,	185
Farewell,	187
Old English Sacred Poetry,	188
Whither Goest Thou?	190
The Stranger's Grave,	191

67516

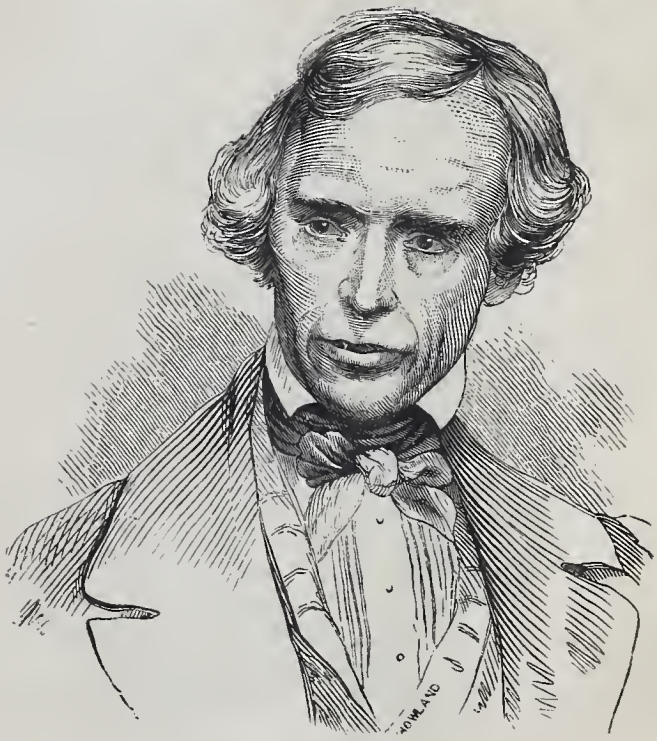
	Page
The Law of Thrift,	193
Youth,	196
Luther and his Work,	197
Earthly Sorrow,	201
A Wish,	201
"Speak Tenderly to the Erring,"	202
The Family in Heaven,	205
"Rejoice in the Lord,"	206
The Seven Wonders of the World,	207
Runga,	210
The Past and the Future,	211
Romance of Every-Day Life,	212
Stanzas,	212
The Martyrdom of Polycarp,	217
Rosabel,	220
One of the Graces,	221
Bunker Hill and Calvary,	226
Man's Extremity, God's Opportunity,	227
The Press,	229
Early Life in the Country,	230
The Use of Tears,	234
A Few Hours' Sail,	235
Flowers and Flints,	236
Sleeping and Dreaming,	237
My Mother's Voice,	238
The Number Seven in Scripture,	239
The Tempter's Visit to a Sick Mother,	241
The Warrior and the Poet,	241
The Christian's Death-Bed,	242

Embellishments.

1. Kossuth.
2. Abdication of Mary, Queen of Scots.
3. Outlet of Lake George.
4. Professor Morse.
5. Family of Cromwell.
6. The Crystal Palace.
7. Mount Washington Falls.
8. Rev. S. H. Cox, D.D.
9. Ataliba and his Family.
10. Rev. George Potts, D.D.
11. St. Lawrence and the Thousand Islands.
12. Columbus propounding his Theory.
13. Rev. William B. Sprague, D.D.
14. Remorse of Charles IX.
15. Rev. Leonard Bacon, D.D.
16. Rev. S. H. Tyng, D.D.

Music.

The Song of the Zephyrs.
The Song of the Wood Nymphs.
The Song of the Robin.
I've a Home in the Valley.
O Sing to Me.
The Lily Bells.
Sing, Sing to Me.
Why do Summer Roses Fade?



PROF. SAMUEL F. B. MORSE,

Inventor of the Magnetic Telagraph.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2020 with funding from
This project is made possible by a grant from the Institute of Museum and Library Services as administered by the Pennsylvania Department of Education through the Office of Commonwealth Libraries

https://archive.org/details/christianparlorb00unse

The Song of the Zephyrs.

Dedicated to Mrs. Caroline Wilson.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY ANNA BLACKWELL.

Allegretto Scherzando.

1. In the gold - en sun-light, 'Neath the moon's pale beam,

Where the sil - ver star-light Falls on the trem - bling stream;

O - ver field and bow - er, Where proud the blue waves tow-er, We

Un poco rallentando. - - - - -

sport the joy - ous hour! Trip - ping light - ly, trip - ping light-ly,

Acellerando, Leggiero staccato.

Colla Voce.

Ro - vers, joy-ous rov-ers we, Flitting brightly, flitting brightly O - ver land and

sea!

2.

Rose in dewy splendor,
Lily fair and pale,
And the violet tender,
All list our loving tale!
Their sweet face low bending,
And richest odors lending,
With our pure breath soft blending!
So we trip it, trip it lightly,
Rovers, joyous rovers we,
Flitting brightly, flitting brightly,
Over land and sea!

A SHORT PAPER ON PROCTER.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall) was a schoolfellow of Byron's at Harrow; while the young lord was enjoying himself, as a nobleman and rich heir should do, the poor commoner was studying law, which nobody, that ever went through it, ever thought of calling enjoyment. Byron had emerged from the obscurity of his noble station, and was in the full blaze of popularity, before Procter made his humble appearance in the world of letters, a new candidate for poetic honors. His first publication or volume of "Dramatic Sketches" was favorably received by the public, and kindly reviewed by most of the critical reviews of the time. Lambe, Hazlett, Southey and others had lately been calling attention to the writers of the Elizabethan age, and the people were beginning to appreciate again the pathos and sweetness of those glorious old masters who looked deeper into the human heart than men had ever done before or are likely to do again. Procter was their disciple and follower. His "Sketches" were full of fine natural touches and lines, which, like those of Apelles, bespeak the hand of the master. The Edinburgh Review for January, 1820, speaking of his "Sicilian Story," uses the following language: "His style is chiefly moulded and his versification modulated on the pattern of Shakspeare, and the other dramatists of that glorious age, particularly Marlow, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger. He has also copied something from Milton and Ben Jonson, and the amorous cavaliers of the Usurpation, and then passing disdainfully over all the intermediate writers, has flung himself fairly into the arms of Lord Byron, Coleridge, Wordsworth and Leigh Hunt. * * * It is obvious that a man may imitate Shakspeare and his great compeers, without presuming to rival their variety or universality. This is the case with Barry Cornwall. He does not meddle with the thunders and lightnings of the mighty poet: and still less with his boundless humor and fresh springing merriment. He has nothing to do with Falstaff or Silence; and does not venture himself into the lists with Macbeth, or Lear, or Othello. It is the tender, the sweet, the fanciful only that he ventures to copy; the girlish innocence and lovely sorrow of Juliet, Imogen, Perdetta or Viola—the enchanted solitude of Prospero and his daugher—the etherial loves and jealousies of Oberon and Titania, and those other magical scenes all perfumed with love and poetry, and breathing the spirit of a celestial spring, which lie scattered in every part of his writings. The genius of Fletcher is perhaps more akin to his muse of imitation than the soaring and "extravagant spirit" of Shakspeare; and we think we can trace, in more places than one, the impression which his fancy has received from the patient suffering and sweet desolation of Aspasia in his "Maid's Tragedy." It is the youthful Milton only that he has presumed to copy—the Milton of Lycidas, and Comus, and the Arcades, and the Seraphic Hymns, not the lofty and austere Milton of the Paradise. From Jonson, we think he has imitated some of those exquisite songs and lyrical pieces which lie buried in the rubbish of his masques, which continued to be the models for all such writings down to the period of the Restoration. * * * There is a great deal of the diction of Wordsworth and Coleridge, and some imitation of their beauties; but we think the natural bent of his genius is more like that of Leigh Hunt than any other author. He has the same play of fancy, and the same capacity of deep and delicate feeling, together with the same relish for the old Italian poetry, and the plain and simple pathos of Dante and Boccacio—we doubt, however, whether he has equal force of original talent, or whether he could have written anything so good, on the whole, as the beautiful story of Rimini. But he has better taste and better judgment—or what is perhaps but saying the same thing, he has less affectation and far less conceit." This critique was doubtless from the pen of Jeffrey, and in the main is appreciative and just; though we can not help demurring to the charge of Imitation so pertinaciously set forth in the indictment. For our part, we are apt to fancy that a man of Procter's genius rather resembles certain authors in certain phases of their character and writings, than that he deliberately imitates them. The stigma of imitation

is easily and too often falsely stamped on men of kindred minds. "There is a mountain in Macedon, and a mountain in Wales." There is, certainly, great resemblance between Procter and Hunt, but it is rather in subject than style: Hunt is pleasant, careless, affected, and slip-shod; one can hardly trust him in serious passages, for fear of smiling: his face is always on the smirk. Procter is careful in his diffusion; sweetly pleasant, serious and solemn in his delicate affectations, and never, in the sense of Hunt, slip-shod. Hunt has more exuberance and animal spirits; Procter more pathos and refined feeling. If Procter could not have written "Rimini," Hunt could not have written "The English Songs" of Procter. Both are beautiful and unique in their way; and the world is wide enough for them without jostling.

Procter must have been a careful student of old books in his time; his language and style betrays it; above all, his little songs, which are undeniably the finest of modern times, always excepting the best of Burns. One can hardly tell one of his best songs from one of Shakspeare's, it is so full of the very soul of poetry: passion and lyrical feeling are interblended like scent and color in the heart of a violet. Many of them are running over with vague emotions, and delicate sensibilities. Kings and queens, pages and princesses, lads and lassies, all hearts and stations find a fit utterance in his magical lines. Sometimes he is as clear as noonday; sometimes as shadowy and unsubstantial as a dream; but always poetical and human. Now he will sing you a drinking ditty that Sir John Suckling would have delighted to father; anon a love poem worthy of Catullus, and as chaste as Paradise. He writes in all moods, and under all inspirations: and is probably, in his songs, the most dramatic writer since Shakspeare.

Here is one of the first that we lay our hands on. Of course you are all aware of the festivities of olden times—the misletoe bough that was suspended from the ceiling—and the custom of kissing the maids beneath it. Happy custom! not yet obsolete in the rural districts of England. Read this little song, and guess who wrote it. No! it was *not* Shakspeare.

THE MISLETOE.

When winter nights grow long,
And winds without blow cold,
We sit in a ring round the warm wood fire,
And listen to stories old!
And we try to look grave (as maids should be)
When the men bring in boughs of the Laurel-tree,
Oh, the Laurel, the evergreen tree,
The poets have laurels,—and why not we?

How pleasant when night falls down,
And hides the wintry sun,
To see them come in to the blazing fire,
And know that their work is done;
Whilst many bring in, with a laugh or rhyme,
Green branches of Holly for Christmas time!
Oh the Holly, the bright green Holly,
It tells (like a tongue) that the times are jolly!

Sometimes, (in *our* grave house
Observe, this happeneth not:)
But, at times, the evergreen laurel boughs,
And the holly are all forgot!
And then! what then? why, the men laugh low,
And hang up a branch of—the Misletoe!
Oh brave is the Laurel! and brave is the Holly!
But the Misletoe banisheth melancholy!
Ah, nobody knows, nor ever shall know,
What is done under the Misletoe!

Here is another, but of a very different cast; sombre and dark, and yet right jolly withal. The subject is as old as life. It is Death and the rest he brings. An attempt to embody and personify the King of Terrors, the monarch of a greater realm than ever Alexander wept for in his wildest moments. The subject is deep, awful, and magnificent, not repulsive. A lesser poet would have pictured a skeleton, skull, ribs, cross-bones and all. Procter leaves that to the reader's imagination, and only gives the outline of a dusky old king, pledging his subjects in the wine of forgetfulness:

KING DEATH.

King Death was a rare old fellow!
He sat where no sun could shine,
And lifted his hand so yellow,
And poured out the coal black wine.
Hurrah! for the coal black wine!

There came to him many a maiden,
Whose eyes had forgot to shine;
And widows with grief o'erladen,
From a draught of his sleepy wine,
Hurrah! for the coal black wine!

The Scholar left all his learning;
The Poet his fancied woes;
And the Beauty her bloom returning,
Like life to the fading rose.
Hurrah! for the coal black wine!

All came to the royal old fellow,
Who laughed till his eyes dropped brine,
As he gave them his hand so yellow,
But pledged them in Death's black wine,
Hurrah—Hurrah!
Hurrah! for the coal black wine!

Here is something as sweet as the life of a child, fresh, simple and touching. If you have ever loved and lost a little wingless angel, whose voice was more than words to you, I fancy you will like it. How pretty it is! Read it slowly, and with due emphasis, as if you felt it, and you will before you get through with it.

THE LITTLE VOICE.

Once there was a little Voice,
  Merry as the mouth of May,
That did cry "*Rejoice! Rejoice!*"
  Now—tis flown away!

Sweet it was, and very clear,
  Chasing every thooght of pain,
Summer! shall I ever hear
  Such a voice again?

I have pondered all night long
  Listening for as soft a sound;
But so sweet and clear a song
  Never have I found!

I would give a mine of gold,
  Could I hear that little Voice,—
Could I, as in days of old,
  At a soond rejoice!—

But perhaps one of the most remarkable traits in Procter is the home feeling in many of his poems. They seem to have been written in the midst of his family, around the fireside of a winter night. The "Song for Adalaide" is one of the most beautiful nursery lyrics in the world, just such a song as a happy father would sing to his wife. "The Prayer in Sickness" and "the Petition to Time" can hardly be read, without loving the man; such poems prove conclusively that the humblest emotions and feelings are poetical in the hands of a true artist. Nothing is too mean for the poet to glorify and exalt; but most common things must be exalted, to be glorified and made poetical. A dull Flemish exactness to the mere outside truth of objects is not, nor ever can be, artistic. This was the great mistake of Wordsworth in the beginning of his career, when he wrote "Betty Foys" and "Peter Rells;" and it would have killed him if he had not had genius enough to retrieve himself in other respects: his best poems are contradictions of his own theories—

A PETITION TO TIME.

Touch os gently, Time!
  Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently—as we sometimes glide
  Through a qoiet dream!
Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife, and children three—
(One is lost,—an angel, fled
To the azure overhead!)

Touch os gently, Time!
  We've not proud nor soaring wiogs:
Our ambition, *our* content
  Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are *we*,
O'er Life's dim unsounded sea
Seeking only some calm clime;—
Touch us *gently*, gentle Time!

We have not left ourselves room to copy any of his lyrical poems, *per se*, which we hardly dare believe the reader would thiuk equal to those we have quoted. A pure lyric,—like one or two of the best of Shakspeare's, such as "Hark! hark! the lark." "Tell me where is Fancy bred," and "Under the Greenwood Tree," is rarely appreciated by the mass of poetical readers, not to say poets themselves. It is considered too small and trifling: but the trifle however is a diamond. The same remark will apply to the best songs of Burns; and to one or two of the last poems of Tennyson. "The Cradle Song," for instance, in the new editions of the Princess." In conclusion, let us reccommend all our readers who love fine poetry (and who does not?) to read the English songs and other small poems of Barry Cornwall.

TO THE GENIUS OF POETRY.

Thnu seraph-voiced, bright child of heaveo,
To whom the godlike power is given,
Life's misty path to line with light,
And gem with stars grief's curtaio'd night;
Unveiling to prophetic eye
The secret fount of harmony:
  Thee I iovoke.

Unseen, unheard thoo art by those
In whose dim souls no vision glows
Of something yet to be possest,
The dream of which makes mortals blest;
And few will on thy pinions rise,
To graoder, glorioos beaming skies.
  Bright child of heaveo.

But I, thoo angel-goide, with thee,
All radiaot in thy purity,
Will leave the laden, earth-clad throng,
With all their ills, their strife, their wrong,
To tread that starry spirit-way,
Sool-teaching in its mystery,
  Thoo child of heaveo.

MONEY AT INTEREST.

BY MISS MUNROE.

"I SHALL be very happy—won't you?—when we have a little money laid by," said Philip Clayton's pretty wife, as she poured out tea for him in their cheerful little parlor, through whose open window stole the soft breath of summer, laden with the fragrance of the sweet-briar that fringed the grass-plot, and the honeysuckle that draperied the rustic porch.

"I am very happy now," replied Clayton, smiling, as he glanced from the fair face that looked on him to the laughing boy who was romping with a spaniel on the grass.

"Well, and so am I," said Mrs. Clayton, smiling also: it would have been strange if she was not happy, with a husband who loved her devotedly, and no sorrow or danger glooming on the sunny horizon of her life. "But you know what I mean—it will be a great comfort and satisfaction when we are able to lay up something as a provision for the future. And think what a pleasure it will be to find the interest coming in at once to help us!"

"No, no!" laughed Clayton; "to carry out the thing properly we must not spend the interest, but lay that up also to accumulate into a large fortune by the time we are three or fourscore years old. But come, Hetty, let us not concern ourselves so much about a future that may never come. If it does come, God will, I trust, enable us to provide for it; but the blessings of the present are ours to enjoy and be thankful for. So give me another cup, and then let me hear that song you sung me yesterday; it has been echoing in my ears all day; and every line I wrote seemed to be accommodating itself to the tune."

So the song was sung, and others followed, drawing the child dancing in from his gambols to hear the music, and the evening passed pleasantly as it was wont to do, making Mrs. Clayton forget, in the happiness of the present, her anxiety for the future.

Years passed by, and found and left as great and yet greater happiness at the little cottage—for other childish voices made its walls resound with merriment, and not one blessing had been recalled, to leave a shadow on remembrance; and, moreover, the cherished wish of Henrietta seemed on the point of being realized; for the first five hundred dollars were very nearly amassed, by their care and frugality, out of Philip's salary from the banking-house where he was a clerk; and already his over-anxious wife reckoned the interest, as the small yet welcome addition to their income which should enable the second five hundred to be more quickly collected.

On the other side of the clear stream which glided quietly through the village stood a house, whose inmates had known far less of prosperity than was the portion of the Claytons. Yet there had come a brightness over their prospects; and after many misfortunes, Richard Allen thought that the clouds had passed at length, and the long delayed sunshine was gleaming forth; for a situation as clerk promised him not merely a competence, but the means of setting his son, a fine boy of fifteen, forward in the world. He had been but six months in his situation, and twice that time in the neighborhood, where he was of course but little known, though that little was calculated to win respect; and of all, Clayton perhaps knew and liked him best.

One evening they were leaning over the bridge that spanned the stream, watching Frank Allen as he altered, and worked at, and launched, and guided on its course, the little boat which Harry Clayton—six years his junior—was unable to make sail down the stream, and they smiled to see how the child clapped his hands with delight, and how pleased Frank was to aid the ignorance and awkwardness of his little companion.

"Strange," said Allen, "that as men we should lose the feelings which seem inherent in us in childhood and in boyhood. In those years our first impulse is to help those who are weaker or more inexperienced than ourselves. But as time passes, those feelings die away and are forgotten; and how seldom it is that we find men pleased and eager to extend a helping hand to those who are less fortunate than themselves! How much more frequently do they appear to exult in their advantages all the more that others are without

them! And if they do aid a feebler brother, is it not usually done coldly and reluctantly, as an acknowledged but disagreeable duty, instead of with the pleasure and alacrity which characterized our boyhood's exertions to help those who needed?"

"There are exceptions," replied Clayton, "and I would wish to think they are numerous."

"So would I," said Allen, "and they ought to be numerous; for surely every year of our lives shows us more and more how dependent men are on their fellow-creatures, in some shape or another: it seems designed to teach us mutual kindness, charity, and forbearance; but the lesson is too often unheeded, and sometimes read backwards to serve a different end. But don't think me a grumbler, or a misanthrope, because I say this. I know there is much good in the world; but I cannot help saying that there might be, and ought to be, much more."

"I suspect we need only look into our own hearts to own the truth of that," said Clayton, smiling. "But here comes Mrs. Allen, and I know my good little housewife has been impatiently waiting for us this hour past."

And so she had been; for with all her prudence and frugality, Mrs. Clayton was very proud of her cakes and her preserves, and the Allens were at all times among her most welcome guests. There were but themselves this evening; and long was it remembered, and often in after days Henrietta would tell how, when they were going away, Mrs. Allen went back to kiss the children a second time as they slept, and how Mr. Allen said, as he shook her hand,—

"What a very, very happy evening we have passed!"

She and Philip stood at the door until their friends crossed the little bridge homewards: they watched the crescent moon sink behind the distant hills, and then, closing the door upon the dimmer light which gleamed in starry rays on bough and stream, there soon was rest and silence in the cottage, as everywhere around.

It might have been two hours after when the loud barking of a dog awakened Clayton. His first idea was that it was broad daylight, so bright a light was shining through the window. But in another moment he was conscious that the glow was redder than that of the reddest morning. And springing to the window, he saw flames bursting from the Allens' house.

Clayton hurried to the spot. A crowd was beginning to gather around the house, but its inmates still slept. Efforts were made to arouse them to a knowledge of their danger, which became every instant more imminent, so rapidly the flames spread and strengthened, and the door was forced open at the same moment that a wild shriek rose from within; but suffocating smoke rolled through the doorway, and flames darted their forked tongues round the staircase, and nobody dared to enter.

Mrs. Allen was speedily seen at a window. "A ladder!—a ladder!" was loudly called for but there was none at hand; and while some ran off to the nearest place to get one, the unhappy woman cast herself down upon the gravelled walk to escape the fiery death she dreaded. She was taken up insensible, and carried to the cottage which she had quitted in health and happiness so few hours previously. In another minute Allen, who had gone to arouse his son, came with him to another window. The ladder had arrived, and was quickly planted at it, and he was observed desiring Frank to descend.

"Allen! Allen! save yourself; your wife has escaped!" cried Clayton.

The last words never reached the ear they were addressed to; but were lost in Allen's answering cry of "No, no!—my wife, my wife!" as he disappeared to seek the partner of his many years' wanderings and misfortunes.

"Allen! Allen!" was echoed in twenty voices to call him back. But a crash followed—some part of the flooring had fallen in, and he was never seen again.

Wildly the flames rose and fell, despite the quantities of water from the stream which had been so lavishly cast upon them, flickering, and dancing, and soaring up towards the sky, whose stars were now invisible; and casting a broad, red radiance on the crowd, the wide, smooth meadows and the waters of the quiet stream. Frank Allen sat on the grass, gazing on the fiery mass which blazed, and hissed, and crackled, above the form he had so loved and honored Just old enough to feel to its full extent the anguish of that moment without the capability of endurance which added years might have imparted, he watched the remorseless flames with an intensity of grief which forbade all attempts at consolation, and resisted every endeavor to withdraw him from the spot.

The night passed, the fire began to die out, and the rising sun found a heap of smouldering ruins where he had left a happy dwelling; while beneath them lay what had then been a living and breathing form, in full health, and all the strength and energy of manhood's prime. Then Clayton led away the sorrowing boy to his own home, where for the first time he learned that his mother, whom he had thought safe and well, was suffering greatly—it soon proved dying—beneath the same roof; and the dawn of another day found Frank Allen

alone—an orphan and destitute, without a relative or a friend from whom he had a right to claim protection or assistance.

But this thought did not at first come to grieve him, for all considerations of self were lost in deep and overwhelming sorrow; and he alone was careless of his future lot, while the whole village was busy talking over it, and wondering what it would be. There had been some doubt, too, about the funeral, when it was known that the Allens left nothing; but Clayton set that at rest at once by charging himself with the expenses; and when that day was over, Frank Allen's fate was the undivided subject of conversation.

It was a long walk which Philip Clayton took that night. When he returned, he found Frank Allen still watching the heap of ruins with which he thought all the happiness of his life had fallen for ever. And even so Clayton mused; his own Harry, yet younger and more helpless, might have mourned over the desolation of his home, and been cast upon the coldness and the charity of strangers. But his mind had been made up fully during that long and solitary walk, though indeed the purpose had been gathering there stronger and stronger all the while.

Yet he feared to tell his gentle, loving Henrietta, for he knew that though she had tended Mrs. Allen as though she had been a sister, and wept with Frank, and strove to soothe and comfort his grief with all a woman's tenderness and softness, still money was too dear to her to be easily parted with, even for the sake of one whom she pitied and sympathized with so deeply. But Philip was resolved; and though on hearing that he was going to pay two hundred and fifty dollars as an apprentice-fee for Frank, to secure for him proper instruction in the line for which his father destined him, his wife shed more tears than words of his had ever caused her to shed before, and reproached him bitterly with throwing away the money they had so slowly gathered, he still was firm; for the memory of Allen's words came as a bitter reproach to human nature, in which he could not bear to share.

"You ought to think of your children!" said Henrietta, pressing the youngest to her bosom, as if to guard it from some evil which his father's act was drawing down upon it.

"I do think of my children," replied Philip, with much emotion, as he took the other little one in his arms, and glanced out at the field opposite, where Harry was vainly striving to draw Frank from his sorrowful contemplation of the sad dark spot before them. "I do think of my children; and that, if there were nothing else, would bid me act as I am doing. For I think, Hetty, that one of our beloved ones might have been left desolate as Frank has been. And I think also, Hetty, that we know not how much they may yet be dependent on the kindness and bounty of others. And this thought alone would make me do to Frank as I would should be done unto my own children."

"But this will only make them poorer, and more likely to be so dependent," urged Mrs. Clayton, in a tone of feebler remonstrance.

"Oh, Hetty," said her husband, "I wonder that with so much of love there can be such devotion to Mammon in that kind little heart! Do you forget that poverty and riches depend on a mightier will than ours?"

"Then I suppose it must be so," sighed Henrietta. "But it must be a long while yet before we can have any money out at interest."

Clayton did not answer; but he had learned to know this was indeed a bitter disappointment. However, the letters were written, inquiries were made, and by using every exertion he got Frank most advantageously situated in a mercantile house, in the East India trade.

Five or six months after, Clayton received a letter by some encountered vessel, full of the outpourings of a young heart's gratitude; and a year after there came another, but it was the last In another year Clayton wrote to the owners, when he heard that the ship had been chartered and employed in going from one part of India to another, and had not returned, but that no accident to Frank Allen had been reported. So as his own letters to Frank remained unanswered, Clayton supposed that his young charge had grown weary of gratitude. Yet, though Henrietta sometimes drily intimated that it was an unmerited return for all his kindness, Philip never regretted the part which he had acted, for he wanted not gratitude and thanks, but merely the consciousness of doing right, and the approval of his own heart. This was pleasanter to him than the gratification of her darling wish—the having money at interest, which had been at last attained—was to his pretty, gentle, and amiable, but anxious and calculating wife.

How quickly years glide away, and how soon people are forgotten when they are no longer seen! It took little time for a Frank to pass from everyone's remembrance but the Claytons'. And then Clayton moved to a distant city, where a higher salary was given him by another bank, and he and his were soon forgotten.

The fleeting years were pleasant to the Claytons. Their children grew up fair and promising. Already Harry was in a solicitor's office; the

younger boy, William, was to be a medical man, and the little Violet was as lovely and modest as her name-flower. And Henrietta had another happiness—they had laid by many hundreds now; and it was not merely the usual interest that was received for them, for Clayton had been admitted to a share in the concern, and the sum that he invested returned him a per centage far larger than that given to depositors.

But sunshine cannot last for ever The first cloud was a change in Clayton's health. A severe illness, followed by a stroke of paralysis, left him with his powers of mind unimpaired, but so infirm as to preclude all hope of future exertion. Then what comfort it was that they had so well guarded against an evil day. And what a satisfaction that Clayton had obtained the shares in the stock, now that he could do nothing to make an income; and the mere interest of their savings would have been very little for their support. But within a couple of years the bank broke, and all was lost, the shares which had seemed such a blessing only serving to make ruin more complete; for he was involved in the liabilities, and the policy of insurance, which had always rendered his mind easy on his wife's account, was taken from them.

Still there were their sons—Harry, two-and-twenty, and William, seventeen—who were eager to exert themselves for their parents and sister. The younger's prospects of course were altered; but a situation in the custom-house was obtained, enabling him to be at once an assistance to the family. And Harry was in high hopes that he should get into practice as an attorney, for which he was now qualified. He appeared to be doing so for a few months; but he shortly after met with a severe fall, which inflicted a spinal injury, with which he might linger on for years, but only to grieve over the thought of being a burthen to those he hoped to have supported.

William's small salary was now their only resource. To add to it, Violet went out as a teacher, though her youth made her reward but trifling. So passed another year, and still Harry, at nearly four-and-twenty, lay a dead weight on the struggling efforts of his young brother and sister, without a hope of recovery or—he would often have said, but for fear of grieving those who loved him—even a hope of death. Clayton retained much of his former cheerfulness, and strove to support the spirits and courage of his son under this painful trial; while for his sake also the fond mother checked her own repiuings, and strove to give to their humble dwelling the comfort and the home-look which it formerly wore.

One day the captain of a ship at the custom-house quay came into the Long-room, as it was called, where William was writing. The captain was transacting some business concerning his ship and while thus engaged, the clerk he was speaking to asked Clayton by name for a paper that was required.

"Clayton!" repeated the captain. "It is a long time since I heard that name, though I know and like it well. I hope you won't think it curiosity, if I ask your father's name?"

"It is Philip Clayton," replied the youth.

"It must be the same—and you are William!" exclaimed the sailor, grasping his hand. "Tell me only that all are well."

A shade came over William's face.

"My father is not in good health, and my brother is ill," he answered, sadly.

The joyful look of the sailor was dimmed also.

"You will take me to see them," he said "I have often longed for an opportunity; and hoped if ever this hour arrived, I should find no sorrow with those I have always remembered as being so happy."

In half an hour William's duties were over, and they left the custom-house together. Young Clayton did not ask his companion's name, nor did the sailor tell it; though before their walk was ended, his anxiety to know all about his old friends had gleaned almost their entire history from William's ingenuousness. Yet, though somewhat prepared, it was a shock when Mr. Clayton stood before him, weak and tremulous, stricken with age before his time; and he saw Harry, the once merry and light-hearted, lying powerless and moveless on a couch, with the light of youth fading from his eye, and its spirit dying out of his bosom.

"An old friend?" repeated Clayton inquiringly as he gazed intently on the face of his visitor.

"Yes; an obliged aud deeply indebted one, and a grateful one too, Mr. Clayton," replied the sailor. "Have you quite forgotten Frank Allen, who owes everything to your kindness?"

"A feeling came over me at the first that it could be no other," said Clayton, giving him a cordial welcome, which was warmly echoed round.

An hour swept away all the clouds which appeared to hang over Frank's conduct to his old friends; for he had often written, but receiving no answer, had fancied that Clayton never wished to hear from him; and when, years after, he returned to the village, he learned that they had left it and could gain no further tidings. His own fortunes had been prosperous during the fifteen years which had elapsed since Philip Clayton acted so kind a part to him—for talent and diligence had won him the favor of all he served and

sailed with; and so he had risen until, two years before, he obtained the command of a ship.

"And now I will not call it chance that brought me to this port." he said; "it was some higher influence guided me here, and told me at once when I heard the name to-day that one of my old friends was near me—though it certainly was not William that I thought of seeing."

"Ah, you would think of me," observed Harry, with a mournful smile, "But my father and mother have but one son to work for them."

"No, Harry," replied Allen, crossing over to the friend of his boyhood and taking his hand; "they shall have two sons to work for them; and in good time I trust that you may join us as the third. But all I have I owe to your father's generosity—he acted towards me as a father; and deeply grieved shall I be if he will not allow me to be as a son to him. Surely, surely, Mr. Clayton," he continued earnestly, "you will not refuse to the boy whom you protected—whom your bounty placed in the way of winning far more than a competency—you will not refuse to him the power of proving his gratitude for all that you have done for him! To be a son to you and Mrs. Clayton, and a brother to your children—this is all I wish, and it would indeed be to me a happiness."

It was the truest gratitude that prompted the desire, and bade him exert all his eloquence to win, as he did at length, the privilege of devoting himself as a son to the protector of his boyhood. For Henry especially, his heart was grieved; to see him, young and gifted, wearing away the spring-time of his life in suffering and sorrow, pained him deeply; and he earnestly sought other and better advice upon his case than the Claytons' means had enabled them to command. At length a hope was given that a partial recovery at least might be attained.

With this hope, and the blessings of his early friends, Frank Allen, at the end of some weeks, went on his voyage, happy in the consciousness that he left lighter hearts than he had found. And when, months after, he returned, there were bright smiles to greet him back, and something of the old light beginning to beam in Harry's eye, for the dreary period of hopelessness was past, and he had the prospect that in another year he might once more tread the green turf, and look upon the sparkling streams; and, above all, essay again to support himself, at least, instead of remaining in the helpless and child-like dependence which had so weighed upon his spirit.

The prospect was not deceptive, and before Frank left them next, its promise was in part fulfilled, and young Clayton was able to move about, with assistance.

"Philip," said Mrs. Clayton to her husband, as they watched from the window Harry leaning on the arm of the friend to whose aid his recovery was so greatly owing, since it had involved expenses which they themselves could not have met. "Philip, your two hundred and fifty were put out to far better interest than all the other money we ever saved: the rest is gone, but this remains to bless us. Little thought I when I so opposed you, how rich a return your generosity would receive!"

"Nor I either," answered Clayton; "I never thought of nor sought return. But it has come to cheer us in the hour it was most needed; and now, as I look on those two, how it brings back that last evening when Allen and I stood watching our boys; now, as then, his was the helper of mine; and I could almost think the very smiles of old, with all boyhood's cloudless joy, was on their faces."

He guessed not yet the cause of those smiles, nor that Frank had just told Harry how his own deep, true love had won that of Violet, and that ere long he hoped to claim by right the titles of son and brother in the family of his adoption.

THE DEAD WEIGHT.

I watch'd a little bird one day,
In a new plough'd earthly soil,
Seeking hard in the upturn'd clay
On some hapless insect or worm to prey;
And she labor'd with diligence fast away,
Till a victim rewarded her toil.

The bird was delicate, small and weak,
And the worm could not drag on high,
For, though firmly grasp'd in her tiny beak,
She wish'd with the burden her nest to seek,
Though her wings with the flutt'ring I thought would break—
Thus loaded she could not fly.

And I said, "Oh! man, it is thus with thee,
When seeking to soar above,
If thou think'st thou canst ever uplifted be
With thy burden of sin and infirmity;
But loose thy grasp ere thou triest to flee,
And no more impair'd thy flight shall be.

HANNAH ADAMS.

BY MRS. M. E. DOUBLEDAY.

"Nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote."

In an age in which the "*rights of woman*" have been insisted upon more earnestly, discussed more loudly, and pressed more fervently than at any former period, this delineation of the homely and humble duties of the sex may be justly supposed to be received with little favor.

The ladies who contend for the pulpit and the platform in their native land, and who cross the Atlantic to urge before an assembled world their right to mingle in the stormy debate, and to make the spacious hall re-echo with their shrill yeas and nays, cannot be thought to have much more reverence for the great epic poet than they have already expressed for the apostle to the Gentiles; and if the one was misled by his "Jewish prejudices," the other may well be imagined to have been fettered by the contracted spirit of the age in which he lived. While we select the above for our motto, we must ourselves confess that we not altogether either admire or approve of the character of the first mother, as drawn by the immortal poet. And we will dare to avow, that in our minds there has ever been a lurking suspicion, that a very consciousness of the strong dissimilarity between her own character and that of Milton's heroine must have been present to the mind of Hannah More, even while writing her beautiful eulogy upon it; not that we would accuse Miss More of insincerity, but because we know it to be one of the traits of human nature to be unwilling to be thought to be blind to a kind of excellence which we may yet be very conscious of not professing.

And Hannah More—the single lady, naturally firm, energetic and independent, caressed by bishops, lords, and statesmen, might find it easy to *commend* and to *recommend* the quiet submission, the humble deference, the lowly obedience of the wife.

But after having said thus much, we will say that we do most sincerely subscribe to the truth of this doctrine taught by our poet. It is woman's highest praise,

"To study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote."

And we would reiterate the often repeated assertion—home is the sphere of woman—the domestic circle the place where her influence is most naturally, most properly, and most efficiently exerted. Nor do we view the region as too contracted to forbid either the expansion or the cultivation of the highest powers of mind or of heart with which she may have been endowed. The influence of woman is silent and quiet, yet pervading and affecting every interest of society. It is like the dews of night, unseen, but not unfelt—either pure and healthful, reviving, refreshing and invigorating all nature, or a noxious miasma diffusing around contagion and death.

The mother moulds the character of the future divine, legislator, or statesman. The wife inspires, encourages, and supports her husband; and the sister, the refined, intelligent, virtuous sister, is the best safeguard for the purity and the happiness of the brother, and the friend. Let woman look at the mighty power intrusted to her; the power of moving all the secret springs of human action; of moulding all the elements of society; let her realize her responsibilities, and feel all the weight of the obligations already resting upon her, and she will not ask a wider field, she will not seek a more commanding station.

The influence of the mother is a more common theme, but it is not probably greater than that of the wife. It is different, it is more direct and apparent; it has more the aspect of authority; it is often avowed and acknowledged, yet it is not, as we think, so subtle, so all pervading. Shrouded by the privacy of domestic life, the influence of woman upon public affairs can seldom be directly traced; yet while our national history bears upon its pages the name of him who sold, betrayed, and well nigh ruined his country, those more conversant with the annals of the day will remember that he was probably impelled to these deeds of infamy and ruin, by a wish the more readily to meet the demands which the pride, folly and extravagance of his wife made upon his purse.

In what a bright contrast to this modern Tar-

peia, stands the venerable matron whose letters have been laid before the world. We rejoice in the publication of these letters. We feel that the family have thus added to the many obligations of respect and gratitude already imposed upon their country. They give us the portrait of an American matron, during the most interesting period of our national existence; and present a picture well worthy of being copied by the countrywomen of Mrs. Adams in the present day. We consider the work the more valuable, that the character there developed, although superior, is not uncommon. All the excellences of Mrs. Adams are attainable, and that too, by women in the ordinary ranks of life. The times in which she lived were such as tried the soul; but the sphere in which she moved during most of her life, was that in which the ordinary duties of women are to be found. She made it her great business

"To study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote."

"The heart of the husband did safely trust in her, so that he had no fear of spoil;" and by her prudent and judicious management of their family, she left him at liberty to devote himself to the service of his country. While the wife evidently felt the absence of the husband and companion, yet she cheerfully submitted to all the cares and trials consequent upon their separation. She never yielded to murmuring, fretfulness, or discontent. She found her happiness in the performance of her duty; and although living in a period of great apprehension and alarm, and knowing that all the interests dear to her were at stake, she yet indulged in no feminine weakness, no gloomy forebodings, no dark anticipations. She maintained a spirit of cheerfulness, hope, and confidence, admirably calculated to sustain both herself and her husband during the trying scenes through which they were called to pass.

These letters are the more interesting from commencing at an early age, and thus enabling us to mark the early development, the maturing and the ripening of the character. From the gay girl, who, in the exuberance of her youthful spirits, delighted to tease, while she yet sympathised with her sedate, and, as we fancy, somewhat stern lover, to the young wife and mother, thinking an absence of a few days too long; then the matron of middle life, yielding her husband at the call of her country, sustaining all the multiplied cares which thus devolved upon her, and diligently promoting all the interests of her family during his absence; then the wife of the American representative, standing in the presence of royalty, neither dismayed by the power, nor dazzled by the pomp which surrounded her; her returning to her native land, and taking the highest station in it, gracefully dispensing the hospitalities required from her station, yet not forgetting the domestic habits of her early life; again quietly returning to private life, and cheerfully resuming her early habits and employments, with her skimming-dish in her hand, visiting the dairy at five in the morning. We delighted to follow her through all the changes of her eventful life. We love to contemplate her as a woman, fulfilling all the duties of her sex, and more, we wish to consider her as a fair representative of the women of her country. We love to think of her as an American woman; as one of the many who contributed largely to the prosperity of their country, not by haranguing her senate, or leading her armies; but by the quiet, unostentatious performance of the humble and laborious duties which devolved upon them, during the absence of their husbands from their lonely and often scattered homes.

We would hold the domestic character of Mrs. Adams before the countrywomen of the present day, and would be allowed to ask those who are now preparing to enter upon the busy scenes of life, if they are cultivating the tastes, the habits, the principles which will make them thus useful, thus honored. The station in which Mrs. Adams was placed, made her virtues the more conspicuous; but it did not endow her with them. They were the product of a secluded, domestic, religious education—an education which regulated the temper, cultivated the affections, and disciplined the mind.

She enjoyed no uncommon advantages. She was not able even to avail herself of those presented by the *fashionable* (we wonder if there were such a word in the vocabulary of our pilgrim ancestors?) schools of the day. Her education was wholly domestic. To a mind constituted like hers, this could be no disadvantage—she had too much natural activity to suffer her mental powers to stagnate; and she learned to study, not from a spirit of vanity or emulation, but from a love of knowledge, and a desire to inform herself. Reading probably became the amusement of her leisure hours: and this habit, early formed, continued through life. Her letters certainly show that she had a thorough acquaintance with the English poets, and with many of the best English writers—a knowledge more common formerly than now, when women depended more upon their private application to study, and a judicious course of reading, as to the means of education, than upon the modern aids, which are so abundantly supplied. The New England habits of domestic industry; the

lengthened evening devoted to reading; the cheerful fireside, and even the old-fashioned accessory of the ever-present knitting work, were all admirably calculated to form women of reflecting minds, industrious habits, and religious principle; and the work of education, the education of the whole woman, the fitting her to sustain all the responsibilities, and to discharge all the duties of wife and mother, daughter and sister, was commenced, and at an early period daily and imperceptibly continued and carried on, even while the subject was never discussed, the word not used, and perhaps while the parents were regretting their inability to bestow it. Many families being well brought up, who were yet never supposed to have been educated, parents not realizing that to bring up a child in the way he should go, to fit it to discharge well the duties of this life, and more, so to inculcate the great principles of truth as to lead to the establishment of a well grounded hope for the life to come, was the best education which could be given. We think it no small evil attendant upon the modern system of female education, so generally pursued in our country, that the constant excitement of a public school unfits a young lady to return to the quiet, sober duties of domestic life, or to enjoy the seclusion of the family circle. A young lady, after having passed through the course of one of our modern establishments for female education, either leaves it, if she be a girl of active, inquisitive, and aspiring mind, with her constitution enfeebled, and her nervous system shattered, from too great mental stimulus; or after having passed through the round of modern accomplishments, she considers her education completed when the last term closes, and throws aside her books, and her studies, as she does the restraints of the school room and governess; while she who, with fewer means of instruction at command, fewer of the *appliances* of education, as Miss More calls them, if the desire for knowledge be awakened, and the pleasure to be derived from the exercise of the mental powers once enjoyed, becomes in a great measure self-taught, will make self-improvement the business of her life.

Her progress may be comparatively slow, but it will be sure. She will not be a prodigy at sixteen, but she will be a judicious, well-informed woman at thirty-five. It was this domestic education, this self-culture, this thorough discipline of the whole character, which fitted Mrs. Adams to discharge the various duties which at the different periods of her life devolved upon her, with so much honor to herself, and with so much benefit to her family. In all the relations of life she appears in a light which commands our respect and admiration. As a wife, while all the letters to her husband are marked by the independent thought, and good sense, which distinguished her, they yet breathe a delightful spirit of conjugal deference and respect, not always manifested by women of superior minds towards those whom they may yet have promised to "honor and obey." Mrs. Adams certainly obeyed the apostolic precept, and reverenced her husband; and happy the wife where the character of the husband renders a cheerful obedience so easy. Her letters to her sons are always admirable, and show how anxiously she desired, and how unwearying and self-denying were her endeavors, to promote their best interests. We find her watching over her aged parents with tender affection; kindly communicative to her sisters, amusing and instructing her nieces, and prudently advising after she had ceased to direct her daughter, and delighting her last days with her grandson.

The letter to Mr. Adams, dated February 8th, 1797, upon his election to the Presidential chair, we consider as a most admirable production. It breathes a spirit worthy of a daughter of the Puritans—a spirit which we could wish had more entirely animated every epistle which she wrote. While we regret to feel obliged to say, that these letters contain some expressions which we consider as objectionable—some sentiments which we cannot approve—yet we would desire to be allowed to recommend both the letters and the character of the venerable authoress to the consideration of her fair countrywomen.

They may there learn what qualities are most necessary to render the women of our own land useful, happy, and respected.

In conclusion, let us say, that while there is attached to the name of Mrs. Adams the high honor of being the wife of one President, and the mother of another, we trust that her name is destined to descend to future ages, with yet brighter radiance, as the mother of one of the earliest American philanthropists, who had caused his indignant voice to be heard in the hall of Congress, and of one who stood, in his old age,* before the judicial tribunal of his country, there to plead the cause of injured and outraged humanity, for those who had nothing to commend them but their woes and their wrongs—and the woes and wrongs of their bleeding and oppressed race.

* After having filled the highest office in his land.

THE CITY OF NIGHT.

BY METTA VICTORIA FULLER.

A shepherd sang on the mountain-top, as he sat by a cool spring and guarded his flock. Tall cedars waved above him, and vines festooned the trees. Annin was the name of this shepherd; and he was fair and noble of form. Wild daring sparkled in his proud eye, and sometimes wreathed his lip as roses wreath a bower; his motions were full of grace, and his dark curls floated on the breeze. His forehead was like that of a young prince—lofty, with somewhat of haughtiness; and there was a regal grace in his expression that was beautiful.

Annin loved a dear young shepherdess with all that was left of his passionate heart after what he had given to ambition. For in the wilds of the hills, beneath the eternal stars, hopes that surely seemed a mockery, they were so bright, thrilled his pulses to fire, and haunted his sleep with visions of enduring fame. Brooding over this ambition, and mingling it with charms of his Edre, Annin lost himself in reverie, and when he started to his feet at last, the sun had nearly set, and his flock were lost from sight. Bounding over the hills, he struck into a craggy defile, and far below him, leaping and scrambling from rock to jagged rock, he beheld the sheep of his master. The way looked fearful—looked impassible—yet nothing could daunt the bravery of the young shepherd. Apparently a dark ravine, filled perhaps by a hidden river, lay before him. Down, after the flying flock, he sprang; rugged rocks were clambered over, chasms leaped, precipices slid; down, down, down the dangerous way he bounded like a torrent!

The air grew dim, he had descended so far. Looking up, he could see the red glow of sunset upon the overhanging trees. Down a few more leaps, and he stood on a broad plain, walled in on every side by pathless rocks and hills. A stream flowed through the centre with undulating curves, and the ground was level and fair. This was all he could see in the faint light falling from the sky far overhead; it was too dark to give a hope of his reaching the hill-top that night, and it was doubtful if he ever could scale those awful cliffs;—hunger might waste him, lions might devour him! And was this the end of his ambition?—to perish in this fearful solitude? He flung himself with a despairing heart by the river-side; where, overcome with weariness, he fell asleep and dreamed of Edre.

The bright sun of morning dimly illuminated the lonely valley, and awoke the young shepherd from his long sleep. The beams that fell on his face fell also on the clear river flowing by him. A gleam—a sparkle—a gleam! Why did Annis start and quiver? Why did his eye flash with that strange delight? His hand is buried in the clear stream, and withdrawn—behold! it is full of precious jewels—jewels flashing and quivering in his clasp, mixed with golden sand.

He started to his feet and sent up from his beautiful lips a shout of joy, and wonder, and triumph. With excited steps he paced to and fro the soft green bank of the river. Pale flowers drooped upon its brim, and pale fishes swam in its glittering waves. He pressed his flushed forehead with his hands, and tried to still the loud beating of his bosom, as thought after thought of wealth, and power, and grandeur, rushed over him.

The flock he came to serve grazed quietly a little distance away; they were nothing now to him. With lumps of shining gold and splendid stones he filled his humble garments, and slowly, retarded by their weight, he retraced his dangerous pathway.

No ravenous hearts were in the dim valley of magnificence; but while the shepherd had slept, the glittering eyes of the serpent had guarded him; and when he awoke, they had watched him with their intense and terrible smile of exultation.

In safety Annis stood again upon the mountain-top. A darker fire was in his eye, a richer flush upon his lip, a more imperial pride upon his brow. He looked the personification of inspired ambition. Like his might have been the form of Lucifer, before he was cast from heaven. Again the shout burst from his eager heart, ringing like wild music over the luxuriant hills,—"Ho! a God and a King! Ho! a God and a

King!" And the tall mountains took up the echo and repeated, "Ho! a God and a King."

Not long after this, a band of men were led by the shepherd into his secret kingdom, and this band were sworn to be faithful to the young aspirant. He had them in his power, for he alone could lead them through the mountain pass; aud when once .n the hidden vale, he might have left them to perish for want of food, if they had dared to rebel against his authority.

Strange rumors flew over the surrounding nations of a beautiful God who had come down from heaven into a valley amid the mountains, and that he had filled it with riches and splendor; and that whoever worshipped and obeyed him were made wealthier and grander than King Solomon. Soon the retinue of the self-constituted God and King swelled to ten thousand, and his new country was filled with people.

Suddenly, as the moon rises in the midnight sky, a magnificent city arose in the centre of the valley. And because the sun never shone fully upon it, for the air was dim forever there, it was called the City of Night. Marble, and granite, and emerald, was hewn from the mountain caverns—silver, and gold, and precious stones, gathered from the river-bed. Temples, and towers, and palaces, reared their gorgeous forms, glittering in the twilight atmosphere. Indescribable splendor filled the vale. Many thousands from other lands came to the mountain-top to behold the magnificent pinnacle of the chief temple dedicated to the King, rising like a fountain of gems even above the hills themselves, yet unapproachable to all but the inhabitants dwelling below. With its beautiful turret, sparkling and beaming in the rays of the sun, whose glory it seemed to mock, this temple rose up to tell to other nations the splendor of this wonderful people, whose God lived and dwelt with them, and brought riches from the skies to reward his worshippers for their faith and devotion.

Truly this City of Night was like a dream in its gorgeousness. Hundreds of thousands of lamps burnt every night within its walls, for with its inhabitants night was turned into day, and the day iuto hours of repose. Arches of pure emerald spanned the marble-paved streets; fonntains of unique shape sent rainbow sprays to glitter in the rich lamp-light. Hundreds of beautiful little temples richly decorated stood here and there; and upon the silver shrines within, pale blossoms and clusters of food were offered by fair devotees to Annin. Entranci g music floated upon the air, and voluptuously beautiful young creatures wreathed their shining arms in dances of enchanting grace, circling, and singing, and gliding through the illuminated streets, their white feet glancing over the smooth pavements, and their fa.r limbs waving and undulating to the sound of the ravishing melody. The fairest of earth were these young daughters of the mystic city. The courts, the palaces, the streets, the temples, were radiant with their lovely forms. Bright eyes flashed everywhere, and soft cheeks burned, and sweet lips smiled, and loose hair floated. The garments of these young maidens were embroidered with gems; their delicate ankles and round arms were circled with shining gems; their long tresses glittered with costly ornaments. Flashing girdles bound their silken robes.

Wo! to the young shepherdess on the hills round about if the eye of a son of the valley rested upon her beauty. Wo to her then, if she loved her parents and her home, for from that time the city of glory was her abiding-place, and her will was the will of the king. Yet many were intoxicated with the splendor of their fate, and loved the proud and fascinating young Annin. Wo to the vineyards and the flocks upon the mountains, for the children of the valley ravished them, till the jeweled goblets of the palaces overflowed with wine, and the golden dishes with dainty meats.

Edre, the first love of the ruler, was queen over all the beautiful maidens of her people. She walked in purple apparel, and a circlet burning with rare diamonds bound her fair brows. Edre was fit to be a queen. A simple nobleness graced every movement, and a calm majesty sat on her graceful form. She had large, slow-moving eyes, passionless, and deep, and pure, like an angel's eyes. She would have seemed angelic more than womanly, had it not been for the sweet witchery that played round her mouth.

It was not strange that the passionate and gifted shepherd should have loved just such a maiden before his ambition had been polluted by prosperity. All his poetic dreams seemed embodied in the purity of her calm radiance, and the power of his ardent nature never reached to the bottom of the deep fountains of her almost sinless soul.

The more that luxury and revelry abounded in the valley, the more did the fair queen seem to grow in majesty and beauty. A melancholy lustre shone through her loveliness like the effulgence of a star. She drank no wine at the banquet, and looked not upon the bewildering dances, nor offered incense upon the shrine of their God, even though she were his bride. The love that was once only hers was divided amid a thousand unholy women, and she withdrew her affections,

and buried them in the depths of her spotless bosom. Her calm eyes read daily the writing of vice and voluptuousness over the forehead once glowing with the inspiration of genius, and the winning sweetness of her lips at times quivered with sudden change to sorrow.

Vice wrapped like a mantle the inhabitants of the valley. No where upon the earth since the desolation of Sodom and Gommorah had there been such evil workings as filled the City of Night, so much the more as it was splendid was it wicked; luxury, clothed in scarlet and gold, took the black form of sin to its bosom, and all deceitful cunnings and fearful devices of evil was their offspring.

Year by year the wickedness increased—pollutions touched beauty with decay, and filled the streets with suffering and disease.

Year by year the solemn glory of the Queen's presence grew more radient:—she shone from out that war of evil passions like a beautiful star through a storm. She faded not, nor withered, nor seemed to grow old. She was seldom seen, but she was the marvel and the adored of all. The waves of sin rolled back from her and harmed her not. Lonely in her magnificent palace she passed her days.

The time for the desolation of the valley of Annin drew nigh. The Tempter had nearly finished the work of his night upon the children of the City of Night. The light of jewels and of wine-cups had been steeped in the fascinations of his power, and had poisoned the hearts that wore and the lips that drank them. He lay curled in a cavern of the mountains awaiting the perfection of his triumph.

There was a night of festal offering in the bright city, the doors of the Temple were thrown open, and the one who had took upon himself the assumption of divinity sat in regal pomp upon a magnificent throne, sacred to him as his sanctum sanctorum. At his feet lay two dogs with serpent heads, the bodies of solid silver, and the heads of rubies set in gold, with eyes of diamonds flashing and glowing. These dogs guarded the sacred chair upon which he now sat. Before the throne an immense vessel of gold, with a wreath of amethysts around the brim, was upheld in the paws of an ebony tiger; this basin received the offerings of the people.

The monarch was apparelled in scarlet with blue facings, and a girdle of sapphires in the form of a serpent. His crown, too, was a wreathing serpent, with its burning eyes shining on the front of his brow. A sun sparkled on his breast, and his robe was wrought with stars, intimating that the heavens were subject to his power.

The eagle flash in the eye of Annin had changed to the red glow of unholiness—his pale face was now strangely and repulsively beautiful, with the red spot upon either hollow cheek, and the bright, mild smile upon his lips, the black ringlets clustered around his bare throat.

A feast was spread without the temple—but before any dared quaff the crimson wine, or taste the glowing fruit, their offering must be placed upon the shrine before the God.

Throng after throng danced down the glittering temple, bright with a thousand lamps, and laid their gifts in the golden basin. These mostly were of the largest gems set in giant devices, as ornaments for the king to wear or bestow upon his concubines. The first cup of wine was always to be given to the ebony tiger, and then the God descended and mingled with his worshippers.

This night, while all were gathered to witness the ablution of the wine, suddenly, gliding with slow gracefulness through the middle of the gorgeous temple, appeared their beautiful Queen.

With a calm step she mounted the sacred throne, and stood by the side of her Lord.

A suppressed murmur of wonder and anger ran through the people at this audacious act. They expected to behold the fair woman withered to ashes before their eyes, for daring to place foot within the holy precincts of the throne. The monarch remained speechless. She turned her face towards the people, and, standing by the side of her husband, looked upon them a moment in silence.

Every knee bent to the floor, so powerful was the influence of her face—that face inspired with holiness and radient with a calm glow—that face, beautiful with ineffable fairness, and heavenly in its transparent spirituality.

She spoke, and they listened in mute attention, as music falls from the golden lyres of heaven, the words ran from her lips, filling the air of the Temple with a sound, soft as the fall of a silver fountain, yet terrible as the breath of lions on the denunciations of the spirit of wrath.

She revealed to them the existence of one great and Almighty God—she threatened them with the punishment of their idolatry—she pleaded with them to throw aside their evil works, and live forever in the smile of the eternal.

Their hearts shrank and shuddered with the terror of her inspired words, and leaped at the sweet persuasions of her tongue.

She ceased:—silence hung over the children of Annin.

The God of the people rose to his feet, and pointed fiercely to the calm form of the prophetic queen.

Wrath and defiance burned in his eyes, as he chanted,—

"She has profaned my holy altar;—let her be given to the flames."

The crowd took up the cry, and rushed to the foot of the throne.

Edre folded her arms meekly over her bosom, and lifted her face upward with a soft smile.

And even as they reached out to seize her garments, a pair of golden wings spread from her white shoulders, and she floated upward—upward before their dazzled eyes, till she shone like a star in the doom of the lofty Temple and disappeared.

The dove had fled from the children of Annin—and there was none left to save the city.

Even while they gazed after the up-soaring Angel, the foundations of the building were shook beneath them, they rushed from the temple. There was red light over one of the hills—the mountains groaned and quaked. There was a mighty rush for the narrow and difficult pathway. Beautiful women, with gay dresses and tinkling ornaments—Musicians with their instruments cast firm—the boasted God in his strange apparel,—all—all rushed fearfully towards escape!

But the trembling of the hills had thrown a huge rock over the only path—there was no escape—none!

The ground quivered beneath their frightened feet, as hastily they fled back to the centre of the valley.

"Ha! ha!" chuckled the serpent from his cavern.

They grouped near the temple—it leaned toward them as if to mock their trust in it.

Again their eyes were fixed upon the burning mountain, flames darted from its summit—stones shot into the air. Thunder rolled from hill to hill—a sound! from the mouth of the hill comes pouring down an overwhelming fiery flood upon the valley below! One shriek—and the children of Annin shriek no more—it has covered them! The Temple reels, and with its sparkling turret falls groaning into the burning flood;—palaces, arches, fountains, towers,—where are they? Where is the valley of jewels—the fair city of Night? The red lava has no tongue to tell.

They cast away the holy dove from the bosom of their faith—and when it fled from their unholiness—what was there left to tell of their magnificence?

THE UNFORGOTTEN.

Unforgotten, deathless story,
Memories sad, and strange, and vast,
Through the present's pride and glory,
Call us backward to the past.

With a calm and chasten'd sorrow,
Through its shadows let us tread,
And warning or example borrow
From the records of the dead.

Through the hum of crowded cities,
On the midnight's solemn breath,
Cometh forms and voices to us
From the solitude of death.

Come the changed and the changeless,
With their mild, pale faces there,
Still as when we gazed upon them
In the lone heart's first despair:

Forms, whose hallow'd presence gladden'd,
Like the sunbeams' cheering rays,
And whose parting shadows sadden'd
Many a mourner's after days.

Breasts, whose peaceful precincts cherish'd
Feelings of the holiest birth—
Gentle streams, whose waters nourish'd
The ocean-tide of love on earth;

Souls unshrinking, valiant, fearless,
Ever foremost in the strife,
Bearing onward, dauntless, tearless,
Through the battle-paths of life;

Men, whose deeds in song and story
Earth shall still recount with pride,
Who, for country, freedom, glory,
Nobly triumph'd, proudly died.

And the wise, the good, the learn'd,
They, of wisdom's sacred lore,
Who through Heaven's light discern'd
Truths unknown to man before;

And some whose sweet, though hapless duty,
In their path through life along,
Was to pour o'er all its beauty
Burning themes of love and song;

And they the dear ones, father, mother,
Husband, brother, sister, wife,
Trusted friend, or faithful lover,
All that link'd the chain of life:

Glory, science, song, and beauty,
Memories deepest love that claim,
Weeping earth with sacred duty
Shall enshrine each hallow'd name.

Let us learn this lesson holy,
That each blighted hope and love
Is to make us meek and lowly,
Fitting for a home above.

Such is life to-day, to-morrow,
Through the scenes of good or ill,
Through the tides of joy or sorrow,
Some are unforgotten still.

MELVILL, THE PULPIT ORATOR.

BY A RETURNED TRAVELER.

The faithful preaching of the Gospel, is the first element of national greatness. It is so for every reason. Indeed, there is no comparison between it and anything else. It surpasses, outweighs, rises above everything besides. It is Christ's ordained agency for the accomplishment of his benign purposes. Understood thus, it challenges all competition. Its right is divine, its charter from the skies. An evangelical pulpit is the glory of any land; and England will rise or fall—her material power, her enormous wealth, her martial skill, and her philosophical treasures notwithstanding—in the ratio of her love to, disregard of, an evangelical pulpit. It is the centre of light, liberty, patriotism, benevolence, morality, and truth. It affords scope for the loftiest flights of sanctified imagination, for the deepest researches of thought, for the warmest gushings of zeal, for the richest outpourings of feeling, for the amplest range of literature, and for the noblest bursts of eloquence. Every characteristic of matter, every attribute of mind, and every oracle of revelation come to it, as so many tributary streams to that great river of life which bears men upon its crystal bosom to the shores of the happy land. Sun, moon, and stars—the earth, the atmosphere, and the ocean—spring and autumn, summer and winter, day and night, cold and heat—serve it for similitude, parable, and illustration; the conscience of every man seconds its appeals, and the inductions of reason accord with its conclusions; the church of the living God, to which it teaches knowledge, wisdom, and spiritual understanding, is the great training school for the employments of eternity; and the principalities and powers in heavenly places, learn from that church fresh lessons regarding the manifold wisdom of God! If these things be so, we ask why poetry should glorify the warrior, and overlook the preacher? And why literature should immortalise the senate and the bar, whilst it passes by the pulpit, as unworthy of its notice?

Henry Melvill is, in the strict sense of that term, a preacher of the Gospel. Some men mistake their profession. This is no very uncommon thing among clergymen of all denominations. We have heard nonsense, inanities, and sometimes intolerably stupid things uttered by men in the pulpit. But the influence of their office failed to atone for the want of a commodity which clergymen need as much as laymen—common sense. That which pains us, under these circumstances, is, that the sceptical or irreligious hearer traces this stupidity to the Gospel itself, and concludes that the New Testament must be a very dull book, seeing that those who are understood to make it their daily study make such a sorry exhibition in the pulpit. That all preachers should be orators, or eloquent men, in the technical sense, is not necessary, not even desirable; but surely it is necessary that every minister should know what he is about. Our first impression on hearing and seeing Mr. Melvill, after he had uttered two or three sentences, was one of intense satisfaction, from the simple thought—he understands his work, he is in his place, he believes, and therefore speaks, and, if we mistake not, he will give a reason for the hope that is in him, whilst, withal, from the unaffected modesty of his demeanor, we expect that he will give that reason with meekness and fear. There is no pomposity, no glitter, none of that offensive "look-at-me" idea which naturally belongs only to weak men, but which sometimes, perhaps unconsciously, creeps upon truly able men who have acquired some degree of popularity. Mr. Melvill is very popular, perhaps as much so as any clergyman in England, but he does not *seem* to be aware of it. This is true greatness. He seems to be aware of but one thing, one all-absorbing thought, that he is delivering the message of God to men, and that he must deliver his own soul at the same time from the guilt of concealing any part of that message. We cannot resist the impression that he reverently realises the presence of his great Master, and speaks of him as in his hearing. The deep solemnity and breathless attention of the congregation prove that they feel this. Every eye is fixed upon the preacher, and every ear is open to hear great truths about God, and Christ, and the human soul, and eternity. Every part of the building is full, (remember it is not the day of rest, but eleven

o'clock on Tuesday morning, in the very heart of busy London,) and many are standing, yet there is no sign of weariness: all are profoundly, eagerly attentive, as the preacher proceeds through a paragraph, increasing in rapidity of utterance and volume of voice as he approaches its close, when he seems to be rushing along the narrow way to heaven, and carrying all his hearers with him. It is not the fascination of his eye (though that glows and sparkles with light, and, in earlier life, must have been uncommonly brilliant) that binds the people thus, for he reads every word of his sermons, and consequently it is but at intervals that he glances across the congregation. Nor do we think it is his eloquence, though that is of no common order. It is what he says, rather than how he says it, that entrances the people. His eloquence is certainly a great advantage to him; but it is the thing uttered, at least if we may judge from our own experience, that so deeply interests the people. *He understands the meaning of his text*—the grand secret of successful preaching, so far as human agency is concerned—and he gives his hearers to understand it too, by using clear, forcible, and appropriate language. The following passages, from a sermon we had the privilege of hearing, will illustrate our meaning, and afford specimens both of Mr. Melvill's theology and logic. The text was Zechariah xii. 10: "And I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of supplications: and they shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for him, as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for him, as one that is in bitterness for his first-born." His "plan" was simple and natural: first, he considered what the prediction exhibits as yet to happen to the Jews; and then, in what way, and in what degree, it may be accommodated individually to ourselves. Without expressing our opinion of the exact truth of his positions and reasonings, the clear and manly style of the argument, and the brilliancy of illustration thrown upon it by his ardent imagination, are so characteristic of his general manner withal, so finely adapted to the pulpit effect, that I will venture to reproduce some of the remarkable passages of the sermon. He then proceeded thus:—

"Now there is," said he, "no subject presented to us in the unfulfilled prophecies of Scripture that is more adapted to the taking hold on the mind, and engaging all its earnestness, than that of the restoration of the Jews to the land of their fathers. Ever since the Romans came down in their fury upon Jerusalem—the ministers of the vengeance of God, who had been provoked to cast off the once favored people—the earth has been strewn with the fragments of the Tribes; and persecution has proved unable to exterminate them, and kindness as unable to blend them with the rest of human kind. There has never been the least approach to a polity or government of their own; so that at no time have they assumed such an appearance as should suggest the probability of their combining under one head, or gathering into one land. Scattered over the habitable globe, strangers even where they have made themselves homes, and aliens where they have long had a dwelling; having been presented to the world under an aspect fitted to excite its attention and draw its wonder, their very dispersion has stood as an argument against the likelihood of their restoration; and their separation from every other people has put difficulties in the way of any such gathering of strength as a great movement would appear to demand. And yet, there has been such evident miracle in the distinction which has been kept up between the Jews and the rest of our race, that, even had prophecy been silent, we might almost have thought that a people so separated were reserved for some signal occurrence, for the distinction cannot be accounted for upon any natural principles. Had not God interposed, and both erected and upheld the barrier, it is utterly insupposeable but that all their ancient peculiarities would have long ago departed; so that the Jews would have retained none of their original characteristics. And though it may have been one reason for this continued miracle, that there might be a standing witness to the truths of Christianity—a witness which should supersede all necessity for a fresh demonstration of its authority—we may justly say that this would hardly suffice to explain the phenomenon. This does but place the Jews on a level with such cities as Babylon, or Tyre, from whose ruins perpetually issues a voice which attests the inspiration of Scripture; and we might fairly conclude, that more was proposed by the continued dispersion of a people, than by the lasting desolation of a town. However this may be, prophecy is most explicit on the great and wonderful fact, that the Jews, notwithstanding their dispersion over all the districts of the earth, are to be collected together at a season appointed of God, and resettled in the Canaan which has been so long trodden down by the Gentiles. The attempt to give a purely spiritual interpretation to a prediction bearing upon this fact, will always, as we think, fail to afford satisfaction, and that, too, upon the simple principle, that the dispersion and restoration of the Jews are continually spoken

of by the prophets in the same breath—being mentioned in one sentence, or occurring as parts of one message from God. And there cannot be any justice in giving a figurative interpretation to one notice in a prophecy, when we know that a literal belongs to the preceding. If the Jews had been only figuratively scattered, I could believe that they would be only figuratively restored. But whilst I know that they have been literary scattered, and whilst I find that the scattering and the restoration are announced in the same prophecy, I must conclude that the Jews are to be literally reinstated in the possession of Canaan —that, not in any spiritual sense, but according to the plain meaning of the words, "they shall be gathered from among the nations whither they have gone, and brought again to their own land." And it is at the time of this restoration, or, rather, after it shall have been completed, that our text will be accomplished, for the preceding parts of the prophecy relate to a struggling in Judea and Jerusalem, as though the Jews were wrestling for their own, and the banded powers were set upon their ejection. The representation is that of a mighty conflict between the Jews and other nations. The Jews having gained a footing, the powers of other nations had leagued for their destruction; and the conflict is terminated through the direct interposition of God. So that we should wish you particularly to observe, that the prophecy or prediction of our text is not to take effect until the Jews are restored to the possession of their land. The course of events, as here traced out by prophecy, is, that restoration to Judea is to precede their conversion to Christianity. And thus it would seem they are still to be Jews, and not Christians, when they shall pour into Judea, to rebuild the prostrate Jerusalem. You are to remember that, for centuries past, these people have not only rejected the religion of Jesus, but they have been also unobservant of the religion of Moses. According to that remarkable prediction of Hosea, they have abode without a shrine, without an image, without an ephod, and without a temple. Though they have spurned from them Christianity, they have not been idolaters: for they have abode without any image and without a temple. Neither have they strictly been Jews; for they have abode without a sacrifice, and without an ephod. Indeed, they have not had the power, supposing them to have had the will, to adhere strictly to the religion of Moses; for the religion of Moses was in the largest sense local, and its rites could be performed nowhere but at Jerusalem; and to be banished from that city, was to be placed under an incapacity of obeying the law. And this does not so much exculpate their apostacy from Moses as aggravate their rejection of Christ, for they ought long ago to have learned, from the continued impossibility of being true Jews, that God had introduced another dispensation, to which it behoved them reverently to conform. Hence, the Jews have to be brought to repentance towards God, before they can be brought to faith towards the Lord Jesus Christ. They are to be made to see and feel that God is displeased with them; and this sight and feeling must bring them, in lowly contrition, to supplicate forgiveness. In the book of Leviticus, this is exactly what is held as preliminary to their being gathered home from their dispersion among the Gentiles. "If they shall confess their iniquities, and the iniquities of their fathers, with their trespass which they trespassed against me, and that also they have walked contrary unto me: and that I also have walked contrary unto them, and have brought them into the land of their enemies; if, then, their uncircumcised hearts be humbled, and they then accept of the punishment of their iniquity, then will I remember my covenant with Jacob, and my covenant with Isaac, and also my covenant with Abraham will I remember, and I will remember the land." Upon their humbling themselves before God, who has been chastening them without producing contrition, they are to be received with favor, and restored to Judea. We know this prophecy is almost silent as to the process through which the scattered tribes shall be gathered from all lands—whether through some open, miraculous interference, or through some silent, secret influence, inclining the exiles to seek Judea; but we know that again its valleys shall swarm with the children of its original possessors; and we are assured that when the Jews shall have been restored and resettled, there will come up a great array of enemies anxious to dispossess, if not to exterminate them. Then will be the struggle of which we have already spoken, which is so vividly sketched in the prophecies of Zechariah. For a time shall the adversaries prosper, and shall seem about to accomplish their iniquitous purposes; but then, choosing, as is his wont, the moment of exigence, shall God miraculously interfere, scatter their enemies, and be a shield to Jerusalem.

"This, as it would seem, is to be the time for the manifestation of Christ. Let us not be tempted to describe the circumstances of the manifestation. Enough for us to know that the Jews shall own that Redeemer whom their fathers crucified, and themselves had despised. We know they will weep tears of contrition—that the mourning which is described by the prophet will be as

though there were 'sackcloth over the land, and every family retiring within itself to weep and lament.' They shall charge themselves with all the guilt of their ancestors, arraigning themselves as his murderers, and bewailing that their own hands should have slain the Lord of life. Oh! come that glorious season when they who have been Christ's kinsmen after the flesh, shall be his disciples and his worshippers! Their exile has been long! their infidelity has been stern! Oh! for their repentance! oh! for their conversion! There may be already the harbingers of the event, which all who love the Lord must ardently long for. Who shall say there is no movement amongst the Jews, as though they could not remain in their banishment, but were stirred to the uniting, at all hazards, to rebuild Jerusalem? Whether or not we can see signs of the nearness of the event, sooner or later shall this creation be gladdened by its occurrence; for he who could say, 'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away'—even he hath declared, 'I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of supplications: and they shall look upon me whom they have pierced.'"

From the second part of the discourse, we quote a few remarkable sentences:—"I am sure that if I could take you where, extended on the ground, lay the yet bleeding form of one of your fellow-men, whom assassins had just rifled of life; and if I could show you that something you had said or done had caused the foul murder, so that the assassins had been virtually your agents, or instruments, you would be ready to sink into the earth in the agony of your remorse and self-condemnation; you would regard yourself with actual loathing and abhorrence; you would flee from the scene as if pursued by a fury; and you would imagine all nature up in arms to take vengeance on your crime. And though it is not this wild and fierce anguish that we wish to excite in you, through the spectacle of a bleeding Redeemer, we cannot think that you feel as you ought till you feel that you have slain him—till you mourn for him accordingly as your victim, in being your Deliverer. We take you, therefore, to Calvary, where the cross has been erected, and Jesus of Nazareth fastened to it as a sacrifice; and we want you, while you put away from you all the spectacle of the thorns and soldiers, to stand there alone with the dying Redeemer. Does the reply of Nathan, 'Thou art the man,' come home to each of you, as the question is proposed, 'Who hath done this deed, on which the sun dares not look?' It ought to do so; you do not know yourselves till you know yourselves the murderers of Christ. You are to feel as though put upon trial as actors in the doleful tragedy; and so moved as to pronounce against yourselves the verdity, Guilty! guilty!—a verdict echoed from all creation, animate and inanimate! And though the fact of being thus convicted of murder may not, as in the former supposed case, send you aghast and terrified from the scene, it cannot fail to fill you with sorrow and remorse. In seeing and confessing your crime, you will also see and confess your deliverance, and you will remain to weep and adore, where you have learned the foul deed you have wrought. You may look upon Christ coldly and carelessly so long as you regard his crucifixion merely as an historical fact, and the Jews and Romans as alone his executioners; but when you are brought to feel your own share in the crucifixion, you will then thoroughly know that your pardon was possible; the heart will be melted; and you will shed tears for the sins for which the Redeemer shed blood. And this is in precise agreement with the prophecy before us. Only allow it to come to pass that you look on him whom *you* have pierced—not whom the Jews, not whom the Romans, but whom you *yourselves* have pierced; and it must also come to pass that, in the words of our text, you will 'mourn for him as one mourneth for an only son, and be in bitterness for him as one that is in bitterness for his first-born.

Mr. Melvill's gesture is remarkable. His hands are occupied with his manuscript, but his head does duty for them. He bends it to the desk, right and left alternately, with a rapidity increased with the force of his thoughts, as if discharging his ideas among the congregation. We have already mentioned his eloquence. To hear him read the magnificent "Te Deum," is worth a journey of miles. The following grand passage, especially, he utters with thrilling effect:—

"We praise thee, O God: we acknowledge thee to be the Lord,
All the earth doth worship thee, the Father everlasting.
To thee all angels cry aloud: the heavens, and all the powers therein.
To thee cherubim and seraphim continually do cry,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth;
Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory.
The glorious company of the apostles praise thee:
The goodly fellowship of the prophets praise thee:
The noble army of martyrs praise thee:
The holy church throughout all the world doth acknowledge thee,
The father of an infinite majesty;
Thine honorable, true, and only Son;
Also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.
Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ!"

Hark! how the last quoted lines ring through the church, while every head is bent—let us hope, with real reverence and love—as if meeting

the grand choir of heaven with its marvellous utterance, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!"

But the service is over. What a change! We are opposite the Bank of England, amidst the rush, the throng, the pressure, the voice of the multitudes, every one looking, for his gain from his quarter. Everything is earthly. The contrast is violent. We feel as if fallen, as if forcibly driven out of paradise, to grub for the bread that perisheth among the mold and filth of a polluted world; yet, after a moment's reflection, we realise the value of those divine truths to which we have been listening, feel their sustaining power, and their animating influence, and are persuaded that an evengelical ministry is the *first* element of national greatness.

AN HOUR WITH THOMAS P. HUNT.

BY REV. JOSEPH F. TUTTLE.

The lives of some really great men are often as unruffled in their flow as a river. Their occupations, or the times in which they live, are barren of incident. Other men, inferior in station, and not distinguished by the attentions of the rich and great, pass lives which are as broken as the mountain torrent. By disposition, choice, and position, they are continually bearing part in some thrilling incidents, in which all the qualities of heart and mind, such as bravery, self-possession, wit, sarcasm, knowledge of human nature, come into exercise. A truly great man may govern a kingdom, and yet his life be so barren of incident, as to be as insipid to the general reader as a chapter in Whately's Logic, whilst the life of another man, in no wise his superior, will be read with avidity. It was the fine remark of Sir Thomas Lawrence, that could a convention of all the great men in the world be called, by acclamation Sir Isaac Newton would be elected its President. And yet the biography of Newton has not been devoured with half the relish with which *Borrow's* Bible in Spain, or his Gipsey, Priest, and Scholar were received. Between the men there can be no comparison, and yet the inferior commands the popular interest, because of his thrilling incidents.

Rev. Thomas P. Hunt has never pretended, nor has his admirers claimed it, that he is the greatest man, or even the greatest lecturer on Temperance, the world has yet produced. He has never been afflicted with an infirmity common to many of his fellow craftsmen, especially those of very moderate abilities, that no good ever was done in the cause of Temperance until he put his shoulder to the wheel, and nothing will be done after he is gone. His friends are quite certain that he is a man of no ordinary mind. They have no reason to doubt his courage, nor his kindness, and those who fall under his lash, have as little reason to doubt his severity. But in private, with his friends, it is difficult to conceive how any one could be more entertaining, and that not merely as a fine declaimer of personal anecdotes, but a ripe, discriminating thinker, with the rare faculty of expressing his thoughts with the utmost simplicity, and yet so brilliantly, that they fasten themselves on the memory like the nail driven in a sure place.

Not long since, at the table of a friend, he repeated some anecdotes, the most of which belonged to a dependent series, all bearing on one point, which was the expediency and reward of keeping the Sabbath. Some years since he made a visit to the South. He had reached Wheeling on the Ohio river, and, with his usual directness, asked of the steamboat captain, if he would reach Cincinnati before the Sabbath; for, says Mr. Hunt, "I have made a resolution that for no reason not good for the judgment day will I travel on the Sabbath."

"We shall be in Cincinnati by Friday night," said the Captain, and with that assurance Mr. H. paid his passage money.

But the ice was running, and the boat was hindered, so that they were obliged to tie her to the shore for a day. The hands being idle, Mr. H. obtained permission to address them several times. His shrewd, amusing, and in general solemn appeals, so won upon those brawny boatmen that every one of them signed the pledge, and he even induced the barkeeper to shut up his

shop, with a promise never again to engage in such "a dirty business."

By this time Mr. H. had become a pet with the boatmen and officers, and as it began to be evident that Cincinnati could not be reached by the Sabbath, he reminded the Captain of his promise. This led to a discussion, in which Mr. H., the Captain, and a minister of the Cumberland Presbyterian order engaged. The Captain entreated him to stay on board; for, said he, "I will stop every unnecessary work, and employ the fewest number of hands possible, and we will assemble as often as you please for preaching."

Mr. H. replied by asking, "How could I preach to you sinners, and yet be in open violation of one of God's plainest commands, and you all the time knowing it?"

The Cumberland Presbyterian said, "We have paid our passage money, and Providence having kept us back, it is plainly the will of Providence that we should go on."

"No sir," replied Mr. H. "my doctrine is different from that. If Providence holds us back, I think we should obey Providence by submitting, and not by actual disobedience. With you, Sir, it seems to be a matter of dollars, but I have been taught that *dollars* are not so safe a standard for the regulation of duty as *principle*."

No arguments could change Mr. H.'s determination. As a last effort the Captain came to him privately, and said, "If you will stay on board, we will tie up as long as we can and yet get the boat to Cincinnati in time to take her place in the line, and you shall have all the access you wish to the hands, officers, and passengers."

"No, Captain, I can't do it; besides, as you seem so anxious to have preaching on board, you will have one preacher with you at any rate. Employ *him* to-morrow."

"Employ him, the ——— (using a severe epithet) to preach, when he, a preacher, acts and talks as if he didn't know there is a Sunday! No, sir, *he* doesn't preach on my boat?"

The Captain now offered to refund Mr. H.'s passage money, but he refused it with the remark, "I will not take it of you, lest, after this discussion, you conclude that I am governed by dollars, and not by principle."

He was landed at Ripley, and a gentlemanly man, with whom he had formed no acquaintance, but who had closely watched the Sabbath keeping discussion, also landed at that town. He now addressed Mr. Hunt, "Shall I order your baggage to one of the best hotels in the place? As you are not acquainted here, with your permission I will do it."

The gentleman then conducted him to a distant part of the town, to an elegant mansion, which he of couse concluded must be a private boarding house, and was not undeceived until, after the first service, he accompanied Mr. Rankin, the Presbyterian minister, home, who asked him at what hotel he stopped. Mr. H. told him, "he did not know the name of it, but I believe the gentleman you saw me with keeps it!"

Mr. Rankin could not restrain his laughter at this, as he saw the whole thing. The gentleman was one of the wealthiest men in town, and had taken Mr. Hunt to his own residence.

The next Saturday night found Mr. Hunt landed on a miserable wharf-boat at Memphis, but the Captain unsolicited had refunded a part of his money. On Sabbath morning a gentleman inquired at the wharf-boat "if there was not a minister there?" He was told "there was a man there who kept himself close enough for a minister." This resulted in Mr. H.'s supplying the pulpit of the Presbyterian minister, who was sick, and a liberal payment for the services, which the good people delicately called "money to pay his passage." "So that," said Mr. Hunt, "I was paid double passage money for keeping the Sabbath."

Several days of that week were spent in Vicksburgh, which town was thrown into the greatest excitement, by the tremendous attacks made on "the liquor sellers," by the most fearless champion of Temperance in Christendom. They threatened to mob him; but Mr. H. went straight to their head-quarters, and, with a fearless front and a merry laugh, told them, "you had better think of mobbing me! You have become noted in Vicksburgh for hanging the gamblers, and if you don't toe the track pretty straight, I'll have you all swung up!" There was so much genuine wit in his words, and so much Virginia chivalry, that he disarmed the most of them. Some few retained their rage, but Mr. H. now had enough defenders from personal violence.

As soon as Mr. H. had left Vicksburgh, the drunken editor of one of their papers inserted an affidavit, signed and sworn to by two men, declaring that they had heard him say, on board the boat between Memphis and Vicksburgh, "that his principal business at the south was to stir up insurrections among the slaves."

On Saturday he reached Grand Gulph, by land, and, according to his resolution, tarried over the Sabbath, although several boats passed there that night and on Sunday. Somewhat to his chagrin, two or three days passed before a boat came along bound for New Orleans. It was during one of these days that he was down at the river, when a fine, athletic man passed by, and Mr. H. accosted him, "Is not your name A——?" "Yes,

sir, that is my name, why do you ask that question?" "Because you are the very image of my old classmate A——, and my dearest friend in the Old Dominion." "What," said the young man, striding up to him, "you are not Thomas P. Hunt, my father's friend, are you?" "Yes, I am the friend of A——, in Virginia."

"If you are," said A. with an energy that startled Mr. H., "I will kill him." "What do you mean?" "I mean if you are my father's friend, I'll kill the scoundrel." It was sometime before Mr. H.'s new acquaintance could calm himself sufficiently to tell him about the affidavit which the Vicksburgh editor had published, and which had led him not to inquire anything about the stranger, whose name he had learned to be Hunt. "Now that I find you are my father's friend Hunt," said A., "I know the scoundrel has published a base fabrication, and I'll kill him for it."

To every argument which Mr. H. could address to him, recommending a mild course, A.'s only answer was, "I'll kill the scoundrel for lying about my father's friend."

In his turn, A. now advised Mr. Hunt not to proceed to New Orleans, for said he, this scurrilous fabrication has gone before you, and for you to go now is at the risk of life." To this Mr. H. replied that he would risk it, and that he would go at any rate. And so they parted, and we shall presently hear of A. again.

On reaching New Orleans, Mr. H. sent an advertisement for a lecture on Temperance to the "Picayune," and Mr. Kendall, the editor, sent a messenger requesting Mr. Hunt would come to his office immediately. On reaching the office, Mr. Kendall called his attention to the Vicksburgh affidavit, and said, "Mr. Hunt, it will not do for you to lecture in New Orleans, for it will be attended with a riot."

"Well, let the riot come," was the reply. "I am willing to risk it."

"But we can't publish your advertisement, Mr. Hunt, when we know that with such a firebrand as this affidavit, the rumsellers in New Orleans can get up an excitement which must end in blood."

"Mr. Kendall, I am willing to risk even that affidavit, because it bears on its face its own falsehood."

"I am not so sure of that," replied Kendall.

"Only just think what it states," said Mr. Hunt, "that I said publicly on a Mississippi steamboat, that my principal business at the south was to stir up insurrections among the slaves! Who doesn't know, that if I had intimated such a thing, even by the darkest hint, that I would have been thrown over-board, by the slave owners on that boat?"

"I confess," said Kendall, "I now see it must be a falsehood, and if we can make others think so ——"

At this moment the junior editor, who had been looking over some papers just brought in, burst into a loud laugh, exclaiming, "You may publish Mr. Hunt's advertisement safely now, for here is a complete refutation of the affidavit." He then read from one of the Vicksburgh papers, an account, which stated that Mr. A. of Grand Gulph had written a most severe letter to the editor who published the affidavit, applying to him the most opprobrious epithets in the English language, and telling the editor if he did not challenge him to fight a duel, he would come up to Vicksburgh, and publicly kick the life out of him as he would a mad-dog.

The account proceeded to say that the editor wrote to A. that he could not come down to Grand Gulph, but if he (A.) would come up to Vicksburgh, he would challenge him. A. hurried up and the duel was arranged, but to the editor's horror, (he was an old duelist, and a prime shot with the pistol,) A. chose as the weapons, double-barrelled guns loaded with slugs and buckshot. The editor tried to back out, but A. told him, "No, sir, we meet with these weapons. I am not on equal terms with you with the pistol, but I can use a double barrelled gun so well, that at six paces I know I can kill you, no matter what happens to me."

The bully's knees trembled, and he began to beg; but A. insisted more sharply than ever, that he must fight or be kicked ignominiously, or else confess, in the presence of witnesses, that the affidavit was a sheer, malicious fabrication, and then publish the confession in his own paper. So completely had the bold A. obtained the mastery over him, that the man, who had killed several in single combat, accepted the hard condition, and actually complied with it.

It is needless to say that Mr. Kendall forthwith inserted Mr. Hunt's advertisement, as well as the account of A.'s meeting with the Vicksburgh libeller, and he lectured several times with great popularity, and without opposition.

Said Mr. Hunt, "Had I taken the boat on Saturday night or Sunday, nothing would have saved me from a riot, in which I might have lost my life. My staying in Grand Gulph over Sunday, and in consequence, being detained several days after that, was just the means which Providence used in refuting, in so strange a way, the falsehood which the liquor sellers had started against me."

There is another fine anecdote of this remarkable man, which I think has never been published. It occurred some years since, whilst Mr. Hunt was lecturing in Philadelphia. He spoke in all parts of the city, in churches, halls, and at every place of concourse where he could get an opportunity. Crowds listened to him, and, as in all cases of high excitement, two parties were formed. One party sympathized with the bold lecturer, on the real rights of women and children, as affected by rum; the other were of the kind, who, feeling that their craft was in danger, shouted long and loud, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" At last the excitement attained such a height, that a notice appeared in one of the daily papers, calling "for a meeting of the friends of equal rights, and the enemies of priestcraft, at F——'s Hotel."

Mr. Hunt went immediately to a man extensively engaged in the liquor business, who, whilst he was one of the warmest advocates of the equal rights and anti-priestcraft meeting, was personally unacquainted with the very man whose scorching words had raised the storm, and whom they intended to put down by the meeting.

"I have called on you this morning, sir," said Mr. H. to the rumseller, "to ask you if this call for a meeting of the friends of equal rights, and the enemies of priestcraft, is given in good faith?"

"Oh, yes, of course it is in good faith," was the answer.

"Then I will attend the meeting, for I do not wish to be outdone by any friend of equal rights, or any enemy of priestcraft. I am both, and I will thank you to say to the originators of the meeting that I will be there. My name is Thomas P. Hunt. Good morning, sir."

Without farther ceremony he walked off, leaving the poor man in a sad state of anger and trepidation. The unwelcome news was circulated through the circles most interested, and produced violent explosions of anger. Some of them said if "the old hunchback" came they would kill him, or they would tar and feather him, or they would have vengeance on him in some way. They managed to get these threats to Mr. H.'s ear, in order to intimidate him, but he only laughed at their threats, and said he would go to the meeting at all hazards.

At the hour of meeting he stood on the threshold of F.'s Hotel, and was met by Mrs. F., who entreated him not to go in, for he would be killed. Then the landlord himself came out, and begged him to desist from going in, "because," said he, "the men are in a rage, and some act of violence will be committed, which will not only injure you, but me also, because done in my house."

"I shall go in, sir," was all the reply he could get, and go in he did. Mr. H. says the manifestations of rage which met him when he appeared exceeded anything he ever heard or saw. Without noticing it, he took his seat in the moderator's chair. To carry out the arrangement he hired one of the best stenographers in the city to be present, giving him some instructions how to demean himself. In a few minutes an old gray-headed-rumseller was called to the chair, and a resolution passed, "that all persons not friendly to the objects of the meeting leave the room."

On the strength of this several persons were turned out without ceremony, and they attempted the same thing with Mr. H.; but he said, "No, gentlemen, I will not leave the room. I have a right here. You have called a meeting of the friends of equal rights, and the enemies of priestcraft. There is no greater friend of equal rights, and no greater enemy of priestcraft in this city than I am. Besides, one of your principal men assured me this morning that this call was made in good faith. I am here by my own right, and will not leave the room unless you carry me out dead." There are but few more resolute men than the man who made that reply.

The whole assembly was in an uproar, and vollies of oaths and threats were fired at the diminutive man who had dared to brave the lion in his den. To all this Mr. H. said, "You talk of violence; if you should lay your finger on me, I will have your rum-holes torn down over your heads!"

"How would you do that, old man?" scornfully asked a man who figured prominently in the scene.

"How? If I could not get any other help, the fish-women would do it at a sign from me. The people, especially the poor people of Philadelphia, are beginning to conclude that some gentlemen of your cloth are ripe for a taste of hemp, and if you do not carry yourselves erect, you will get it?"

The long and short of it is, that he braved them out, and completely cowed them, and then arose to make a motion to the effect, "That as this is a meeting of the friends of equal rights, and the enemies of priestcraft, *we* do challenge the friends of Temperance to meet us in the Chinese Buildings, publicly to discuss the relative bearings of Temperance and liquor-selling, on equal rights and true religion!"

"And for my part," said the mover, "I will pledge the Temperance community to meet you

when, and where you will, and to discuss this subject as long as you will. The Temperance community will pay half of all expenses; or, if this meeting will only pass this motion, I will engage that *you* need not pay a cent of the expenses!"

He then occupied the floor some three quarters of an hour, in a speech replete with wit, and sarcasm, and invective; and, in spite of occasional interruptions, compelled his unwilling auditory to hear him through.

The stenographer, by some adroit move, saved himself from being turned out, and the next morning the meeting was reported at length in the papers, to the no small merriment of thousands, and the concealed chagrin of those who had been so completely beaten with their own weapons, and on their own ground.

THE OLD SCOTCH COUPLE.

BY RUTH B——.

It was for many years my duty and privilege to make one of a number of individuals who visited monthly through our little village, leaving at each house one of those little messages of truth, a *tract*. Amid the many discouragements and trials attending this humble labor, there were still some things cheering and encouraging to the heart. While to some our visits were matters of perfect indifference, and to others an unwelcome interruption, there were some few places where our entrance was hailed with delight. The dim eye brightened, and the feeble arm was stretched out to welcome us, and we went forth from those houses encouraged and strengthened for the work before us.

That part of the village which formed my "district" was a street of straggling houses, each with its little court-yard and flower garden; these were not the dwellings of the very poor, but of those just above that class, those who were too proud to subsist on charity, and just managed to live by the labor of their own hands. As I walked through this little by-street last summer, and noticed the pretty flowers, and the climbing vines by each cottage door, I thought to myself, how contagious and how elevating is the love of the cultivation of flowers. I remember when I was a child being sent of an errand through this very street; and as I picked my way along through the mud, I saw no beautiful flowers and pretty court-yards, with their fresh green grass; no vigorous shrubbery or luxuriant climbers. What had brought about the change?

Why, a few years ago one of the cottages was purchased by a stranger; he was a mason by trade, a poor man, no better off than his neighbors; but he did not think that for that reason he need forever live in the midst of mud and filth, and have no bright beautiful things about him. No; John Wilkes believed in making the most of the good things which even he in his poverty might enjoy. And soon the old cottage appeared in a new white dress, and looked so pretty with its neat calico window curtains, that the people about thought the Wilkes's must be getting *proud*, and beginning to feel better than their neighbors. And in the spring, when they saw the grass springing up, and the pretty borders, in John Wilkes' garden, and the bright crocuses and daisies showing their heads, they were *sure* he was proud, and felt better than his neighbors. Not a bit of it; as they found out when walking by his garden, (they were not obliged to pick their way in front of John Wilkes's cottage, for he had laid boards along and made a dry clean walk,) they stopped to chat with Mary Wilkes, over the fence.

"Well, Miss Wilkes, what beautiful posies you have got, to be sure: for my part, I can't see how you've growed 'em so quick. Jest look at my mud-hole, I *know* I couldn't make such posies grow there, if I tried all my life."

"O yes, indeed, you could, Mrs. Moss, if you tried only one season. Why, don't you remember what kind of a place this was last spring, when we took it?"

"Yes, yes, I do, and how you've done it all; and you've five children, and you take in tailorin'. Well, things will always grow for some folks!"

"And things will always grow for *other* folks, Mrs. Moss. Now, just ask your man to put an hour's work on your yard every morning, before

it is time to go to his work, as my man does; and then you rise yourself an hour earlier, and spend that hour in your garden, and I will give you all the flower seeds you will plant, and see what a different place yours will be next year."

"I'll do it, Miss Wilkes." And as it was with Mrs. Moss, so it was with all, or nearly all her neighbors. And as their places improved year by year, just so they grew in self-respect, and real elevation of character; as they themselves expressed it, "they felt more like *folks*." And as the external appearance of their little places improved, so did the interior of their cottages improve in neatness and order; and their children look nicer, and are taught to behave as it becomes the children to behave who live in *white-washed cottages*, with *flowers* before the door. Ah, Clay street, (it was not named after Henry Clay, dear reader, but took its name from its own clay soil,) Clay street is a different place from what it was when I was a child.

But I did not sit down to tell you about Mary Wilkes or Mrs. Moss, though they are both very good friends of mine, but to conduct you, if you will go with me, dear reader, to a small and humble dwelling, standing beyond and apart from the rest, on the side of a hill, at whose foot runs a clear little stream. We will cross this little foot-bridge, enter the gate, and pass through this row of shrubbery up to the door of the cottage. Part of this cottage was occupied by an old Scotch couple, and I have never entered their door that the words of the sweet old Scotch song, "John Anderson, my Jo John," did not come to my mind. They were, indeed, going hand in hand down the hill of life, after wandering over its thorny and rugged paths for many weary years. But though the way had been rough, and the Lord had led them by "a way which they knew not," yet these dear old people, so near the grave, loved to sing of his loving kindness and tender mercy.

But let us open the door, and enter the cottage. How neat and cheerful it looks; the clean and nicely sanded floor, the cheerful blaze, the little strip of rag-carpet by the side of the fire, where the old people always sit, the little stand, with the large old family Bible on it, and lastly, but most important of all, the dear old people themselves, always in their places, side by side; old Janet, with her knitting, and her husband reading to her from the Bible, or some other good book. They had always belonged to the same humble rank of life in which I found them, and yet the old gentleman's cheerful, hospitable, *courtly* welcome, as he rises and extends both hands to greet us, would grace a much nobler dwelling.

There was none of that feeling of *pride* about these people which I so often met with in their neighbors, and which led them to think that I considered it a great condescension to visit them, and a matter of charity to leave them the tract. There was no resenting of any offers of aid, in the way of little comforts or delicacies in time of sickness, with the words I so often heard, "You may send it round if you choose, but I guess we could afford to get it ourselves." No, these dear old people were cordial, kind, and frank, ready to receive a favor in the spirit in which it was offered, and more ready to offer kindness, when in their power to do so, than to receive it.

Many an hour of pleasant intercourse have I enjoyed with these charming old people, and I always felt that "it was good to be there." Thanks for mercies past were ever on their lips, and cheerful hope for the future beamed from their wrinkled faces. And though their sailor son was lost beneath the wave, and their only daughter, their darling Jessie, had died in the first year of her marriage, and, with her "baby on her breast," had been laid in the cold ground; aye, and though their oldest son, their hope and pride, and he whom they fondly trusted would be the stay and support of their old age, and close their eyes in death, had disappointed their fond hopes, and though living was worse than dead to them, these aged servants of God would still say, from their hearts, "The Lord is just and right," "He doeth all things well."

The love of these dear old people for each other was truly beautiful to see; one of them was never seen without the other; they sat together in the house, and though they did not often walk together by the way, yet they very rarely failed to go to the house of God in company; the old man supporting his tottering footsteps with his cane, and his old wife leaning on his arm. I often looked at them at such times with a feeling of sadness, thinking of the utter desolation of the solitary mourner, when "one should be taken and the other left."

And my fears were soon realized. I was sitting reading one summer Sunday afternoon, the services of the day being over, when a little girl rang at the door, and wanted to know if the lady would please come down and see old Mrs. Angus, for they thought she was dying. Much shocked, I hastily prepared to accompany the little messenger, questioning her on the way as to the cause of the old lady's illness. All I could learn was, that she had been taken ill in the night, had been growing worse all day, and the doctor, who had just been there, said that she could not live more than an hour or two.

As I approached the house, I found, as I had expected, that it was filled with people. Among those of a higher rank, the room of the sick and dying is a sacred place. A few chosen friends are admitted, one by one, and that as a very great favor. But among those in the humbler ranks of society, in villages like ours, it is a matter of course, that where there is extreme illness, and especially when the hour of death draws near, all the friends and neighbors, and often those who belong to *neither* of these classes, throng to the house, and crowd the room of the sufferer, sometimes almost to suffocation. Particularly is this the case on Sunday, when these people have nothing else to do.

Seeing the sitting-room quite full, and perceiving that the bed-room where the old lady was lying was still more so, I drew back hesitating about entering; but one of the women seeme, came out and said, "Oh, do go in ma'am, she has been wishing so that you would come." As I went in, I said something about the suffocating atmosphere of the room, and asked whether it would not be better if those of the friends who would be of no use should retire; but no one seemed inclined to move.

The poor old man sat by the bed side, his hand clasped in that of his dying wife, and his head leaning upon it. I missed his hospitable welcome, for he did not raise his head on my approach. Grief had mastered every other feeling. But the old lady turned towards me, and such a smile of heavenly peace beamed from her lovely countenance as I had never before seen, and never since but *once*. She pressed my hand, but said nothing at first. Some of her neighbors and friends sat around the bed, and with a freedom repulsive to more refined natures, remarked upon the approaching end of her who was dying. "Another saint almost got home!" sighed one. "A mother in Israel is falling!" groaned another. The old lady echoed the words, "almost home," and then turning towards the old man she said, in a low and feeble voice, "Canna ye yet say, the will o' the Lord be done, Andrew?" "I'm *tryin'* to, Janet; I'm *tryin'* to, dear old wife; but what *sall* I do wi'out ye?"

"Put your trust in the Lord, Andrew, and He will sustain ye."

After lying silent for a short time she suddenly said, "Raise me up, friends, raise me up, and let me look upon the setting sun and the green earth for the last time." The burying-ground on the hill side was in sight of her window. We raised her up, and long and earnestly she gazed, and then she said,—

"Raise your head, Andrew; raise your head, old husband; see how the sun streams across the very spot where this poor body will lie. You can look upon it from this very window."

"I shall na' look upon it *long*, Janet."

"No, Andrew, it will na' be long before we lie side by side; it will na' be long before we shall meet in our Father's home. Dry your tears, then, Andrew, and fix the eye of faith upon that heavenly home, where I shall *really* be; and, friends, I charge you all to meet me there."

As I was talking in a low voice with old Janet, and repeating in her ear some precious promises calculated to sustain the dying saint, one of *her* Methodist friends suddenly struck up a hymn, in which several voices immediately joined. Their voices blended sweetly; and altogether, under the circumstances, the impression was affecting and solemn, as they all joined in the chorus, "Going home to glory!" In the midst of the singing, the old lady fell into what appeared to be a gentle sleep, and feeling that I could be of no further use, I kissed her forehead and slipped quietly from the house. At the door I was stopped by the woman of the house, who had her apron at her eyes. "Oh dear, ma'am," said she, "to think that I shall never again hear their dear old voices, as they sang their morning and evening hymn, when they prayed and read the Bible together."

The next morning I heard that old Janet had never wakened from the apparent slumber into which she had fallen while I was there. Her spirit had most probably "gone home to glory," even while those about her were singing the words.

I did not go to the house of old Andrew again till I went to the funeral. Being early, I was standing gazing upon the coffined form of my old friend, when I heard a step, and looking round, I found the old man standing beside me. He seemed unconscious of my presence, but stood with his eyes riveted on the face of his dead wife. Soon the big drops began to roll down his cheeks and fall on the sanded floor; then he leaned over her, and parting her gray hair on her forehead, and smoothing it with his hand, he said, over and over again, in a tone of inexpressible tenderness, "Dear Janet; sweet auld wife; dear, dear Janet!"

I saw the old man again, his white locks flowing about in the wind, leaning on the arm of a middle aged man, whom I had never before seen. It was the *prodigal son* returned to his father's house, repentant and reformed, only to help lay the ashes of his mother in the dust. He had returned a reformed man, and with the means to make his parents comfortable: to settle down with them, and to atone to them as far as he could do so for the years of grief he had caused them.

THE OUTLET OF LAKE GEORGE.

SEE PLATE.

The artist's choice is admirable! Could any man, however deeply his soul might be imbued with taste and love for the poetry of nature, make a better selection from among all the lovely spots the beautiful earth affords? Let him take the romantic purlieus of Switzerland—let him sail over the Loire, (as superb a stream as any in the world excepting our own Hudson,)—let him journey over both Hemispheres, and he will not find a spot better calculated to make a picture. It is romance itself—the very essence of natural beauty—the concentration of the creed and liturgy of nature's God. Any one, with a soul above the merely-mechanical attributes of social life, could become either a poet or a painter by residing upon such a spot as this. If not, there is no inspiration in landscape.

Lake George lies a little south and west of Lake Champlain, its outlet being about four miles from the head of its larger companion. It was discovered in July, 1669, (nearly two centuries ago,) by Samuel D. Champlain, about eleven years before the sturdy and conscience-strengthened Puritans placed their toil-worn feet from the Mayflower upon the rock at Plymouth. The discoverer named it Lake St. Sacrament or Holy Lake, because of the purity of its waters and the apparently mysterious character of its origin. It has no inlets, its sources being entirely *its own springs.* It is famous for having been the scene of the first battle ever fought upon this continent with the aid of gunpowder. This was fought (exactly where our plate was drawn) by Mr. Champlain, the discoverer, against the Indians, on the 29th of July, in the year 1669. In this battle he killed, with his own blunderbuss, three Iroquois chiefs. The contest was disputed by whites, under the command of Champlain, and by the Algonquin tribe of red men, led and directed by the Iroquois.

Lake George is, or ought to be, noted for being the spot in the immediate vicinity of which Abercrombie fought his memorable battle against the French in 1758—pursuing the fight from the margin of the outlet to Fort Ticonderoga, where the outlet enters Lake Champlain. Abercrombie, as is well known to the student of domestic history, attacked the fort, and did not retire from pursuing his assaults thereupon until compelled by the loss of twenty hundred men.

At its head is, at the present time, the town of Caldwell, where is situated "The Lake House," the most superior hotel situated at the most fashionable and most delicious watering place in the United States. The "Lake House" is kept by Hon. J. F. Sherrill; it was of late enlarged and improved to meet the increasing visitations of the public, and is now a summer resort that has no equal in this country. It commands a splendid view of the point where Abercrombie embarked 16,000 men, (July 4, 1758,)—of French Mountain, and of the relics of Fort William Henry and Fort George.

It will be recollected that the first-mentioned of these forts is endowed with a melancholy interest, as having formed the scene of the never-forgotten surrender and shocking butchery of the English by the French and Indians under the infamous General Montcalm, in 1747—an event vividly and ably commemorated in Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans."

These are not the only thrilling associations, either of the past or the present time, belonging to this place. To learn and enjoy them the reader must visit Lake George; and if he does not pronounce it one of the sublimest spots upon the globe's surface, and commend us for our taste in selecting it for the subject of our illustration, we will frankly confess that either he or ourself is—egregiously mistaken.

Of Lake George we can properly say, supposing that to be nature in its most attractive form.

> "To him who in the love of nature holds
> Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
> A various language: for his gayer hours
> She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
> And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
> Into his darker musings, with a mild
> And healing sympathy, that steals away
> Their sharpness ere he is aware."—BRYANT.

PROFESSOR SAMUEL F. B. MORSE.

INVENTOR OF THE TELEGRAPH—WITH A PORTRAIT.

Morse's Magnetic Telegraph far outstrips railroads, steamboats, and all those other modern inventions and improvements which are so rapidly and effectually revolutionizing business, society, and the entire order of the things that were. Its advantages to business men are incalculable. A Baltimore or Buffalo merchant, or any large operator, has an application for $10,000 worth of goods, which he has on hand, excepting one quality or variety of one kind, the want of which will prevent the sale. At four o'clock he despatches a telegraphic order to New York for the wanted items, and in an hour they are on their way—of which he is informed in fifteen minutes—and they are in Baltimore the next morning; whereas it would have taken three or four days to have obtained them by letter, which is longer than his customer can wait. Nor can he know whether the New York merchant can or has supplied him till return of mail, perhaps ten times as many hours as it is minutes by telegraph. It will probably completely revolutionize existing modes of doing business; for when telegraphic lines become extended, and its transmitting powers vastly improved, as they doubtless will be, Western, Southern, Northern—all business men, instead of leaving their business and going to distant cities, will order by telegraph what, and as, they want.

Or a person dies, some of whose very near friends live at a distance. A letter will not reach them in season for them to arrive before decomposition compels the burial, and even then it may lay in the post-office for days, whereas the telegraph will enable those many hundreds of miles off to be present: and thus of innumerable cases like these. Its prospective advantages, and the number of useful ends which it will yet be made to subserve, exceed all computation.

But it is in the world of mind proper that it is destined to effect by far the greatest revolution, and achieve its highest good: coupled with phonography, it will place any important speech, delivered in any part of our vast nation, in the hands of the entire country while it is being delivered. Thus, phonography now reports a speech verbatim, and, by having several sets of wires—especially after the telegraph has been still further improved*—it can be transmitted in takes, as the printers parcel off matter wanted immediately, and sent throughout the land, there to be set up, and the first part printed and circulated before the last part is delivered! As, when Fulton first navigated the Hudson by steam, none conceived it possible that this new motive power, great as it was considered, could ever be made to accomplish a thousandth part of what it has already done—and it is yet in its merest infancy—so we can form no conception of the wonders the telegraph is destined, in the lapse of ages, to accomplish. See what it has already done in connection with the press. See how many new papers it has given birth to all along its lines, every one of which go forth to rouse and develop mind. In short, it has literally electrified the civilized world. And if it achieves all this in the green tree, what will it do in the dry? Time alone can answer.

The claim of Prof. Morse to the real original invention of the magnetic Telegraph has been disputed, but never disproved. But whether the abstract conception of the idea is first due to him or not, it is evident that the practical realization of it in the form which now so wonderfully subserves the convenience and interest of men, is the result of his genius and perseverance. His machine was the first one used in this country, and beyond all question, it was due to his energy that the experimental lines were erected, whose success led to the adoption of all others. Prof. Morse is distinguished not only for his inventive skill, but for many other traits of genius, either of which alone would make him distinguished. An artist of high powers and attainments, his reputation is scarcely second to that of any American. He, is also, a scholar, a gentleman, and a Christian, adorning the reputation of his genius by many of the most agreeable and useful characteristics of private life.

---

* One of its recent improvements uses LETTERS, as in printing, and others will be added as time rolls on.

READING FOR THE FAMILY.

In resuming the brief notices of such portions of the current issues of the Press, as appear best adapted to the tastes and wants of the Christian Family, it will be the Editor's desire to commend none that are not worthy of such a companionship. The number of new books is now so great, and the range, both of character and topics, so extensive, that with the most voracious reader selection becomes a necessity. No parent could if he would, and if he be a Christian parent, would not if he could, introduce to the study of his family *all* the works now issuing, even from the better class of publishing houses. In respect to ability, interest, and moral influence, there is a wide difference, which it is at once natural and prudent to consider, before incurring the expense of procuring any. Yet how few have the time or the opportunity to ascertain this difference. The offices, therefore, of a trustworthy and intelligent friend, whose position and profession make him acquainted with all the changes of the literary market, have no inconsiderable utility. We know that many readers depend much upon the little indications which the editorial notices of their favorite journal afford, and regulate their consumption of literary food much by the price-current they there discern.

It is this unpretending, but really useful office that we undertake for our readers and friends, not so well circumstanced for understanding the worth and character of the new books that appear. We enter upon no critical analysis of the works we notice; we undertake not to describe all their excellences, nor to outline their arguments, nor to expose all their defects. We shall commend only those works that appear to us to be good, and to be specially adapted for the improvement and entertainment of the refined family circle. Books that are evil enough to merit our condemnation and criticism, we shall simply ignore. We are not called upon to condemn them, and we shall certainly not recommend them. We believe that the reader, following up our announcements, as they appear from month to month, would obtain a body of reading free from objection on moral or religious grounds, possessing merit and worth, and well deserving a place among the books of any family. Such at least, shall be our conscientious aim.

The busy press of the Messrs. Carter has recently added several valuable works to their already large and judicious list. Among them we would particularly specify their reprint of Dr. Stebbing's translation of the *Life of John Calvin, by Dr. Paul Henry*, in two octavo volumes --the first of which only has yet appeared. On all accounts this is to be regarded as a most interesting and important contribution to our religious literature. It is a work of massive learning, digesting and presenting the results of research which none but a German could bestow, and bringing to light every fact of the Reformer's life necessary for a complete history of his labors, and view of his character. The noble enthusiasm of the biographer affects the reader; he discerns, almost from the first page, the traces of a great and manly character, and the incidents of an eventful and all-important life. Calvin's influence was greatly concerned in promoting and shaping the Reformation, and his life was full of the elements of the moral and sublime. How great and good he was, but few readers are aware. There is an earnest simplicity and candor which all will admire, whether or not the biographer's conclusions are always adopted; and many important facts connected with the Reformation are here first brought to our knowledge. It does much towards correcting popular mistakes concerning Calvin, and presents the lineaments of a great soul, an energetic will, and a self-denying and devoted life.

Egypt, its scenery and inhabitants, form the topics of two new works, which may be commended to the lovers of this profitable and entertaining class of reading. *The Lands of the Moslem, by El Mukattim*, is the title of a clear, graphic, and very sensible work published by the Carters, describing the tour of a practical and intelligent traveler, desirous of transmitting, unambitiously, the striking impressions of the novel and stirring scenes of the Orient. There are many books more picturesque and entertaining; but it is seldom that we are so successfully put in the shoes of the tourist, and enabled to see with him, and suffer with him, as this clear-headed author contrives to do. All the minutiæ of incident, expense, route, troubles, impositions and perils which the ordinary traveler encounters, are carefully told; while at the same time the more striking events and scenes are forcibly depicted. One finds here more information than entertainment, and carries from the journal a definiteness of impression which many a rhapsody might fail to impart.

The other work on Egypt appearing during the month, is from the press of the Harpers, entitled *Nile Notes by a Howadji*,—an elegantly executed affair. The author attempts no descriptions, but creates pictures of the strangely gorgeous scenes that make up the idea of the East, and dazzles the reader by a panorama radiant with all the gold and purple of those sun-lit climes. The author is a poet, and his work is a poem--gay, glittering, splendid as the theme he delights himself with. There is some resemblance to the celebrated "Eothen," though in many respects this is the superior. We cannot commend nor excuse the moral tone of some of the passages; but they are few, and the impression which the whole conveys is one of exceeding beauty and interest, and finely in keeping with the subject.

The *Genius of Scotland* is the title of a series of spirited description of the most celebrated modern literary characters of Scotland, by Rev. Mr. Turnbull, of Hartford, a new edition of which has just been published by Messrs. Carter & Brothers. An amiable enthusiasm of admiration of the great men of his native land, with whose fame and character are associated his earliest recollections, gives the book a great degree of vivacity, while the criticism it presents is both just and instructive. It is a very pleasant work, enlarging the reader's acquaintance, and presenting an admirable picture of some of the greatest and best men of modern times.

The *Conquest of Florida*, a graphic and highly acceptable contribution to the early annals of our country, from the pen of Prof. Theodore Irving, nephew of Washington Irving, and an evident inheritor of much of the characteristic genius of the family. It traces the career of De Soto, so far as it relates to the fortunes of the Florida peninsula, with great interest, and some of the best qualities of the historian. The incidents of this career are strangely interesting and romantic, and of great value to those who desire a familiar acquaintance with the early history of the country. It is published, uniformly with the fine edition of Washington Irving's works, now isuing by Mr. Putnam.

The Riches of Bunyan is a volume of carefully selected extracts from the writings of Bunyan, published by the American Tract Society. They embrace a great variety of terse, rich, and significant expressions, relating to some of the deepest experiences and most precious hopes of the human heart. It is prefaced by a very well written introduction from the pen of Rev. Dr. Williams, which commends, with cordial earnestness, the precious writings of Bunyan, and finely discriminates some of his more sterling qualities. The extracts are brief, and are designed for desultory reading; and nothing could exceed their fullness and aptness for such suggestive use. We could wish it were taken as the closet companion of every Christian.

Henry Martyn. Two volumes of memorials of this distinguished missionary and admirable man, have been recently issued, which will supply a source of great profit and gratification to Christian readers. His *Memoir* has been published by the Messrs. Carter, containing, with the simple story of his life and labors, a selection of his letters and diaries, which are full of the sweetness and trust of piety in its most lovely aspect. But few names excite a more general and genial sympathy than his; and we could scarcely name the specimen of Christian biography better adapted to minister to the better feelings of the heart than this. As a kind of appendix to this volume, a collection of the unpublished journals and letters of Martyn has been issued by M. W. Dodd, in a large 12mo. volume. They are entirely distinct from those embraced in the Memoir, and probably embody all the remains of the good man that ought to be published. This volume discloses more of the inner life and real character than the other. The spiritual struggles, the daily temptations, the earnest longings after God, the varied processes by which the heart was ripened for glory, under the tuitions of grace, are vividly and touchingly delineated. The literary qualities of the volume will also command admiration. There are graces of composition and imagery that reveal the poetry of his nature. To all who prize these revelations of the inner life, the work will have an unusual charm, and a great profit.

Mr. Dodd has also contributed to the stock of first-rate religious literature in the new work of Rev. Dr. Spring, entitled, *First Things*, in 2 vols., octavo, consisting of a series of discourses on some of the memorable *primordia* of human history—as the first man and woman, the first marriage, the first temptation, the first sin, the first evangelical promise, the first murder, &c., bringing under review a great variety of the most important truths and duties of life. They are written in that graceful, polished style which distinguishes Dr. Spring, and renders him one of the greatest of living sermonizers; and contain, in all their parts, a healthful infusion of sound doctrine and saving truth. Without expressing assent to all that is propounded, we cordially agree with the universal commendations bestowed upon the work, and believe it to be one of the most impressive and interesting enforcements of truth that has lately challenged the thought and feeling of the church.

The Authority of God, is the significant title of a new work from the eloquent and impressive pen of Dr Merle D'Aubigne, the celebrated historian of the Reformation, published by Messrs. Carter & Brother. It holds up, as the great barrier against Popery on the one hand, and Infidelity on the other, the supreme authority of the Scriptures. The discussion of the theme involves the question of the authenticity and inspiration of the Bible, and the radical errors of both systems, which he would oppose. It is earnest, concise, pointed, and rigorously logical—carrying the heart by its enthusiam, and convincing the intellect by its energetic reasoning. The faith of the believer will receive confirmation and clearness, from a perusal of it.

Illustrated Domestic Bible—Mr. S. Hueston, 137 Nassau-street, has been issuing in numbers, an edition of the Family Bible, which being completed, he now has elegantly bound, and adorned with unusual attractions. It contains the Sacred Text, newly paragraphed to suit the sense, without interfering with the present division of chapters and verses. It is also portioned off for daily reading; and explanatory words and phrases are thrown in brackets, to assist the reader, and throw light upon the meaning. To this, admirable marginal readings are added, and copious annotations, which are among the most apt, concise, and useful notes we ever saw. They condense a great amount of learning, and keep steadily in view the one great object of throwing light upon the text. Judicious and apposite practical reflections, enforcing the truths of the passage, are also added, which are well adapted for family reading Another distinguishing feature is its numerous and beautiful illustrations; these are thrown in every page, and do not consist of fancy sketches and useless adornments, but are representations of scenery and places mentioned, or of the manners and customs of the East, derived from coins, monuments, and every archæological source, and throw great light upon the meaning. They are all beautifully engraved and ingeniously arranged, and are an unusually fine instance of beauty and utility united. The whole is compressed into the ordinary size of the Family Bible, and, neatly printed and bound, is sold at about the usual price of bibles. We think it is the best bible of the kind and price to be had, and we congratulate Christian families upon its appearance.

The World's Progress: a Dictionary of Dates—by G. P. Putnam. We know of no chronological manual at all comparable with this work of Mr. Putnam's, for brevity of statement, convenience of reference, and general accuracy of details. It is the result of great reading, and serves the student and the general reader an admirable purpose as a book of reference. It is neatly printed and arranged with that practical skill which the business man best understands.

The Path of Life, by Rev. Henry A. Rowland, published by M. W. Dodd, is a book designed for practical religious instruction to those inquiring the way of life. Its principles are sound, its directions specific and clear, and its tone and spirit in harmony with the state of mind it would influence, and the solemn themes it discusses. Its concise form and practical character, evidently suggested by long pastoral experience, will be, to most readers, a great recommendation.

Lays of the Kirk and Covenant, is a series of Poems illustrative of some of the principal scenes and personages of the Scottish persecution, full of reverential feeling and piety. They evince sometimes great spirit and force; and, with the beautiful illustrations accompanying them, give a vivid impression of those tragic events which form so conspicuous a feature of the religious history of Scotland. The author is Mrs. Menteath, and the publishers R. Carter & Brothers.

A new exegetical work from the veteran biblicist, Prof. Stuart, a *Commentary on the Book of Ecclesiastes*, has been published by Mr. Putnam, in a small 12mo., bearing the marks of scholarship, care, and industry. Familiarity with the original, and with the whole field of biblical literature, long practice in critical and hermeneutical labors, and native candor and love of truth, are some of the qualifications which this eminent man brings to the work of exegesis. Whether his conclusions are conceded or not, the praise of ingenuous learning must always be awarded. His philological investigations throw great light upon this intricate book, and are worthy, we need not say, of the study of scholars.

Come here, come here and dwell.

SONG OF WOOD NYMPHS.

POETRY BY BARRY CORNWALL. MUSIC BY G. H. CURTIS.

Allegretto Quasi Andante.

p

Come here, come here, and dwell In

p *pp*

forests deep! Come here, come here, and tell, Why dost thou weep? Is it for love (sweet pain!)

ten. *mf* *p* *poco cres.*

Piu Moderato. **Tempo primo.**

That thus thou dar'st complain Amongst our pleasant shades, our summer leaves, Where naught else grieves?

mf *p* *ped.*

Come here, come here, and lie By whisp'ring stream!

pp

Rit. Espres. Tem. 1mo. Cres.

Here no one dares to die For love's sweet dream; But health all seek and joy, And shun perverse annoy,

ten. *mp riten.* *tempo 1mo. cres.* *f*

Piu Mozzo. Tempo 1mo.

mf *ff*

And race along green paths till close of day, And laugh al-way!

mf *ff*

ped.

p

Or else, thro' half the year, On rushy floor,

ten.

mp rit. pp tempo primo. *mf* *p*

f decres.

We lie by wa-ters clear, While sky-larks pour Their songs in - to the sun!

cres. *f* decres.

Piu Moderato.

And when bright day is done, And when bright day is done, We'll hide 'neath bells of flowers or nodding corn, And

mf

Tempo Primo.

p dream till morn!

cres. decres. *pp*

ped.

A FUNERAL IN THE COUNTRY.

BY REV. J. L. BLAKE, D.D.

The extinction of human life causes a kind of paralysis in all within a sphere to be affected by it; and a funeral, especially in the country, is more powerful in calling forth human sympathy than any other event. This is natural; we might expect it; and it is confirmed by experience and observation. How could it be otherwise! For the strong love of life with which man is endowed; the tender affection that binds him to his kindred, and to objects around him; the agency that he may have had in the business of society; and, especially, the changes in his own family, in the body politic, and in the sphere of the productive elements of the community, render his demise, particularly if he has been distinguished in his generation, an occurrence of overpowering influence. For a season, at least, there will be a general and a solemn pause, both in labor and pleasure; for a season, at least, the deep fountains of the soul will be completely broken up; and for a season, the machinery, mental and physical, of which he was a part, seems to stop its revolutions, if not to roll its ponderous wheels backward. This is a component of the philosophy into which everything spiritual, or physical, of the great kingdoms of the world, is resolved. It is not strange, therefore, that from the time of the first recorded annals of human mortality, funeral solemnities should have been characterized by demonstrations of individual and public grief. A full history of such solemnities would form a department in our literature of the most absorbing interest.

With funeral solemnities in our own families we are all familiar. And who has not witnessed them, surrounded by conventional pomp and magnificence, in the high places of our own beloved realm? Who has not read of them in other realms—in ancient as well as in modern times? The noble obsequies of Marcellus by a patriotic people, have been a theme, in all succeeding ages, of admiration and eulogy. But even these do not compare with those of the venerable founder of the Jewish nation, the splendor of which is without a parallel in history. His remains were followed to the place of their interment, nearly two hundred miles in a distant country, not only by his son Joseph and his brethren and all his father's household, but by all the servants of Pharoah; the elders of his house and all the elders of Egypt conducting the most solemn lamentations, being an itinerant national multitude, resembling in its progress a mighty river or flood. If to this any counterpart can be found, it is in those national demonstrations of honor and homage which have been shown to some of the venerated fathers of our own republic, when their remains have been followed from city to city, and state to state, by the most illustrious of their compeers and by crowds of deeply-stricken citizens. And what pomp and splendor were exhibited when the remains of a renowned Gallic chieftain were brought from the sea-girt isle, where for years they had slumbered, to be deposited in the land he once called his own!

And in less imposing exhibitions of the kind, there has often been witnessed a solemnity and a moral sublimity found under no other circumstances. That heart must indeed be hard as marble, and those affections cold as polar ice, which receive no impression and evince no emotion, when, amidst the darkness of night and the howlings of the ocean, the cold and lifeless body of the mariner, or of the female hectic on a voyage for health, is, in the language of the Church Burial Service, committed to the deep. Not less impressive is the burial, by torch light, of the slain of an army under a flag of truce or voluntary suspension of dire conflict: the death-like silence being interrupted only by the clear voice of the chaplain, the funeral dirge of the band, or the well-timed minute discharge of the cannon. That of the British General Fraser, as described by Madame Riedesel, prior to the surrender of Burgoyne, is full of thrilling interest.

Our present purpose, however, is to depict the mute eloquence of funeral solemnities in rural life, where there is no pomp—no extraneous circumstances to impress the mind. The first funeral we ever attended, was when at the age of eight

years; and the whole scene and the impressions e received, are as fresh and vivid, as though it were yesterday, though more than half a century since. It was of a lady a little past the meridian of life, and belonging to the best class of society in a new country with a sparse population. Our own home was three miles distant; but that was no obstacle to a pedestrian attendance. Seemingly, the members of every family in the town, young and old, male and female, were there. It was in the busy season of May, but the farmers had all left their work. All joined to mingle their sympathies with those of the afflicted, and to share in the moral instruction furnished by the event. Such was the respect then paid in a new settlement to a deceased fellow mortal, although to most present she had been personally but little known; and such was the readiness of all to receive the instruction furnished in a scene there so unusual. Such an awakened sensibility to the grief of others, and to the admonitions of religion to be themselves also ready, presents a feature in society, if old fashioned, truly lovely. It gives character to those who possess it, infinitely better than all the affected indifference and levity in relation to such subjects, now-a-days of no rare occurrence. Now, with one sex, it is too often looked upon as unmanly at least, to give such heed to these admonitions of Providence, and, even in the other sex, it too often appears that there is more regard to the popular conventional exhibitions of what is practiced in fashionable life, than to the indulgence of genuine grief, or the religious culture of their own hearts.

The population of the whole town, as it were, we have already remarked, was there; not only filling the entire house, which was large, but more were collected about the house, than were in it. The lower parts of the windows were all blocked up by human forms—so were the doorways and the avenues to them. A profound silence pervaded the whole mass. Not a whisper was heard. Every look was downcast, and the pulsations of every bosom denoted sorrow. The funeral services consisted of prayers, a sermon, and singing Dr. Watt's hymn—"Hark from the tomb, a doleful sound!" producing in us a thrilling awe that will never be forgotten, and from the appearance of the crowd each one felt himself a brother or of kindred consanguinity.

To this succeeded the removal of the corpse, on the shoulders of the pall-bearers, to the grave, some distance off, in a corner of the orchard. First followed the afflicted husband, a portly, gentlemanly-looking farmer, pensive and sad, but without visible emotion—probably the more oppressed, because his sorrow had no vent in tears. Next to him, in the train, were the two oldest children, a son and a daughter, advanced nearly to adult stature; then a still younger sister, leading by the hand, a little brother of our own age—say eight years. The more distant relatives and the attendants upon the occasion voluntarily joined in a dense and long procession. With what sadness it moved forward! So absorbed were all in deep thought, that nature seemed as if hushed to unwonted stillness and responsive emotion; and it required little effort of the imagination to see the heavens spreading over the whole group a mantle befitting the occasion. It was a clear bright day with spring's genial influences, so that within and without all was harmony.

At length the grave was reached, and the coffin was lowered into it! To us, the scene being an entirely new one, as well as to the stricken family, this was seemingly more than could be sustained. The little fellow named sobbed aloud, trembled like an aspen leaf, and apparently, had it not been for his sister, who held him by the hand, would have fallen or leaped into the grave upon his pulseless mother! We wept too, and almost lost the locomotive power to withdraw from the spot and return to our own home. Such was the impression on us that we ever afterwards cherished for this boy a warm affection. The affection became reciprocal, and then led to personal friendship and great intimacy that continued fifty-two or fifty-three years, when he followed his mother to the bourne whence no one returns. Were we near his final resting place, we should not fail to make a pilgrimage to it, both to indulge in those natural impulses which bind kindred hearts in one bond of affectionate union, and to revive and invigorate those moral impressions received by us on the occasion described. This narrative of the incident here given has no connection with our main design. It is given simply to corroborate by our own experience the influence of a funeral in the country. We believe that incident did materially and permanently change the tone of our social character.

Our intended memoir is yet to be rehearsed. The prominent facts are not unlike those in hundreds of country funerals, denoting the respect that is manifested in a rural population for the memory of a deceased member of it, as well as friendship for surviving relatives. Among all the endearing amiabilities of which we are capable, we know of no one besides so precious. The idea of seeing a whole community make a delib.

erate pause when one of their number becomes sick or dies—or suspend their own labors or pleasures in order to administer to the needy or afflicted, shows that our common brotherhood is duly recognized by them; and that there is, in man, a spirit of communion and fellowship, as if we were all the children of the same heavenly Father. Even the tolling of the church bells, at a country funeral, makes an impression on a passing traveler, or the people generally, of more deep seriousness than an ordinary dissertation or sermon on human mortality.

Sometime about the middle of October, 1839, we had occasion to make a journey through one of the best agricultural districts in New England, and to stop a few days at a place, for convenience, we shall call Beemantown. We arrived at the neat village hotel just as the harvest moon was presenting to view her full-orbed disc, in its wonted beauty at that season of the year. The surrounding country denoted a thrift and good taste that usually attend well educated labor applied to agriculture. In the village were several stores, a Gothic church, a capacious academical edifice, and sundry mechanical establishments; all was neatness and simplicity; and nothing was to be seen or heard indicating idleness, poverty, or a lack of good morals. The loveliness of an evening during the season of the harvest moon, especially in rural situations, is too well known to require description, for it has long been the subject of poetic delineation and eulogy. After supper, we took a short walk, to witness the good order and tranquillity with which we were then surrounded; and never had we before experienced from a serene sky, a mellowed atmosphere, and an unbroken quietude, such a mental charm—delightfully in contrast with the emotions arising from the bustle and excitement of the city. We felt as one might be supposed to have felt in Paradise, or in a land of undefiled spiritual existences. Of course we returned to our lodging-place well prepared for sleep. Soon were we lost in gentle slumbers. Never to us was sleep more sweet. The little fatigue of the day's journey and the indescribable effect of metereological and local influences, caused our slumbers to be like those of a healthful infant, without sighing or convulsive throbs or any change of features.

Thus we probably slept two hours. Then the loud striking of the village clock announced the hour of midnight, and we awoke to behold the silvery light of the moon rendering every object about us as distinct as if in the light of day. When nature is thus wrapped in silence, one suddenly aroused in this manner from his slumbers imagines himself a unit in the broad expanse; yet his solitude causes no shrinking from existence—no terror from imagined danger; but his breath, like fragrant and gently undulating incense, rises to the great Spirit that shelters and upholds him. When in a kind of waking revery, the death-toned sound of the village church bell was heard, it fell upon us, as might be supposed, like the voice of the archangel, when announcing the end of time, will fall upon the living world; and before its waning cadence was entirely gone, or its echo from the distant hills came back to us, a second one, if possible still more impressively, fell upon us;—then a third, and a fourth, till we counted fifty-two, at intervals of about twenty seconds between each;—then a pause of a few minutes, which was succeeded by still another one, if possible yet louder than those before,—when all again was dead silence; and we seemed, as it were, lost and alone, although, it might be, hundreds in the village felt as we did.

Had we not known the usage of former times in the country, thus to toll the church bell, commencing as near as possible upon the last breath whenever one dies—the number of strokes being the number of years in the age of the deceased afterwards a single stroke, as in this case, signifying a male, and if two strokes, a female—the above, to us, would have been a mystery; but knowing it, we were apprized that a fellow mortal, a brother, of the age of fifty-two years, had at this still hour of midnight ceased to exist—bidding a last adieu to the pains and sorrows and disappointments, as well as to friends and relatives and the once-budding hopes and joys in life's panorama. The reader need not be told that our thoughts became pensive and sad, and for the remainder of the night we knew not sleep. Had it not been so, we might rightly have been judged void of those amiable sensibilities which belong to our nature. Far be it from us to be ashamed of them. If the result of weakness we rejoice in it. And it is a matter of course, that on the return of morning we inquired for whom had been made these demonstrations of reverence and respect. The following narrative is the reply to our inquiry:—

In the year 1802, a youth, whose name we shall call Charles Beeman, left the homestead of his father, and took a clerkship in the city of New York. The father was of the third generation who had tenanted the same mansion and cultivated the same farm, thus rendered dear to the family by a thousand cherished associations. The house was indeed ancient, but from its age, its stateliness, and the lofty elms in front of it, was truly

venerable. The farm, too, was large and productive; and the income of it, under a prudent expenditure, had placed the proprietor in dignified independence and comfort. The family consisted of the parents and three children—two sons and a daughter. Charles was the eldest of the three, and unfortunately had imbibed the idea that the mercantile life was less severely taxed with toil, was more respectable, and, what was more in his imagination, was the only way to affluence. Accordingly he resolved to forsake the residence of his ancestors, and to seek fortune in the city. The resolution might have denoted what is usually looked upon as superior talents and enterprize; but the sequel will show that the determination of the younger brother, who remained with his parents, was attended with far better results.

The memoir of Charles Beeman, with non-essential variations, is that of thousands of young men, who, under similar circumstances, leave the country and repair to the city. From his career thousands may learn wisdom. He thought agriculture a dull and irksome occupation, and that it was beneath the dignity of one of his imagined a lents to spend his life in laying up thirty or forty thousand dollars, as his father had done, when he might become a merchant, and obtain five times that amount. He looked at the rich apparel and furniture and equipage of merchants, and at the display of merchandize and cash and stocks in the city; and was completely bewildered with the fascinating picture. Of course, away he went, spent six years as a clerk in one of the most respectable houses in that commercial emporium. The daughter of Squire Beeman, as the father of Charles was generally denominated, soon married a young man of property, talents and character, and lives only a few miles distant; and James, the other son, with less brilliancy but more soundness than his brother, remaiued on the homestead, married, and became one of the most respectable farmers of his state. He also was several times elected to the Senate of his state; and might have been sent to Congress, but preferred remaining at home. He and his father so labored and managed that, when Charles was ready to engage in business on his own account, he received, as his portion of the paternal estate, ten thousand dollars. At length the parents of James died, and he, of the fourth generation, with a family of children of which a prince might be proud, was left n sole possession of the Beeman homestead. As might be inferred, he was as independent as though he had possessed a million of dollars; and it would be difficult to imagine anything not within his reach that would have added to his enjoyment or his reputation.

Charles Beeman commenced his career as a merchant under the most favorable auspices. His character was pure, his talents were quite respectable, and he had a cash capital of ten thousand dollars, with unlimited facilities from his mercantile acquaintance. For twenty years his course was most prosperous. Everything, seemingly, on which he placed his hand turned to gold. He became the president of a large banking establishment. On the land and on the water he gave employment to hundreds of persons. He married, and, as usual under such circumstances, had a splendid family establishment. His charities, too, were on the most liberal scale. His annual expenses could not have been less than eight or ten thousand dollars. His children, three sons and two daughters, as a matter of course, grew up with the most expensive habits for dress and amusements, without acquiring the habit of doing anything, or having the least reference to the means for a living. The consequence was, two of the sons became dissipated and diseased, aud early sunk into the grave. The other son was amiable, and not immoral, but without efficiency for business. The two daughters married young merchants, who, after a few years, were unfortunate, and involved their father-in-law in heavy responsibilities. By the aid of friends both were provided with foreign agencies. The broken hearted daughters were, in a few years, relieved by death from poverty and mortification. Their days were few: their sun rose in beauty and brilliancy, but was soon overcast, and went down in the darkness of night. Their early hopes of happiness budded in great profusion, but a blighting mildew caused them all to wither and die without fruit. Their fond mother soon joined them in the world of spirits.

The affairs of Charles Beeman were hastening to a perilous crisis. As usual, misfortunes come not singly. His own family expenses had been enormous. Sundry ordinary business losses, which, at former periods, would scarcely have been thought of, but now, in connection with an accumulation of disasters, became insupportable. There was no other alternative—bankruptcy was the unavoidable result. His carriage and horses were first sold; then his furniture and house, and he took lodgings in a hotel. His business being completely broken up, he retired from his office in the bank. The only alleviating circumstance in all this revulsion was that his feeble surviving son was furnished with the office of porter and messenger in the same institution, on a salary just sufficient to give him a decent living. What

a desolation for one who, a few years previous, had estimated his wealth by hundreds of thousands of dollars, and had prided himself, at least, with beautiful daughters, who, with their mother, were the center of attraction in every sphere of fashionable life! If there is anything to break down the spirit of a man, it is this. To such an one, the light of day and the blackness of midnight are much alike. An unvarying paralysis settles down upon the soul. His energies are completely prostrated!

For a few years the friends of Charles Beeman attempted to inspire him with vigor to engage in mercantile brokerage, but it was to no purpose. He seemed to feel no motive for making the effort. No one now depended on him for subsistence, and to him the world had completely ceased to offer any charms. His faint spirit seemed to yearn after some untried and unknown panacea for a curative of his malady. The opportunity was soon discovered. Disease, which, like a ravenous beast lying in ambush to discover the weakest position of the destined victim, soon seized upon our life-wearied, broken-down merchant. It would be difficult to tell whether a consciousness of the fact gave him joy or sorrow. He had, seemingly, but little remaining susceptibility for either. The world to him had become a dismal blank; and, as soon as rendered morally certain that his days were nearly numbered, he acceded to the pressing invitation of his brother James, to return to Beemantown, and become one of his family at the old homestead. He did so; and a few trunks contained his wardrobe, and every vestige of his once large estate. He was there treated with the utmost kindness. Mrs. James Beeman and her lovely daughters were like angels of mercy; but they were never able to raise a smile on his pale, emaciated features; and in three months, ten days, and nine hours, the solemn tones of the church bell, at the still hour of midnight, as we before stated, announced to the people of the village and township that he had gone to the land of his fathers. There is one leaf more in the memoir of Charles Beeman.

Becoming greatly interested in the narrative, of which the above is a mere abstract, we resolved to attend his funeral, which was to be the second day afterward. During the interval there was a chastened sensation, which we had never before witnessed, for the death of an individual in private life. It, however, was a sensation of that calm and unobtrusive character, which is manifest only in a general and deep tran uillity of spirit, and in the slow measured pulsations of labor and business. It was a sensation springing from the deep recesses of the heart, and receiving no type from popular impulse or conventional power.

The day for the funeral arrived. It was one of peculiar loveliness, so well known at that season of the year. There was not a cloud to be seen, and seemingly not a breath of wind was felt. Nature was in harmony with the mellowed and subdued passions visible on every countenance. For some time previous to the hour appointed for the funeral obsequies, the people from the remote parts of the town began to assemble. There was a general suspension of labor and of business. Little groups were constantly arriving, and the village green was soon dotted over in every part. The church was filled to overflowing. Its ponderous bell announced the hour of two o'clock in a loud sepulchral cadence. The bell, a mile north of the village, in a few seconds gave a similar response; then, at a corresponding interval of time, echoing among the surrounding hills, was heard the other church bell of the town; thus the three, in regular alternations, uttered their mournful thrilling notes, till the corpse, and the procession of mourning relatives and friends, with slow and solemn steps, measured the distance from the Beeman homestead to the house of prayer. Such a spectacle must be seen in order to be fully appreciated. One might as well impart to the marble statue or the canvas, the varying hues aud the breathing of the living human form, as to give sufficient delineations of it with ink and paper.

There was not, indeed, in the procession, a deeply afflicted widow, bowed down in sorrow for the loved one of her youth. There was not, indeed, a cluster of orphan children, convulsed with anguish for the loss of their only guide and support, a fond father. They were in mercy saved from this heart-rending hour, in being called away before him. But still, there was no want of sincere mourners. All present knew the sad history of his life; most of them had been familiar with his visage; all were impressed deeply, and saw in that history a memento of the vanity of the world's brightest jewels. There was no boisterous lamentation; there were no passionate outpourings of stricken hearts; but the widespread, unstudied silence, the downcast demeanor, throughout this sad living mass, with here and there a silent tear, made demonstration that, in the human bosom, there is a chord that vibrates to another's wo. Here was an irresistible admonition not to make haste in striving to become rich; not to despise those frugal bounties which reward the cultivator of the soil; and especially, not with unguarded pace to press amid tempta-

tions and perils, the consummation of which, not unoften, is in the chill darkness of the grave!

We have read many essays and heard many homilies on the vanity of this world's glory, the folly of pride and pompous exhibitions in social life, and especially the canker which fixes itself upon the heart of those who despise the charms of rural pleasure for the delusive splendors of the city; but the history of Charles Beeman made an impression upon us without a parallel. These few days in his native village made the country seem more lovely to us, and the city more fraught with perils and mental agonies than ever before imagined. Oh, that we had a pen to delineate all the incidents, and a pencil to place duly on canvas all the lights and the shadows blended into each other, in his memoir from the cradle to the grave! Oh, that hundreds of others, known to us, could have been present to witness what we witnessed, and to have received that impressive culture we received, and which, we apprehend, will never be effaced from our recollection! And if the unnumbered young men in our country, now impatient of the toils and the moderate but sure gains to be expected upon their native hills and valleys, had witnessed it, there would not be such a perpetual rush to embark in adventures, and to grasp at objects presenting themselves to the inexperienced visual powers,—in magnitude surpassing the reality, as did the men first seen by St. Paul, after the scales had fallen from his eyes—"like trees walking!"

TENNYSON'S LOCKESLEY HALL.

"Lockesley Hall" is a poem of great compass, and singular ingenuity and suggestiveness. Its central thought has not, perhaps, the breadth and comprehension of the idea of beauty and purity around which Wordsworth's grand "Ode on Immortality" groups itself; nor of the sublimer ideas of duty, sin, atonement, and restoration, which pervade the "Ancient Mariner" of Coleridge. It is set on a lower key-note, and appeals, therefore, to wider sympathies. Its key-note is the universal passion of love. The opening bars march triumphantly in the major strain; but, unfortunately, they soon encounter an abominable discord. "Cousin Amy" proves false. We have then the old story of the course of true love never running smooth—the old wail over a universal eclipse of nature—the fine frenzy of a disappointed lover, who vows that he would have been an exception to all husbands, and have loved the fickle fair one "as never wife was loved!" His lamentations and reproaches in this valley of humiliation are quite distressing. But, ere we proceed farther, let us look for a moment at the cause of his sorrow. A poet in love should be worth looking at.

He was a model man. To a nature originally noble and heroic, he had added the culture of varied human learning. The present was warm and lovely, and served as a pedestal from which he laid his hand and heart on the past and the future. Passively recipient of the ceaseless influx of beauty, he was at the same time manfully active in the assimilating process of thought and meditation. To be, was to be blessed; but the bliss was not enough. Nature was a loving mother, and he reposed lovingly on her bosom. Time, as revealed in history, was awfully sublime; as adumbrated in prophecy and hope, it was radiant with unutterable glory. He was filled with the vision of the universe, and drew enjoyment from all parts of it. But its infinite impersonality was too much, or not enough, for him. He longed for a concentration of its worth and loveliness—for an incarnation after his own image and likeness; and in Cousin Amy he found, for a moment, the gentle and fairer half of his dissevered dual nature.

Here, then, for the many millionth time, the vigilance of the guardian angels was eluded, and another son of Adam walked with his Eve in the bowers of Paradise. He had shared in the general expulsion, but the misfortune lay lightly upon him. He found the outside world not such a bad world, after all; and passed his early days in "nourishing a youth sublime." But now came the fruit season; at all events, it was the very eve of harvest. He had awakened to the reality and bliss of life, which, till now, had been an unsubstantial though pleasant dream. Vast but vague impersonalities took shape and form, and ministered to him—Amy being the conjuror at whose bidding they came:

"Love took up the glass of life, and torn'd it in his glowing hands,
Every moment lightly shaken ran itself in golden sands.
Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all the chords with might,
Smote the chord of self, which, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight."

Here, then, was the culminating point beyond which the projectile force of youthful enthusiasm and hope could not carry him. Here was the completeness of himself, in the gentle being who confessed a mutual love. If he should ever rise higher, it must needs be by a previous descent, more or less, and by virtue of another set of projectile forces. He was caught in the mystical entanglements of another will than his own; and should Amy prove true, or should she prove false, in either case, it must be a trial to him. In the former case, though permitted to plight their vows in Eden, the vigilant guardians would soon find them out, and peremptorily serve them with notice to quit. They might woo and vow in Eden; but they must not lead their wedded life there. They must go out into the wilderness, and their glowing love must be tested by the tilling of the ground. Our poet-lover protests that his would have stood it nobly, better than any other son of Adam's! But it was not put to the trial. Ere the cherubim thought fit to interfere, Amy turned out to be another Eve, and her falsehood has favored us with the Paradise Lost of "Lockesley Hall."

An ingenious critic has surmised that Tennyson, in this poem, utters his own experience, from the impassioned vehemence with which he upbraids Amy for her fickle love. The sympathetic nature of the true poet sufficiently accounts for this; but the surmise is a high compliment, and the vehemence is certainly very like reality. "Is it well," he asks—

"Is it well to wish thee happy?—having known me to decline
On a range of lower feelings, and a narrower heart than mine?
Yet it shall be. Thou shalt lower to his level day by day,
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathize with clay!"

He indulges in this strain for some time, and then tries hard to think well of Amy. But it won't do!—

"Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the [illegible] she bore?
No! she never loved me truly; love is love for evermore.
Comfort? Comfort scorn'd of devils! This is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things"

This is pretty strong. Turning to Amy—"Drug thy memories," he says. Then her husband is hit off at a stroke—"Like a dog, he hunts in dreams!" Looking down the black, blank future, a rival is descried in Amy's little child, and the mother is seen schooling down its feelings—"they were dangerous guides, the feelings" He can stand it no longer, and turns from her with the bitter curse—"Perish in thy self-contempt!"

But there was no use in lamentations and reproaches. Mere talk won't do; and something else must be attempted. It was a decided case of shipwreck; but castaway mariners have been known to construct rafts, and, by favor of the elements and their own valor, to get wafted again into the fair trade-winds. Something must be done:

"I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair."

But where was a field? where an opening? Every gate was thronged with suitors. There was a rush and crush of men; and the jingling of the guinea was the music to which they led their mad dance. All was eclipse and dislocation; but gleams shot athwart the darkness now and then, giving momentary glimpses of the mountain-tops of a land of hope. But how to get to it?

"Can I but re-live in sadness? I will turn that earlier page—
Hide me from my deep emotion, oh, thou wondrous mother age!"

We like this, especially the reversion to the "earlier page;" and if our love-sick poet would but set himself, with heart of grace, to fight the world again, we should predict well of his next trial. He prays again—

"Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my life:
Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field"—

And away to great Babylon, in among the crush, and competition, and excitement of multitudes of men:—

"Men my brothers! men the workers! ever reaping something new,
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do
For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be.
. . . . . .
Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle flags were furl'd
In the parliament of men, the federation of the world."

This was his vision ere the fire-tempest swept over him. He prays that it may come again;

and it does come, but with a shadow. The times are out of joint, and Amy has done it all! But faith has not yet left him. He cannot see clearly—Amy has blinded him by excess of light—but he believes:—

"Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns."

A noble faith! No doubt, the battle of life will, to the aggregate army, finally issue in victory. Every captain and every private who falls in the trenches serves to fill up a gap, and survivors march easier and fight better from the vantage ground of their dead comrades. The millennium will come; and the great unity of humanity, as if it had suffered no loss in the conflict, will march in and take possession. But, alas!

"What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his youthful joys,
Though the deep heart of existence beats for ever like a boy's?
Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and we linger on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.
Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers,,and he bears a laden breast,
Full of sad experience moving t'ward the stillness of his rest!"

We cannot despair of our poet-lover, knowing that there is such faith within him. But while these shadows (indeed, they are very grim realities) are upon him, we should not be surprised if they bred some wild fancy. Accordingly, after turning once more to Amy the lost—professing to be ashamed of himself for having loved so light a thing—and descanting on the feminine nature in general, which, as compared with man's, is (man being judge) like moonlight to sunlight, like water to wine, he declares that he will retreat far into the "shining Orient," and there wed a savage woman, and rear a wild strong race. How will Amy take *that!* But no; her old lover won't lay such revenge upon her. There is a touch of fierceness in the revulsion with which he turns from his imaginary eastern bride; but we overlook that, in consideration of the sublimity of a passage whose poetry is equalled only by its truly comprehensive and philosophical estimate of western civilization!—

"Fool! Again the dream, the fancy! But I know my words are wild;
But I count the grey barbarian lower than the Christian child.
I to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains—
Like a beast, with lower pleasures—like a beast, with lower pains!
Mated with a squalid savage, what to me were sun or clime?
I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time!
I that rather held it better men should perish one by one,
Than that earth should stand at gaze, like Joshua's moon in Ajalon."

So, then, the word is onward. It is the lesson of his losses and disappointments. Let us hear him once more:

"Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward, let us range.
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change;
Through the shadow of the globe, we sweep into the younger day;
Better fifty years of Europe, than a cycle of Cathay!"

We have another prayer to "mother age" for the early vision, or for the clear eye that saw it; and the answer is gracious:—

"O! I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set,
Ancient founts of inspiration well through all my fancy yet!"

Farewell now to "Lockesley Hall," and on to the younger day!

Enough, we trust, has been given of this splendid poem to induce readers who do not know it to make themselves acquainted with it in the poet's own pages. We do not hold it up as of the first order; but it has a unity and completeness, and strictly conforms to the orthodox standard, which requires a beginning, a middle, and an end. It is delivered as a soliloquy. The poet, with some companions, visits Lockesley Hall, the scenes of his early days; and begging them to leave him alone awhile in the cool morning, he travels in spirit through the lights and shadows of the past—storming, criticizing, philosophizing, resolving, retracting, and closing, as we have seen, a sadder and a wiser man. All morning days are fair and tranquil, and his were so pre-eminently. Few of us probably remember an out-and-out cloudy day in our first seven years. And then, with the light of the sun, moon, and stars, was mingled a "light that never was on sea or shore"—a light from the fountain-heads of inspiration and history, and from the shores of old romance. Many of us can sympathize with these reminiscences:—

"Here, about the beach I wander'd, nourishing a youth sublime,
With the fairy tales of science, and the long results of time;
When the centuries behind me, like a fruitful land, reposed;
When I clung to all the present, for the promise that it closed:
When I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see—
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be."

Natural and intellectual beauty rose with the poet's birth, grew with his growth, soared into the empyrean with the sun of his life, and culminated in conjunction with the warmer beauty of young love. Amy's love painted the lily and gilded the sunbeams. But in proportion to this height and splendor, were the fall and the eclipse. This brings us to the middle passage, which is full of blackness, and thunders, and tempest. From this point, the action of the poem struggles upwards. Longing, lingering looks are cast behind; but we are in the presence of one who will not be mastered by elements and circumstances, but will master them in the end, and compel them to do him suit and service. He had been deeply wounded, and the scars will ever remain; but he will pluck wisdom from sorrow, and final victory from temporary defeat.

Our readers will find out the passages of striking force and beauty for themselves, and we need not point them to such as

"I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time;"

Or

"But I deem the grey barbarian lower than the Christian child."

These and there are many such) strike the key-note of whole epics; they open the floodgates of thought; they throw a halo over the immensity of history, and the narrower boundaries of our present civilization. We have rarely met with lines which struck deeper chords of melancholy than those beginning—

"What is that to him that reaps not," &c.

The idea portrayed in those lurid yet burning words must often have forced itself on the observant and reflective mind. There are mighty agencies at work for the amelioration of the human race—agencies divine in their origin, and worked onwards by the best wisdom and strength of man; but, while radiant with promise, they are barren of immediate fruit; and while faith descries a rich harvest under the furrows of the new-ploughed field, and in the blades and leaves which appear above the ground and on the trees; what is that to the myriads who are even now dying of hunger?

"What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his youthful joys,
Though the great heart of existence beats for ever like a boy's?"

The whole poem, indeed, is studded with gems of thought, which throw a light into the far and wide region of things. It is "most musical, most melancholy" throughout, till within a few stanzas of the close, and then we have the bright shining after the rain:—

"O! I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set,
Ancient founts of inspiration well through all my fancy yet!"

It is some twenty years since these lines were first published; and that they were literally true then, and are true still, was abundantly manifested, a few months ago, in the publication, by their author, of the poem, "in Memoriam," which the critics have received with an unanimous chorus of praise.

ASSOCIATIONS.

Behold the valley in the moonlight sleeping,
How soothing is its pastoral repose—
A goodly scene for eyes bedimmed with weeping,
Ere wearied eyelids on the pillow close.
She said, "I know the land is very fair;
But ah, my childhood's footfall never hounded *there!*"

Behold the ancient woods in golden glory,
Seek ye their solitary mystic glades,
List to the shining river's bubbling story,
By flowery banks or bowering orchard shades.
She said, "Not *there* I heard the pleading words,
More thrilling far than song of sweetest woodland birds!"

Behold the ivied tower and mouldering walls.
From whence the voice of praise ascends on high,
And chiming bells, whose welcome influence falls
On pilgrim hearts like music from the sky.
She said, "Thrice hallowed be the house of prayer;
But no beloved dust lies consecrated *there!*

Behold the radiant stars are gazing down
In myriads on the shrouded world beneath,
While we, lamenting misspent moments flown,
May ponder mysteries of life and death.
She said, "The dove sought rest—no rest it found:
The ark is still *our* home, though billows surge around!"

CHARLES I. AND CROMWELL.

BY REV. JOSEPH P. THOMPSON.

SEE PLATE.

Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell, names inseparably associated in history, and each in a different mode receiving distinction from the other! Various as are the contrasts in which they have been presented by historians of opposite schools, there is yet another to be drawn from materials recently brought to light, and in accordance with the modern standard of greatness. The one has been regarded as a tyrant, and the other as a scourge, appointed of God for his overthrow; and again, the first has been represented as an amiable, though misguided prince, and the second as a usurper, climbing to the summit of power, by treachery and blood. The one has been denounced for his duplicity, and the other extolled for his integrity; and again, the former has been canonized as a saint, and the latter stigmatized as an arch-hypocrite. The one has been held up as the oppressor of God's people, and the other as their champion: and again, Charles appears as a martyr, and Cromwell as an enthusiast. Never did men wear such diversified characters, nor come into such endless contrast with themselves, and with each other. The contrast suggested by the plates before us, differs from any enumerated above, but is warranted by all reliable history. Charles and Cromwell *are two different types of royalty;* the one represents hereditary royalty, the royalty of form and tradition; the other, the royalty of a true manhood. Each was a monarch in his way; the one became conspicuous as a king contending for the prerogatives of a royalty, the other was made no less conspicuous, as a man contending for the rights of man.

Cromwell appears in an historical, or rather a fictitious composition;—for the scene, of which the artist has so finely conceived, is probably without any foundation in fact. Here is an interesting group, the family of Oliver, from his aged mother to his youngest son, interceding for the life of Charles. But if anything can be made certain in Cromwell's history, it is that he did not originally contemplate the extinction of the royal line, and that he sought to avert the tragic end of the king when the safety of the state seemed to demand the sacrifice. Before Charles was arraigned by parliament for high treason, Cromwell was accused by the radicals of having connived at his escape from the kingdom. "It was evident," says Ludlow, "that the king had escaped (from Hampton Court) by Cromwell's advice." Cromwell found it to be necessary to the peace and safety of the commonwealth, that Charles, whom he had desired to see established in legitimate and constitutional authority, should be removed from the throne; but at this time he would have been content with the flight or banishment of the king. He put down the "levelers" in the army, as being themselves guilty of high treason. He ordered Whalley, when he had the king in his custody, to protect him from all violence and insult. He did not take the lead in the impeachment of Charles, and he signed his death-warrant with reluctance, from a stern, though, perhaps, mistaken conviction of its necessity. We know not how much influence his family may have had in inclining him to that lenient course which he so long favored, but it seems rather to have been his own preference from the first. It was not till Cromwell had lost all confidence in Charles—until he was satisfied the king, who, "either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty and no signature could bind," that he consented to the dreadful expedient of removing him by the axe of the executioner. Even Clarendon, the royalist, declares that "Cromwell was not so far a man of blood as to follow Machiavel's method, which prescribes, upon a total alteration of government as a thing absolutely necessary, to cut off all the heads of those, and extirpate their families, who are friends to the old one. It was confidently reported, that in the council of officers, it was more than once proposed that there might be a general massacre of all the royal party, as the only expedient to secure the government, but that Cromwell never would consent to it."

This accords with what we learn of Cromwell's character from other sources.* Terrible as he was in battle, when duty summoned him to the field, he was ever tender and compassionate towards individual suffering; a stern, yet a merciful man. The intercession of the family of Cromwell for the life of Charles, however pleasing as a picture, must be regarded as a fiction. The piece is more creditable to the artist's knowledge of painting than of history. It will be serviceable to us merely on account of the portraits of Cromwell. We have no means of ascertaining what authority the artist has followed. There is not the same uniformity in the portraits of Cromwell as in those of Charles. The best were executed by Walker; those by Cooper are good also,—prints of which may be seen in various collections. The profile likeness, originally in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, is contained in Birch's "Collection of Illustrious Heads," engraved by Houbraker and Virtue. It seems to have been taken late in the life of the Protector, and its features are coarse and homely enough. The full face of Oliver, by Cooper, may be seen in Rapin's History; and the famous portrait in military costume, by Walker, adorns Russell's Cromwell, and is issued by the Harpers, in their "Family Library." The features of the last two harmonize well in the main with each other, and with Oliver in the print before us. We have the same massive head—the same broad and capacious forehead—the same hard, thoughtful, care-worn, countenance—the same flowing hair—the same prominent, unclassic nose, and the same wart bristling under the lower lip. Our print conveys a little more mildness and benignity of expression, as was befitting the supposed occasion.

Charles was a fit representative of hereditary royalty: comely in person, and graceful in his manners; of respectable mental capacity and attainments—correct in his deportment, free from the vices that disgraced his father's court; chaste and temperate—neither given to profaneness and obsceneness in speech, nor to licentiousness in conduct: upright in his dealings with individuals; sedate, studious, and even devout; of the best blood in the three kingdoms, and in the prime of manhood, he came to the throne, seemingly prepared to enoble and adorn it. But he was infatuated with royalty. Prerogative was his idol. The king was, in his eyes, the very chief of men. Everything must give place to the wishes of the crown. This led to those successive usurpations upon the rights of the people, which at length aroused the spirit of the whole nation, brought even the sacredness of royalty itself to bow at the footstool of justice. At first the Commons, disposed to grant him a fair trial, voted him liberal subsidies. But they soon discovered, that instead of being recognized by the court as the only power competent to levy supplies, they were made use of as a mere expedient for that end. The king's demands grew more and more unreasonable; the non-compliance of the Commons was regarded as contumacy, and the never-failing prerogative was opposed to every remonstrance. Then came the schism between the king and Parliament, the violent interference with the privileges of the latter, the unlawful imposition of taxes, the revival of the "forest laws," the resumption of crown grants in Ireland and elsewhere, the levying of fines in London city, and the confiscation of landed estates, "tonnage and poundage," and "ship money," and the long catalogue of grievances under which a too patient people groaned without redress. And all this because, as even Hume allows, the king entertained too "lofty ideas of monarchal power," and would affect a "stately style." Religion, too, must be under the control of the king; and the Star Chamber and the High Commission must be instituted, and firesides must be invaded, and England filled with spies, and made one vast whispering gallery, that the king may be assured that even his secret orders are punctiliously observed. The king must be supreme—must be all.

Charles clung to his prerogative in every change of fortune. It was his one idea. It made him perfidious in his treaties with the Parliament. He must not only be a king, but a king after his own ideal.

He carried his prerogative with him into his confinement. On his flight from Hampton Court, he writes to Parliament that, so soon as they return to a just temper, he will "break through this cloud of retirement, and show [himself] ready to be Pater Patriæ!" When allowed a temporary release, the Parliament, before being purged by Colonel Pride, having concluded an armistice with him, he returned to Windsor, as much of the king as ever. "He was delighted to re-enter one of his own palaces, and be served with all the etiquette of court. He dined in public, in the hall of state, under a canopy; the chamberlain, esquire-carver, master of the ceremonies, and cup-bearer, waited upon him in the accustomed manner; the cup was presented to him kneeling, and all the ceremonial of kingly state was preserved." Charles maintained what little he could of this "kingly state," in the very last scenes of his tragic life. When the High

* History of the Rebellion. Book xv.

Court of Justice has been constituted, which is to try him for high treason, "the king is thrice brought to the bar; refuses to plead, comports himself with kingly dignity, with royal haughtiness, strong in his divine right; smiles contemptuously; 'looks with an austere countenance;'—does not seem, till the very last, to have fairly believed that they would dare to sentence him."

Charles stood forth as the champion of hereditary royalty. From first to last he was a king. A king in the robes of state, and with the crown of the Stuarts upon his head, a king in the battle and in the rout, a king in the custody of Hammond and in the confinement of Hurst Castle, in the Isle of Wight, a king as he lays his head upon the block. Prerogative with him could never die; bleeding and headless he was still the phantom of royalty.

In Cromwell we find no trace of hereditary royalty. He was maternally descended from the house of Stuart, but his nearest approach to royalty in childhood was when he was about four years old;—King James coming from the north to take possession of the English crown, stopped for two days at Hinchinbrook House, the "stately mansion" of Oliver's uncle, on the left bank of the Ouse. Did little Oliver then romp and wrestle with young prince Charles? so the old legends say. If so, we will warrant that Oliver came off victorious. But Oliver had a true royalty in him, which must one day appear at the head of England, at the head of mankind. He was early educated to manliness. No pomp nor luxury did he witness in his father's house, but he did witness there the industry, frugality, and thrift of a plain country gentleman, and the sincere and humble piety of a genuine though not an humble Puritan. Even his good uncle Oliver, now a knight, grew less courtly as he grew older and poorer. Brought up chiefly upon his father's farm, Oliver was nevertheless entered at Cambridge at seventeen; whence he was recalled the next year by the death of his father, to act as the head of the bereaved family.

Having picked up a little knowledge of law at London, he settled down at twenty-one, a married man, and soon became a sincere Christian. He leads a quiet life, interests himself principally in the affairs of the neighborhood, especially in its religious affairs, till at about the age of thirty, his neighbors sent him to parliament, the third parliament of Charles. Here matters had already reached a crisis; the remonstrance against the Duke of Buckingham, and the "Petition of Rights," were among the doings of this parliament. The House resolved itself into a Committee of Religion. The member for Huntingdon was interested in the state of religion; and when that matter was introduced, he had something to say. He was found upon the side of Christian liberty and of spiritual religion. Referring to the "flat Popery," preached with the approbation of certain bishops, he asked, "If these are the steps to church preferment, *what are we to expect?*" They who listened so respectfully to the modest young speaker, had frequent occasion to remember that significant inquiry. Through that plain country suit, those dingy, old-fashioned ruffles, that hard favored countenance, and that harsh voice, they discerned the look, the tone, the bearing, the spirit, of the man of England's destiny. Thus, in his first public act, the sympathies of Cromwell were manifested in behalf of the rights of conscience, and then they were enlisted for life. As a member of Parliament, as a Captain of Dragoons, as a Lieutenant-General, as Commander-in-Chief, and as Protector, he speaks, he acts, he fights, for the rights of men, their rights of conscience first, their civil rights next. He is the embodiment of the great principle of constitutional liberty, which principle came in his time into collision with hereditary royalty. One of his first acts as a military man, was to protect those who were "likely to suffer for their consciences." "This," said he, "is a quarrelsome age, and the anger seems to me to be 'the worse, where the ground is difference of appearance; which to curse, to hurt men in their houses, persons, or estates will not be found an apt remedy" (Letter V). Again, in his report of the storming of Bristol, he adds a few paragraphs of a religious nature, in which he says, "*In things of the mind we look for no compulsion, but that of light and reason*" (Letter XV). Still further, in the paper addressed by the army to the city of London, 1647, he says, "We could wish that every good citizen, and every man who walks peaceably in blameless conversation, and is beneficial to the commonwealth, might have liberty and encouragement, this being according to the true policy of all states, and even to justice itself." Such were the principles which Cromwell espoused. He was the champion of liberty and truth. As such, he stood forth at the head of the age. Well might Milton invoke him, saying:—

> "Help us to save free conscience from the paw
> Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw."

But is he not an usurper? So the loyalists have said, and history has perpetuated the charge. In a caricature of his refusal of the crown, he is represented as Tyrannus, being crowned with vipers by Perfidy and Cruelty. But read his life, as it appears in his own letters and speeches, and you will see that no office did he hold from Captain

of Dragoons to Lord Protector, which was not forced upon him, without his seeking, by the solicitation of his friends, or by the necessity of the times. He struggled for constitutional liberty, first under a king, next without a king. The people were not fully ripe for it. Circumstances threw him into a false position. He had no well digested plan of government to substitute for the fallen monarchy, because he had not anticipated the overthrow of monarchy; but he suited himself to the exigency when it came, and at length seized the helm to save the ship from being stranded. But he used power with moderation, and never abandoned his first principles. See how faithfully he harangues his own parliament upon religious liberty. He would not have an exclusive state religion; but would infuse Christianity as a spiritual, vitalizing principle, into the State. He respected the consciences of all men. He aimed to make it the glory of his administration, "*to avoid tyrannous imposition, either upon men as men, or Christians as Christians.*" Such was Cromwell. He borrows no distinction from office; a crown would not have exalted him; no title, neither "His Highness," nor the "Lord Protector," so well becomes him as "the man Oliver."

The distinction which we have drawn between Charles and Cromwell, may be traced in the character of those whom they selected as their counsellors and associates. In the beginning of his reign, Charles was under the lead of the Duke of Buckingham, an unprincipled courtier, who well understood the weak point of Charles's character, and knew how to exalt him by flattery. Nor was Strafford a whit behind him in burning incense to royalty. In matters of religion, Laud, with whom a surplice, a cross, a genuflexion, were essential, had absolute control.

Cromwell drew around him, in Church and State, as noble a band of men as ever adorned any age. Sir Matthew Hale, whose maxims of economy and religion are worthy to be the *vade mecum* of every youth, then dignified the highest seat of justice. In the office of State we find John Milton, that same Milton who comforted himself under the loss of sight with the reflection, that he was deprived of it by writing laboriously in defence of liberty. The army, which Cromwell would have to consist of godly men,—as the only men who could do battle for English liberty, that praying, fasting, psalm-singing army, enjoyed the ministrations of Baxter; and the Protector made choice of John Howe to be his private chaplain; a selection creditable at once to his discernment and his piety. Struck with the appearance of Howe, then a humble but godly preacher at Torrington, who chanced one Sabbath to be present at Whitehall Chapel, Cromwell insisted that he should preach in his hearing. This done nothing could satisfy Cromwell but the stated ministrations of Howe. Think of a "hypocrite" selecting such a chaplain! The men whom Cromwell had about him, were not courtiers nor flatterers; they were the fast friends of liberty and truth, and the character of Cromwell is reflected in them.

It is a matter of unavailing regret, that Howe, having preserved "large memorials of the material passages of his own life and of the times wherein he lived," which men "stitched together in a multitude of small volumes," should, upon his death-bed, have extorted a promise to destroy them all. Had these been preserved, what materials we should have had for a life of Cromwell!

Such were Charles and Cromwell in their associates. But it is in their inner life that our contrast appears most luminous. Charles is extolled by his apologists as a saint and martyr. He was not destitute of the religious sentiment, but it inclined him rather to frivolous and superstitious observances, than to intelligent and spiritual worship. He even had a zeal for religion in its externals. He was, in some respects, better fitted for "a ceremonial bishop than for a reigning king." Religion with him was very much an accompaniment and a support of of royalty, and on that account he was evidently fascinated with Popery. And yet, to serve a purpose, he could be a devout Presbyterian. Cromwell was a man of deep religious experience. Religion, with him, was no accidental thing; no form nor ceremony; it was the life of his soul, and the soul of his life. Even his traducers have been puzzled to account for the vein of piety which runs through the whole course of his public acts, and which is so conspicuous in his private character. They have resorted to the supposition that he was a hypocrite, a supposition as complimentary to their sagacity as to their knowledge of Christian experience. How could hypocrisy have sustained itself through so long a period in such changing circumstances? Even Satan, in the garb of an angel of light, could not have escaped detection in Cromwell's place. And could the strong men of England, her sober, praying, thinking men, have been so long and so thoroughly duped? The true standpoint from which to view the character of Cromwell, is not without but within him. His religion was not the religion of a gentleman, but of the man; not of the court, but of the heart. We must enter into the depths of his religious experience. His private correspondence is as rich

in nutriment to the believing spirit, as is the diary of Payson or of Edwards. His was a deep, earnest, thorough piety—from the period of his first evangelical experience he was "a Christian man, not on Sundays only, but on all days, in all places, and in all circumstances." This is the key-note of his character. And herein do we find the secret of his greatness. He lived the life of God; from his high place of power, he aimed to give religious liberty and the word of God, not only to England but all mankind.

The religion of Cromwell rendered him noble in death. It was fitting that the great spirit which had directed the storms of civil revolution, should be ushered out of the world in a war of the elements, on the anniversary of its own mightiest achievements; but how much more sublime the view of that spirit thus breathing itself away in prayer:—

"Lord, though I am a miserable and wretched creature, I am in covenant with Thee through grace, and I may, I will come to Thee for Thy people. Thou hast made me, though very unworthy, a mere instrument to do them some good, and thee service; and many of them have set too high a value upon me, though others wish, and would be glad of my death: and, however Thou dispose of me, continue and go on, and do good for them. Pardon thy foolish people! Forgive their sins and do not forsake them, but love and bless them. Give them consistency of judgment, one heart, and mutual love; and go on to deliver them, and with the work of reformation; and make the name of Christ glorious in the world. Teach those who look too much on thy instruments, to depend more upon thyself. Pardon such as desire to trample upon the dust a poor worm, for they are thy people too; and pardon the folly of this short prayer, and give me rest for Jesus Christ's sake; to whom, with Thee and Thy holy spirit, be all honor and glory, now and forever. Amen."

There is a strange apparition midway in English history. We trace back the line of her sovereigns for two hundred years, and are arrested by a massive and mysterious being, who wears no crown, but who is a veritable king. We trace the line downward from the Norman Conquest and are arrested by the same colossal form, wearing the impress of royalty, without its title or its robes. Bold, massive, severe, it towers above the rank of monarchs in a dignity of its own. It is as if the stream of royalty, flowing uninteruptedly for ages, were suddenly lost in a subterranean abyss, or turned aside by a bold, huge mountain, to emerge again, ruffled and discolored, in the vale below. It is as if a torrent of fire had swept through a verdant embankment, leaving a huge, black, scarred chasm to mark its course. What means this chasm, this breach, this apparition? Why is it that Cromwell thus breaks in upon the line of royalty, with no forerunner; and departs, leaving no successor? It is because God would give the world a conspicuous example of the dignity that is in virtue, in character, in man. The age did not appreciate him, nor have other ages. That strange figure has been blackened and begrimed with dust and filth, yet there it has stood unshaken, and there it yet shall stand.

God has kept the character of Cromwell for an age in which the royalty there is in man should be duly honored. Royalty in England has been a different thing since his day, from what it was before. Men's noses and ears are worth something too, in England now. There he stands to frown upon usurpation, to keep the man ever above the king, to guard the consciences and the liberties of England. Shall this man have a statue? Shall that stern, rough visage, in bronze or marble, look down upon us from a pedestal in the royal park? That question is not to be decided by a vote of the British Parliament, but by the greatful acclamations of two nations, speaking the language of Milton, and honoring the religion of Baxter and of Howe.

TIME THE HEALER.

So I hear them say,
And well I know that he may wake again
The merry Viol for the lightly harm'd,
And steep in Lethe the weak memories
Of common woe. But ah! for those who lose
The heart's chief jewel, can he stay the tide
That in its wrecking arrogance doth still
Lash the waste shore!

Awhile we may forget,
And 'mid the shells and grass flowers on the beach
Lull the deep wound. But hark! there comes a surge
Leaving us prostrate. 'Neath its surf we lie
Powerless and faint, then crawling forth, essay
To do as others do,

It comes again!
That black, uncrusted, melancholy wave;
So, tell me not that Time hath power to quell
A desolating grief. His opiate draught
May serve to stupefy, but can ye shun
The dire reaction of the spasmed nerve,
When Thought, in his lone cell, or solemn Night
Quicken the grief pang?
Thus 'twill ever be,
Despite their lame philosophy, who call
Time the Physician, and lay bare their souls
To his poor balm drops. Thus 'twill ever be,
Till he delivereth to Eternity
Life's finish'dvial with the death's head seal'd,
For the great Judge's Eye.

L. H. S.

MY COUNTRY RESIDENCES.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

I HAVE often thought that I should like to describe several country villages, endeared to me by a thousand boyish recollections, but hitherto I have put it off to some more remote and happy period. I am just in trim for it now, having been a rustic for a week. I have a day or two to spare, and a niee room to seribble in, so I shall proceed to brighten up my early reminiscences. The country around me will be the best spell in the world, to conjure up the past.

I have just laid down my Tennyson, so choice and pastoral in his descriptions, and sit carelessly by the window, looking out on the manifold leafyness and greenness of nature. My window opens on a lawn, sloping off gradually from a row of currant bushes, and the honeysuckles and morning glories that clamber up the south side of the cottage, to a little plot which the good folks call an orchard. It is a little plot indeed, for it does not contain over twenty trees; but I must do those the justice to say, that they are decidedly superb. Last summer the peaches were the theme and envy of the villagers for at least five miles around; a nine days' wonder in the country. I never saw or tasted anything half so delicious, always excepting the blue misted plums and apricots, which grew at the lower end of the orchard, (I wish they were ripe now!) The strawberries that grew by the side of the wall, melted in my mouth, like wine drops trickling from the brim of Hebe's goblet!—Strawberries and cream! the remembrance of it makes me a little melancholy. What a surgy, wavelike noise, the willow makes, chafing the low eaves, half covered with green moss:—

> "The linden like a lover stands,
> And taps against my window pane!"—

About a stone's throw from the house, at the lower corner of the orchard, the children are busy picking (and of course eating) cherries. I see them from the window, standing uneasily on the cross branches, rocking and swaying about, picking the dead-ripe, black-hearted wild cherries. If there is any one fruit dearer to me than the peach, it is the cherry; the tall, many-boughed, heavily-loaded wild cherry, bending with its fullness of fruit—

Certainly Tom! You might be sure of it! Bring us a couple of bunches! Glorious Barry Cornwall! I wish you could see this bunch which Tom has just brought me. Thankee Tom! another if you please! As I was saying, Barry, it would make your eyes sparkle, and your mouth water, *mi boy.*

You ask me what Barry Cornwall has got to do with cherries? and cherries with my country residences?

One question at a time, if you please. I'll tell you about Barry first, and then lead you gently to the other affairs: only be patient; I must get at everything in a roundabout way. Barry Cornwall, you must know, has written a pleasant little lyric about the wild cherry tree. Of course you have read it No! my dear sir, or madam, or miss, as the case may be, I fear your education has been shockingly neglected. I'll oblige you with the poem in question:—

THE WILD CHERRY TREE.

Oh! there never was yet so fair a thing,
By racing river, or bubbling spring,
Nothing that ever so gaily grew
Up from the ground, when the skies were blue,
Nothing so brave, nothing so free,
As thou, my wild, wild Cherry tree!

Jove! how it danced in the gusty breeze!
Jove! how it frolicked among the trees!
Dashing the pride of the poplar down,
Stripping the thorn of his hoary crown;
Oak or ash, what matter to thee?
'Twas the same to my wild, wild Cherry tree!

Never at rest, like one that's young,
Abroad to the world its arms it flung,
Shaking its bright and crowned head,
Whilst I stole up for its berries red;
Beautiful berries! beautiful tree!
Hurrah! for the wild, wild Cherry tree!

Back I fly to the days gone by,
And see thy branches against the sky;
I see on the grass thy blossoms shed,
I see (nay I taste!) thy berries red,
And shout like a tempest, wild and free,
Hurrah! for the wild, wild Cherry tree!

"Hurrah for the wild, wild Cherry Tree!" Dear Barry! I shall never eat a black-heart without thinking of you—never! I know you feel obliged to me for copying this little song. That's right, only say you like it, and sometime I'll write you another critique on Barry's poetry. Meantime let me get on with this; to do which, as I purposed, I must finish describing the scenery around me now. Beyond the orchard, and the boys shout-

ing on the black railed fences, I can see a long level of green meadow lands, with their tall grasses bowing in the ever-restless wind; here and there a wheat field, surging in many-colored waves, light and dark, SEEMS to roll onward, till its course is broken by the stone wall, which juts above its farther edge like a stout dyke. A field of wheat with the wind on it, is a poetical sight; very pastoral, and, let me add, very useful. "Think of *this* when ye're smoking tibacey." Here and there a little brook, half dry, but glittering to the last, runs along the pastures, and the cattle go there, very often this hot weather, to drink;—

> "The steer forgets to graze,
> And where the hedgerow cuts the pathway, stands
> Leaning his horns into the neighbor field,
> And lowing to his fellows."

The landscape to the north is rimmed and crowned by a little wood; they would call it a forest in Europe, but we (we are a great people!) we, that think nothing of the ten thousand miles of western forest land, trackless, and uninhabited, save by wild bears, and a few scattered tribes of Indians, nearly as wild; we are so nice in our expressions, that we call it a clump of trees! Sherwood Forest, Ardennes, and the Hartz forest, would hardly be a decentish hunting ground in America.

What a beautiful sight a forest is! I have never read anything that ever gave me the slightest idea of what I see now: nothing descriptive, that ever touched the subject. The *minutiæ* of description might be there, but the feeling, the sentiment that it left upon the mind, was absent. Feelings are hard to put in words. Tennyson and Keats are the finest poets of sentiment in the language: "The Ode to Melancholy," "Ode to a Nightingale," and "Autumn," by the latter—"The Gardener's Daughter," "Enone," "Morte D'Arthur," "The Talking Oak," "Godiva," "The Day Dream," and, in fact, nine tenths of the former, are perfect studies for the young student, and impassioned lover of choice, fine, sensuous poetry (Reader! you are in for a critique on Keats and Tennyson, when I get time to write it). But talking of woods, reminds me that I tried to describe one myself the other day. You must know I am writing a long poem, the scene of which—but I won't tell you another word about it,—here's my wood:—

> "Fast rooted in the depth of fallen leaves,
> Dark-stemmed, and many-limbed, the wood oprears
> The melancholy twilight of its boughs.
> Impervious at noonday to the sun,
> Unpierceable at night by keenest moons,
> And all the baffled stars that love the spot,
> Bathed in eternal twilights, conoterchanged
> With plots of light and darkness, everywhere
> Streaky with various verdure, many-leaved;
> Drifted in heaps that feed the vigorous soil
> And all its blooms, the embalmed yellow leaves
> Moulder with rich moist smells: and where the roots
> Uppushing, shoulder off the scanty earth,
> A sea of violets grow in softest moss,
> Forever green: the all surrounding trunks,
> Silvery, or green, or black with jagged barks,
> Are overgrown with mosses grey and dun;
> And half the limbs are tagged with dripping beards."

Some of my earliest recollections are of woodland scenery; but the earliest of all (and this leads me back to my starting point) is of a little cottage, on the banks of a river, or rather arm of the sea, on the eastern coast of Massachusetts. Hingham, to my way of thinking, is one of the prettiest towns in the whole State; and it bids fair to become celebrated (it is already, in geographical matters, famous for salt codfish and wooden ware). I have no doubt that when I come to die, and be buried in it (a thing, by the way, I don't intend to hasten), it will become very famous. The late Frances S. Osgood spent her girlhood there, but that was before my time, or rather before I was large enough to have recollected her. Gilmore Simms wrote his "Atalantes" there, and I had the honor to be brought up there; so you see the place is decidedly "some."

The cottage that I remember so well, stands on the edge of a slope, with its front to the road (carriages run within three or four feet of the door) and its back to the river; the sea must have flowed, in old times, up its arm, where the cottage now stands. The country around the village is full of hills, and the road that runs down to the cove, seems to me but an embankment on the side of one; the right side of it is banked, or rather dyked up with a stone wall, about fifteen feet high; below this, for about twenty feet, level to the edge of the river, runs a little tract of arable ground, which some of the neighbors have turned into gardens. There is a little garden to the south of the cottage (I think it is the south, but I must confess my ignorance of every cardinal—saving the cardinal virtues); the north is bounded by a carpenter's shop; the front of the cottage juts on the road, and stands about ten feet high. The back, down the slope, facing the river, is at least thirty feet high. It is a very odd looking and grotesque affair, and seems to have been built at different times, either when a new crotchet in architecture got into the head of the original owner, or an increase of family (for they do, "increase and multiply" there in accord-

ance with the divine command), rendered an enlargement of the premises indispensable.

I would cheerfully give ten years of my coming life, to live there as in the old time, a child again—but it cannot be :—the fountain of Eternal Youth, that the old Spaniard sought so long after, has not been found yet; it only exists in the Eden of memory!

Heigho! I lay in my cradle, and slept soundly in that old cottage,—angels watched over my slumbers there, and I heard in my dreams the music of the world I had just left; a toy was a sceptre to me, and an orange was the only world I ever wept for! I wore petticoats there, and there I donned my first pair of trowsers. I remember the last circumstance well; as it is always an epoch in juvenile histories; a transition, as it were, from the grub to the butterfly state: my early pants were nankeens: I am afraid now that they were rather too yellow to look well; but what of that, nankeens were fashionable (and so cheap!) I thought them golden! My age of gold (pants) had just begun. I love to see a youngster with a new suit—he struts so much like a man, so heroic, as it were, and seems to say, "See me, oh Earth! admire me, oh Heaven!" He is not a whit more ridiculous—though we all laugh at him—than most children of a larger growth;" not indeed that a new suit can always turn their heads, but something very little better often does—wine, woman, or money! Don't laugh at boys, if you please!

"The child is father of the man."

I was a great reader in my early life; I must have been taught the alphabet before I was four years of age. I am very sorry that I can't describe the fine old school mistress, that (never) taught me. If you are at all anxious to see one finely described, read Shenstone's, I know of nothing better. I am writing only facts, and facts compel me to admit that my mother taught me my ab, abs. The earliest book that I have any distinct recollection of is "Watts' Hymns,"—I think that shadowed out my love of verses, which was to come,—only I hated Dr. Watts, and his hymns, abominably: I had to learn one very often; but I had my revenge,—I used to scratch the cover of the book. After the hymns of the Reverend Isaac Watts, LL.D., I was charmed with those little penny books which the blessed old Mahlon Day, of Pearl street, New York, (a Friend indeed!) used to get out, for the edification of juveniles. (This was twenty years ago). The history of Cock Robin,—Mother Goose, with that famous ditty, commencing,—

"Hey ding a diddle.
The cat's in the fiddle"—

Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp, and Robinson Crusoe, formed the extent of my early reading. A few years later introduced me to the "goodly tinker" the right worshipful John Bunyan, and his Pilgrim's Progress. Everybody has praised Bunyan; but I always found him severely pious, and trembled accordingly. That immense bundle of sin, on poor Pilgrim's back (a load for any packherse)—the Slough of Despond,—the flaming mountain,—the lions at the gate of the palace Beautiful, (was it the palace Beautiful?)—Apolyon, Pope, and Pagan,—and all its horrors, frightened me so much then, that I have never read it since. I admit its wonderful invention, but laugh now at all its terrors.

The window of my room opeued on the yard and the long garden to the southward; every inch of ground in that little yard has been pattered over many a time by my infant feet; I used to play in it—generally alone—building wooden houses, or sailing chips on the edge of the river. I remember one winter seeing the boys with their sleds, coasting down the hills on the opposite side of the water, which was then frozen over, hard enough to skate on,—and once (it must have been the next spring) my grandfather and I sailed over on a cake of ice: that was a feat for me, for I was always a delicate boy.

The road made a curve a little below the house, and ran down to the cove; I was never weary of wandering there when I was large enough to go alone; the stores seemed to me antediluvian,—the very Methusalah of all buildings,—rough, black-boarded stores, stained with the weathers of a century, at least. I used to mark one ship, painted over the door of a counting-house,—it was the miniature, if you will allow me the expression, of the good brig Royal Arch, which sailed for Sweden, and never returned again. It was no great wonder that I used to look at it,—the original, and a little salt water, made me fatherless. There was an old elm above us, which shaded half the road: I saw it last summer, and grew poetical. I know you would like to see what I wrote,—so here it is:—

THE OLD ELM.

Where the bank of the river slopes away,
And the road runs down to Hingham bay—
(A sheet of glass in the sunny ray,)
The Old Elm stands,
With its giant limbs,
Waving their leaves in the ocean breeze,
The pomp and pride of the village trees.

The trunk of the lofty Elm is dark,
And vast in girth, with a wrinkled bark
Dappled with moss: the morning lark
And the swallow build
Their nests in the boughs;
And the young birds peep at the azure sky,
Rocked in their leafy cradles high.

Two hundred Summers and Winters hoar—
Two hundred years, and it may be more,
Ere the Mayflower brought the Pilgrims o'er,
A sapling small,
It stood i' th' heart
Of the Indian wood, and slowly grew
In the sun, the rain, and the falling dew!

The white men came, and the Indians pass'd,
Like withering leaves on an Autumn blast;
The glorious forest was felled at last,
And house by house
The village arose;
The fields were cleared—the road was made,
But the Elm was spared for its mighty shade.

The village children, year by year,
The little lads and the lassies dear,
Idle their leisure moments here;—
You can see their swing
On the lowest branch,
And the tangled twine and the fluttering kites,
Lost in the limbs by scampering wights.

In the sunny Spring and the frosty Fall,
When the school-boys round are playing ball,
They run to the edge o' th' garden wall,
(Where the peach-tree stands,
And the currants grow),
And breathless, sly, with a shout of glee,
Back to their base, the glorious Tree!

And truants climb in the emerald spray,
Up to the top where the swallows lay,
Filching their eggs from day to day.
They wave their caps
At the screaming birds,
And drop from the breaking limbs around,
Scratched and bruised on the stony ground!

When the earth is bright with the noontide beam,
And the cattle stand in the neighboring stream,
The wagoner, urging his loaded team
In a cloud of dust
To the market-down,
Turns from the road—an hour delayed—
And rests his steed in the grateful shade.

Summer fades with its bloom and sheen,
Sober Autumn invests the scene;
The old Elm doffs its robe of green,
And stands in state,
Like a herald proud,
Shedding the leaves from his giant palms,
Plenty's bountiful, lavish alms!—

Alas! I am like the fading tree,
I scatter my foliage fast and free,
Illuminate leaves of Poesy!
A bountiful alms
Of golden thought,
Which the feet of men and the careless blast
Trample and sweep to the wasted Past!

I have but little more to remember of Hingham, save the bridge by the mill-dam, where I used to stand, and watch the long sea-weeds drifting outward, and the old graveyard on the hill,—to my way of thinking, that is a love of a burying-ground. It is a clump of little hills and slopes, where the dead sleep with the sunshine on their mounds; grave after grave rises around, some with white, recently-raised head-stones; some bricked around with old stones, flat on top; their half-effaced letters, crests, and round-cheeked cherubim, covered with the mosses of a century.

If I remember rightly, one is dated "Anno Domini 1668." There are a great many ancient vaults there,—but every one of them was wept over in its time, and held the once warm heart of man, or woman. Fathers, mothers, and children, have shed tears like dew, in this graveyard, and passed away, wept in turn, by a later generation. Life seems to me but a great pilgrimage through the earth; from the gates of Time, at one end, to the gates of Eternity at the other. Thousands upon thousands are marching onward, and have been marching onward for ages, whither they know not, only onward. Ten thousand drop off from the great caravan, daily and hourly; thousands stop for a moment to bewail them, as they lie in the sand, but soon pass onward, and are lost. The mass of mankind have no conception that the dreadful shadow of death broods over them—but so it is; a shadow tracks every one of us; whether we run or walk, it is always at our heels; when we lift the wine cup to our lips, its smile grows pallid; when we love, it mocks us with a feeling of our mortality and comes over the soul like a thunder cloud; when we lie down to sleep, it hangs over our rest; but when we sleep on our turfy couches, like those in this little graveyard, pillowed on rich, moist, earth, the shadow tracks us no more. It was but the shadow of our souls; when our souls have passed into the land of Light, the Shadow will melt to its original nothingness!

"For my single self," I want no better place to sleep in, than Hingham graveyard. The earliest morning dew would shake over my grave its long twinkle of silver light; the Sun would kiss the hill with his golden lips; the Moon look down from her limitless wandering in the eternal blue, as tenderly as ever she looked on two young lovers, and far more steadfast, for then her waxing and waning could never make me wax and wane, or my warm heart grow cold. I often think of the revelation the ghost of Lorenzo makes in "Isabella, or the Pot of Basil." Pray who is Isabella? Sir, get your Keats and see!—also inquire who Baccaccio was, for I am deter-

mined not to tell you a syllable of the matter. The murdered Lorenzo comes back to Isabella,—

> "In the drowsy gloom,
> The dull of midnight, at her couch's foot."

After telling her how

> "The sheepfold bleat,
> Comes from beyond the river to his bed,"

he exclaims—

> "I am a shadow now, alas! alas!—
> *Upon the skirts of human nature dwelling,*
> *Alone; I chant alone the holy mass,*
> *While little sounds of life are round me knelling;*
> *And glossy bees at noon do fieldward pass,*
> *And many a chapel bell the hour is telling;*
> *Paining me through. These sounds grow strange to me,*
> *And thou art distant in humanity!*"

The feeling that the bees and bells give one, at noon, is wonderfully soft and slumberous: lie on a slope and try it. I hope when I have to endure the operation of being buried (may I live a thousand years in this beautiful world!) I shall have one or two friends, who will do me the favor to find me a nice, quiet spot, like this sweet little graveyard.

Lounging in this little graveyard, on a holiday last summer, I wrote the verses below, with which I will end this paper, and my reminiscences of Hingham.

> The joyous town before me lies,
> Its cottages embowered in bloom;
> The solemn burying-ground behind,
> Its sepulchres in cypress gloom!
>
> The bells before me ring aloud,
> A pæan for the live and bold;
> The bells behind are tolling slow,
> A requiem for the dead and cold!
>
> The crowds before me tramp away,
> And shout until the Heavens are stirred;
> The crowds behind me never move,
> And never breathe, a single word!
>
> A thousand troubled souls before;
> Behind, not even one that grieves;
> The blight of wo that wastes the wheat,
> Can never touch the garnered sheaves!

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

BY H. HITCHINGS.

> On through time there rolls a river,
> Fed with thought's eternal dew
> Rolls for ever, resting never,
> Toward the perfect and the true:
> Barriers broken, checks defeated,
> Darkness scattered, lets down hurled,
> Truth and freedom, firmlier seated,
> Mark its progress through the world.
>
> Trace it to its source; it rose in
> Darkness of abysmal night,
> Shades of error round it closing,
> Pervious to no purer light;
> Shallow then, but deepening ever,
> From the glooms it burst its way;
> First a streamlet, then a river—
> From the darkness to the day.
>
> Wave by wave for aye increasing,
> Still victorious, still sublime,
> With an impulse never ceasing,
> O'er the rocks and shoals of time:
> Toward the vanward hurrying onward,
> From the old unto the new—
> Rolls it ever, resting never,
> Toward the perfect and the true.
>
> Woe to them that, idly rearing
> Old obstructions in its track,
> Taught by all the past no fearing,
> Fain would turn its current back?
> They but tempt their own undoing;
> Like a giant in its wrath,
> O'er their barriers, rent to ruin,
> It will thunder on its path.
>
> For it rolls resistless onward,
> Deepening, widening, on its way;
> Pressing stronglier toward the vanward,
> Stronglier toward the perfect day—
> Lit with light from heaven, and aided
> By the earnest hearts and true—
> By the soul to God that made it,
> Struggling on from old to new.
>
> Sigh not, then, for the departed—
> It hath passed and gone for aye:
> But, with impulse nobler hearted,
> For the Future clear the way.
> Help to flow this mighty river,
> Fed with thought's eternal dew,
> Till it merge at last for ever.
> In the perfect and the true.

THE DESIGN OF LIFE.

The design of Life!—alas, that it should be so little thought of! The very words seem to awaken a new idea, to open up a new vista, to surprise us in a manner by their unfamiliarity, contrasted with their manifest nearness to our interests, duty and destiny. They fall like a reproach upon our worldliness from an upper sphere, calling us back from the outward and the earthly, and reminding us that there is something better and worthier than these. It will be well if such shall be the practical result of our present meditation: such is its aim. We would disown for a time the accidental and the passing—those transient peculiarities which constitute the mere drapery of our being—that we may the more clearly and the more calmly contemplate the great and the universal, and that, by thus looking at ourselves and our fellows in the light of those higher and wider relations which have their roots in the soul, and which pass into the infinite, we may take the likeliest course for reconciling ourselves to ourselves, to one another, and to the world without, while we shall, by the very fact of dwelling upon them, be strengthening and sustaining all that is most gloriously distinctive of humanity in man.

What is our life? says an inspired writer: "It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." And yet this Vapor life has for its trophies all that is great and imposing in the world--temples, and cities, and palaces, and kingdoms—all that is useful in science, all that is profound in philosophy, all that is soothing in literature, all that is great and beautiful in art; and all these have been fostered under its wing, and are the footprints which it has left on the sands of time. Nay, but this vapor-life is laden with eternity; this meteor-flash, every time that it is kindled, lights an immortal spirit to heaven or to hell: it fixes destiny, it determines a course of endless progression upwards among the stars, or of endless sinking and divergence into a deeper gloom than brooded over the primal chaos. So that the trial of Solomon was no solitary case. Life holds the balance to every man: the good that is passing and perishable in the one scale, the wisdom which is all-embracing and imperishable in the other, and death steps in only as the ratifier of the choice, while eternity is the endless unfolding of the fruit.

What shall we say then? Was the apostle in jest? Was he seeking to depreciate this great seed-time of our existence? Nay, verily; but rather he would rebuke the presumption and the folly which, by refusing to connect it with the eternity beyond, makes it the palace of the body indeed, but the prison of the soul, destined to open at a moment, they think, not into the far-sounding depths of ruin and despair.

We can perceive a threefold purpose and aim of human life. First, we can perceive that man has much to do with regard to himself. He is not the ideal being which some represent him. There is guilt on his conscience, dimness in his eye, and weakness, rather wickedness, at his heart. He discovers the *ruins* of a fair creation, but nothing more: "the gold is become dim," the temple is dismantled, and strange visitants within it now haunt its shrine; the mark is upon him, and his conscience might speak out somewhat in the manner of Cain—"It shall come to pass, that wheresoever the doomsman of justice shall find me, he shall kill me." The first aim of his life, then, has to do with himself—how to be rid of this inward accuser, how to erase those guilt-stains which "plague him so," how to find assurance of reconciliation to his God, that he may hold up his head in the universe, and listen to His voice speaking to him peace from his awful throne. This must be his first and his earliest aim, and in vain for this are his own sacrifices or gifts. "The world, by its wisdom, knew not God." Superstition may slay its thousands of victims, idolatry may invoke its thousands of gods, science may advance its thousand appliances, and self-righteousness may "wash itself never so clean," the groans of humanity are still as deep, its wounds as wide as ever they were. The curse is human, but the cure is divine; and the first aim of our life must be fulfilled at the cross.

But this is no more than the beginning of the work. He has his foot upon the rock now, which alone can be trusted. He is now within the scope of the great central attraction, and in contact with all that is destructive of evil, and most influential for good. Cleaving to that, he must reach forward and upward, strengthening his heart

in all holy affections, opening his mind to the fullness of truth, guarding his passions with a stern and uncompromising denial, and building himself up into the likeness of Him whose temple he is. He is safe in his highest aspirations here; he has entered into the only legitimate sphere for a boundless ambition; and, with Christ for his pattern, perfection for his aim, and heaven for his crown, he must gird himself for the battle in all the lowliness of dependence, but with the energy of despair, as knowing well that the work is great, that

> "The heavens are steep, and hell is deep,
> And the gates of life are hard to win."

This must be the first great aim of our life—individual emancipation from the guilt and the tyranny of evil. Nothing can be a substitute for this: it is the necessary condition of all other great and generous aims. We should be found but silly builders without it; for, says an apostle, "Let every man prove his own work, and so shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another."

Looking at man, then, in this isolated aspect, we say, that one great design of his life is to wrestle, and rise, to be moving heavenwards ever—converting all things around him into the means of his advancement, even his very passions and infirmities into the pedestal of his fame and the ladder of his glory.

But then, after all, he is not an isolated being: he is part of a system wide as the universe, he stands in important relation to all his fellows, he cannot disdain even the weakest and poorest among them, but in selfishness and sin; and here looks forth another great design of his life. He was formed to *love*, and there is no religion without it. There is more than a beautiful sentiment in these words of the poet;—

> "He prayeth best who loveth best,
> All things both great and small,
> For the dear God that loveth us,
> He made and loveth all."

If our blessed Redeemer has done no more for the world than to bequeath it his lessons of love, he would have been its greatest benefactor still. There is no such enemy to its progress as selfishness, and there is no demon so hard to exorcise: it forges the manacles for the slave, it mingles the cup for the drunkard, it casts up its gains amid the ruins it has made, and, while a brother is bleeding and nigh unto death, it stalks nimbly past on the other side. Thanks to our Redeemer for his every condemnation of this—that, both by his lips and by his life, he put the brand of Heaven's displeasure on the selfish, and extinguished the voice of that impious creed—"Am I my brother's keeper?"

But we must not forget that love is a practical thing. Its proper language is not words, but deeds; it has pæans for the prosperous, indeed, and pity for the fallen; but it has also food for the hungry, raiment for the naked, and refuge for the homeless and the outcast. "It knows to have compassion on the ignorant, and on them that are out of the way." Its celestial footprints may be traced, not, perhaps, to the house of feasting and wassail, but to the dusky dwelling of the mourner, to the edge of the sepulchre where the tear-drop glistens in its eye, to the cell of the culprit, where the words of wisdom fall from its lips, and to the uttermost limits of this sin-trodden earth, where it makes the glad tidings of salvation to ring. Like a pharos-light, it girds the whole horizon of wo, and the heart beats lighter in its presence, and the eye looks less sorrowful at its approach. Nor does it want scope for its wing in a world like this, for the desolate and the fallen are everywhere, the ignorant and the fearful, the hungry and the homeless; nor encouragement in its work, for "it is more blessed to give than to receive." It is the high usury of heaven: "he that soweth bountifully, shall reap also bountifully;" and, although it may sometimes meet with ingratitude and repulse, it is, nevertheless, the great strengthener of the soul, and the brightener of its way.

Let us see, then, that we include this in the design of our own life, that we learn to love, not in word only, but in deed and in truth, that we look forth with affection on the great brotherhood of man, and aim at their uplifting, together with our own, to heaven and to truth. This will be living, indeed—living anticipatory of heaven—living assimilative to God; "for God is love; and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in Him."

There is one other point on which it is necessary to touch, and it is all-important: it is the zone of the others, it holds them together. Without it, man would be as a world without a star. He is formed to wrestle and to love, but he is also formed to worship. The moon passes round the earth, but both earth and moon pass around the sun; so brother here must minister to brother, but all must minister to God. Nor can they be sustained in their relations to each other, than as they adhere to their orbits in relation to Him.

Worship, then, not in its cold and formal, but in its deep and spiritual meaning, is the great and paramount law of the universe. It is the symphony of the stars—the united voice of faith and love and gratitude and wonder, in the presence

of the Eternal; it is the all embracing and all-sustaining mystery of our being—its goal and its glory; it is wings to the moral creature in his contemplation of the Infinite; it is the upward attraction which loosens the cords of sense, and makes the earth as a spring-board to the young spirit, in its bound towards the Ideal and the Shadowless; it is written far down in the depths of our nature, and we have been aiming at it ever—alas, how blindly!—till at length the true light shone, and the true notes were sounded, over the heights of Bethlehem. Even as it is, we are but feeble and faltering scholars; our eye is still dim, and our heart still weak; we are "proselytes of the gate"—worshippers, if at all, of the outermost circle. But we are here to learn, and our instructors are many—the heavens and the earth, in all their sublime and beautiful forms—the sun, and the stars, and the flowers, and the trees, and the waving corn—the voices of the good and the gifted, now singing at the fountain, but whose echoes linger among us still—the voice of the Word, "which shall not pass away," made vital in Him who labored on the highways, and who died upon the cross—the visions it depicts, the hopes it inspires, the prospects it unfolds—and, over and above all, the far echoing music of heaven itself—

"That undisturbed song of pure concent,
Aye sung before the sapphire-color'd throne
To him that sits thereon."

We are here to learn, and these are our teachers. Let us listen to their voice—let us answer to their beckonings—let us catch up the melody of their song, and

"Keep in tune with heaven, till God ere long
To His celestial concert us unite,
To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light."

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

FROM A MANUSCRIPT POEM.

BY THE LATE REV. WALTER COLTON, OF THE U. S. NAVY.

My child, my sweet one! speak to me
It is thy mother calls to thee;
She who felt too deeply blessed,
When thy lips to hers were pressed,
When thy little arms were flung
Round this neck, where thou hast clung,
Caressing and caressed.

Thy infant step was light as air,
As 'mid the garden flowers
I watched thee, glancing here and there,
Between the April showers.
Thy cherub cheek was sweetly flushed,
Thy locks the free breeze stirred,
As, through the vines, thy light form rushed
To reach the new-fledged bird.

I saw thee, in my raptured dreams,
Clad in the strength of youth;
Thy path resplendent with the beams
Of honor, love and truth.
I thought, should he, whose noble worth
Thy brow the promise bears,
Be summoned from our humble hearth,
How soft would flow thy cares!
How soft to her, whose lonely breast
Would then such solace need;
How sweet 'twould be, I thought, to rest
On such a gentle reed.

Ah, little thought I then, my child!
That thy quick, balmy breath,
And pulses running warm and wild,
Would now be chilled in death!
In death? Oh no! that sable seal
Disease can never set,
Where lip and brow so much reveal
Of life that lingers yet.

I still shall feel that gushing joy,
Which thrills a mother's breast
Whene'er she clasps her bright-eyed boy
From out his cradled rest.
Come, meet thy mother's warm embrace,
Return her fervid kiss,
And press thy sweet cheek to her face,
"My first born bud of bliss!"

Alas, my child! thy cheek is cold,
And yet thy forehead gleams as fair
As when those flaxen ringlets rolled
In life and gladness there.
But then thy lips are deadly pale—
That were of rose-red hue;
And thy long lashes, like a vail,
Fall o'er those eyes of blue!

Still round thy lip, where mine delays,
A smile in tender sweetness stays—
The imaged transport of the soul,
Escaping from its brief control,
Yet leaving, as it passed away,
This smile of rapture on the clay,
To tell us, in this trace of bliss,
There breathes a brighter world than this.

I feel reproved that thus I strove—
The errings of a mother's love—
To keep thee here, when only given
To glance a gladness round our hearth,
And, all untouched by stain of earth,
Fly back again to heaven
'Twere wrong in me, had I the power,
To win thee back the briefest hour;
For guilt and grief are all unknown.
Where thy seraphic soul hath flown.
Be mine the task, through faith and prayer,
And Christ's dear love, to meet thee there.

THE CHRYSTAL PALACE.

(SEE PLATE.)

When, after the lapse of ages, the young student of history, perusing the annals of his country, glances at this memorable period of the nineteenth century, he will learn with astonishment and reverence what the resources, the ingenuity, and the perseverance of his ancestors accomplished even in those days of remote antiquity; he will learn that, upon the suggestion of a well-intentioned and amiable prince, at the bidding of an enterprising and determined people, animated by feelings of honest enthusiasm and of magnificent rivalry, the creative armies of the nation dauntlessly challenged all the empires of the earth to a bloodless contest, in which victory would confer wealth and honor, though defeat would be unattended either by discomfiture or ruin.

He will not be slow to perceive that, with one universal acclamation, one glad shout of generous eagerness, the friendly defiance was accepted, and the war of industry commenced From that hour new energy appeared to have been infused into the mines, the laboratories, the forges, the looms, and the workshops of the world. In the most inaccessible quarters of Thibet and the wild regions of Oregon, as well as in Canada, the Brazils, Arabia, Russia, and China, a spirit of indomitable determination was everywhere evoked, and the denizens of each realm, far distant as well as those of the contiguous European States, pledged themselves to engage unconditionally in an honorable strife, where there was no foe to be vanquished, no adverse principle to be overthrown.

All having resolved to despatch their several detachments to the encounter, it next became matter of paramount importance to select an appropriate battle-field.

Various localities were proposed, an infinite variety of regulations suggested, together with a multitude of restrictions to be enforced. After many an animated discussion, much long and eager debate, those to whom the deliberation upon these momentous preliminaries was intrusted announced the place of tourney and the order of the lists.

No existing edifice in those days was there in England calculated to contain even a small proportion of the combatants, or of the innumerable spectators who would flock to the gorgeous arena. It became, therefore, primarily necessary that a structure calculated to shield all from the inclemencies of a northern summer should be devised and erected. Premiums were offered for the best design, and, in a short time, no less than 240 were proffered. One hundred and eighty of these were rejected, while from the remaining sixty it was considered that useful suggestions could be drawn For, in consequence of the low state of architectural knowledge, it was not to be supposed that any one professor of the constructive art should possess the skill required to plan so gigantic and unprecedented a work.

The Committee previously nominated, and composed of the three greatest engineers and the three ablest architects then to be found in the dominions of the Queen of England, availing themselves of the hints severally contained in the threescore plans before them, proceeded to remodel and combine all that they deemed valuable in each, in order to devise one as nearly faultless as the materials at their disposal and their own attainments enabled them to produce.

Suffice it to observe that the result, though unsatisfactory, denoted great deliberation and care. The combined skill of the nation recommended that in an open place, then termed the Park of Hyde, between the row denominated Rotten, and a road leading to the suburb of Kensington, in the diocese of the newly-created Bishop of Westminster, a building should be raised, compounded with solidity of stone, mortar, and brick. It was to have been formed in three separate divisions, connected with side branches, the roof supported by iron columnar water-pipes, and having in its center a dome, larger than any ever yet seen beneath the vault of heaven. The lateral walls were to have been low; but eight venerable elm trees growing upon the selected area were to be permitted to remain under the cupola, in respect to a strong popular prejudice assigning particular virtues to these aged vegetables, and in compliance with the whim of a great mob-orator of that period, of the name of Sibthorp,

whom the Government were obliged to conciliate.

Simultaneously with the publication of the intentions of the Committee, a storm of disapprobation throughout the length and breadth of the land, was observed to be gathering. At length it burst, and the fulminant of Printing-house-square was not slow in illuminating the dark horizon with the coruscations of its impotent disregarded ire. Imitated by the still feebler exponents of public opinion, innumerable were the invectives and incessant the denunciations hurled at the heads of the originators of the great project. The diurnal and weekly press of that era, indeed, may be referred to with interest by those who imagined that those organs of power really possess the omnipotence so frequently ascribed to them. The dire prophecies with which they teemed, the miseries they predicted, the rueful consequences they announced, never existed but in the occiputs of the timid and imaginative writers who penned them; it would, therefore, be still more idle to cite them here. London, however, for a time was startled from its dingy propriety. Aristocratic Marylebone, stately Westminster, and heterogeneous Pimlico abounded in meetings only remarkable for the unanimity with which they stigmatized, as pernicious and destructive, the very undertaking they afterwards hailed with the most unqualified acclamation as a welcome boon.

Wisely disregarding the unmeaning censure or the needless laudation of the world, the Royal Commissioners complacently proceeded to give a corporeal existence to the combined emanations of so many brains whose services had been taxed in their behalf. At this particular juncture, when the final edict had gone forth that was to give active employment for months to numberless brickyards, quarries, and limekilns, a brief communication was made to the Executive, the work was suddenly stayed, and the hopes thus raised were in a moment and for ever frustrated. The communication in question proceeded from one Joseph Paxton, gardener to Dr. Cavendish, the then Duke of Devonshire. It appeared that the said Joseph Paxton had, for a long series of years, been practically engaged in the formation of habitations of iron and glass for tropical plants. His ferrovitreous experience, therefore, enabled him, with comparatively little deliberation, to furnish working-plans and specifications, superior in every respect to the combination already agreed upon. It was consequently determined that iron, glass and deal, alone, should be the component materials of the temporary edifice intended to encase specimens of almost every natural and artificial production of the globe.

In a period of time, incredibly brief, there accordingly arose in air, a stupendous monument of human ingenuity, perseverance, and skill. Light, translucent, symmetrical, and substantial, harmonious in proportion, elegant in design—it challenged and defied alike the criticism of the astounded world.

Never before had anything resembling it been beheld, either in material, form, or extent. Covering an expanse of eighteen acres, and comprising some six-and-twenty miles of gallery, it appeared at first impossible that it should ever be adequately filled.

Yet the efforts of the ingenious contriver to combine every requisite did not terminate with the mere delineation of the external shell. The novelty and magnitude of the task imposed new and arduous duties on the projector. Machines, for instance, were introduced to abridge the enormity of the manual labor requisite to produce and to paint two hundred and five miles of sash-bar; other mechanical appliances sawed, planed, morticed, drilled, turned and glazed, but still more than two thousand artificers of all denominations were actively, though silently, engaged over every portion of the wide expanse.

The building consisted of a nave 64 feet high and 72 feet in width, with a series of side aisles, six 24 feet, and two 48 feet wide, of the respective heights of 23 and 43 feet; the whole spreading to 436 feet, the entire length being 1,851 feet. In the center of this long line of frontage, a transept 100 feet high, 408 feet long, and 72 feet wide, was seen. The whole was supported upon 1,060 hollow columns, serving at the same time as conduits for rain-water. 900,000 feet of glass, weighing 400 tons, were employed to glaze the various sashes; the total cubic contents they spanned being 33,000,000 feet.

Every contingency that prudence could foresee was provided against. The drainage, ventilation, means for moderating the intensity of the light, were duly attended to. The flooring was laid with interstices between each plank, allowing the dust and water used in cleansing them, to pass through and disappear. It is needless to enter here into all the minuter details of construction; suffice it, therefore, to institute a brief comparison on some points, between the great glass hive of the Exhibition, and an edifice of which most of our readers have some cognizance. The main avenue already described, was in width nearly double that of the nave of St. Paul's, and in length more than four times as great. Thirty-five *years* were spent in raising the cathedral; the building in Hyde Park sprang into existence in less than half as many *weeks!* The walls of the

former pile were fourteen feet thick; those of the latter eight inches. Notwithstanding the rapidity of construction, so accurate was the workmanship, and so careful the supervision, that not a single crooked or faulty line was discoverable in the whole.

When the labors of those whose thews and sinews reared the giant fabric had ceased, a new and unexpected cause of dissension arose. Various schemes for its internal and external decoration were handed in. Some were for imparting to the whole of the interior an uniform hue of palish ocre, while they maintained that the outer surface should either be clothed in that shade of brilliant green peculiarly reverenced by the pious Mussulman, or else in the more sombre and less attractive dun that gives such delight to the eye of the enraptured Quaker.

On mature deliberation, it was determined not to favor the predilections of either sect, lest offence should have been unintentionally given to other and equally estimable denominations of religionists. After long and vehement debate, and when all, or nearly all, that could have been said or written upon the subject, had been reiterated *ad nauseam*, the ruling committee placed the matter in the hands of Mr. Owen Jones, a gentleman whose vocation, studies and pursuits eminently qualified him for the duty assigned to him. He at once determined upon the course he intended to adopt; and if unfettered by absurd restrictions and ignorant suggestions, better still would it have been for the success of his undertaking. As it was, the course he pursued was a safe one, because the rules that guided him were theoretically true, and from the earliest antiquity had been followed with signal success.

The thousand and odd columns within, together with all the infinite reticulation and tracery they upheld, were painted, where near the spectator, in cool, pleasing, and unobtrusive colors, so disposed that, as the masses accumulated in the interminable vistas receding from the eye, the effect at a distance was to produce a grey neutral tone harmonizing with all the gorgeous profusion of glowing colors below and around. Circumstances already briefly alluded to reduced the period allowed for preparation to a very limited space. As the labors of the Commissioners and the exertions of contractors became daily more onerous and overwhelming, so proportionably became the demands of the artizan more importunate, and his demeanor more independent. Here, as in the generality of similar cases, self-interest prompted a course of action that justice or honesty could hardly have approved. Fortunately for those more immediately concerned, as bands of discontended operatives struck and dispersed, others, in abundance, were found ready to supply their place, so that never even for an hour were the works suspended in consequence of the misconduct of the workmen. At length, about the end of March, 1851, the undertaking commenced in the previous September was rapidly approaching completion. All the main difficulties seemed to have been overcome. It was announced officially that the world would be admitted to its own museum on the morning of the 1st of May. Exhibitors labored day and night to terminate their preliminary arrangements. The moustachioed cabinetmaker of Paris, the bearded carpenter of Vienna, and the still more hirsute moujik from Petersburg, probably for the first time in the annals of history, were to be seen toiling side by side, beneath the same glazed canopy, each anxious to be foremost in the zeal and alacrity they displayed. About this time, however, new troubles and annoyances presented themselves to the minds of the harassed and over-worked Commissioners. It was found that, busy and rife as were the human operatives, above, below, and around, they were excelled in numbers and pertinacity by legions of rats and flights of sparrows, apparently strongly impressed with the conviction that the crystal vault was intended for their special comfort and delectation. To get rid of these troublesome and unexpected guests was no light nor easy task; and while operations for their discomfiture and expulsion were being planned and executed, fresh grievances appeared. Ere the first external coat of paint could be applied, or the panes of glass accidentally broken could be repaired, a London spring had set in with more than ordinary severity. For several weeks, almost without intermission, a leaden sky voided torrents of sooty rain on the new roof, as if to test to the uttermost its powers of resistance and the resources of its designer. Its frailty, from a variety of trivial causes, was soon rendered too apparent; but this mishap ceased in a great measure with the discovery of its origin. The greatest damage from the influx of water had been occasioned in one quarter by the malicious and dastardly act of a laborer, who had wilfully stopped up one of the rain-water drains, and thus flooded a considerable extent of the building below.

As the interval allowed for the termination of all the preparatory proceedings drew fast to a close, the numbers and activity of all engaged were proportionately augmented. At one period in April, indeed, there could not have been less than from nine to ten thousand men assiduously

engaged. Poised upon the light scaffolding aloft, hundreds of painters were noiselessly yet actively clothing alike the perpendicular and the horizontal frame-work of the building in a varied and cheerful garb. Towards the eastern extremity, stupendous pieces of mechanism, cast-iron beams, bright polished rods and wheels, and globes of burnished brass, drawn by many horses, were borne along on wagons aud trucks to the resting-place prepared for them, where deep broad beds of concrete awaited their ponderous approach. By similar agencies, hydraulic presses of unexampled magnitude, pumps upon novel principles and of marvelous proportions, brewing-machines, organs, collossal statues, enormous bells, mouster telescopes, locomotive-engines of matchless speed, were in process of conveyance from point to point, amid the shouts of men, the din of hammers, and the clangor of metal. Yet, from the midst of all this clamor, bustle, and chaos, here and there magnificence and beauty were bursting their cerements and emerging into light. Towering forms were daily seen to peer with majestic composure upon the turmoil below, as if proud of their own existence and of the imposing circumstance and character of their appearance. At length the preparatory labor began to diminish, the task assigned to each individual committee or sub-committee was accomplished—in some cases indifferently, in others happily and satisfactorily.

Such might be the history of the great event in language such as he may employ whose duty it may be to comment upon it after the long lapse of centuries.

Let us now hasten back on the lapse of centuries, and inspect the result with the eyes of men of our own day.

The long and anxiously anticipated 1st of May has arrived! A vast *cortège*, composed of well-appointed and costly equipages, has suddenly supplanted the unwieldly chain of wagons, trucks and carts that, for weeks past, have all but rendered impassable the avenues and roads leading to the Park. Tens of thousands of spectators, eager to witness the cavalcade, converge in dusky lines athwart the green plain and along the gravel-roads. Entering, with the privileged and aristocratic, as the portals are opened on the above momentous day at the central southern gateway, our readers will, in imagination, behold before them a lofty fountain,

> "Chasing the sultriness of the day,
> As, springing high, the silvery dew
> In whirls fantastically flew,
> And flung luxurious coolness round
> The air, and freshness o'er the ground."

They may now turn either to the right, and inspect the gorgeous contributions of India, or to the more quaint, curious, but not less ingenious devices from the Celestial Empire, lavishly displayed upon the left. Among the former are included magnificent shawls from Cashmir, Persia, and Nepaul, brilliant in colour, intricate in design, yet with every tint so harmoniously arranged and artistically contrasted that they may well long be dwelt upon with admiration and wonder. Here, too, are specimens of goldsmiths' work that would put to shame, for lightness and delicacy of execution, any of the vaunted jewelry of Europe—gems that must excite the astonishment and cupidity of many beholders.

From China the textile tissues of silk, the embroidery, the elaborate and exquisite carvings in ivory, in wood, and in coral, the natural and artificial productions in infinite variety, have been liberally supplied.

Further on, we pause for a while before the shelves and walls adorned with the productions of Greece and the Levant; and it must certainly be admitted that the subjects of the Sultan, though in some respects avowedly far behind the rest of the world, are in other manufactures infinitely beyond them. Italy, Spain and Portugal demand no mean share of our attention, next arrested by Belgium as we pass by the precincts of the southern to those of the northern States Flanders, as Tristram Shandy terms it, "the old prize-fighting stage" of Europe, at first sight seems to have presented articles that speak more of the doings of war than of commerce and peace; but her contributions and those of the northern continent of Europe are altogether eclipsed by the magnificence, richness, and variety of our neighbors the French.

The most beautiful porcelain of Sevres, the costliest tapestry of the Gobelins, the most marvelous carpets from the looms of Aubusson, Parisian cabinet-work, marqueterie, bronzes, and bijouterie, together with the velvets and silks of Lyons, unsurpassed in the world, are crowded here. Even the very fittings on which these treasures are displayed themselves merit more than a passing glance ere we proceed to criticise the more solid productions of Holland. Conspicuous among these we find a silvery-toned chime of bells, candelabra, vases, goblets remarkable for the taste with which they have been moulded and adorned; though in this hasty tour we must leave the minute consideration of them to enter the suite of spacious rooms fitted up with furniture from Vienna; sideboards, tables bookcases, fauteuils covered with a profusion of carving, so exquisitely wrought that it may be questioned whether Grinling Gibbon himself be

not here excelled—trophies of ponderous arms, foliage so light that it seems almost to float upon the air, heaps of autumnal fruit, bouquets of summer flowers, only needing their appropriate color to deceive the most practiced eye.

But stay. In close proximity to the vast octagonal hall inclosing the emblems of the industry of the Zollverein, her Majesty and the illustrious group in attendance upon her are offering the mute though eloquent tribute of their admiration to a collossal lion of bronze, a mighty emanation from the genius and foundry of Munich. Never before was the truculent quadrupedal monarch represented so truthfully as here. Beneath the dusky hide, the giant bones here and there protrude, clothed though they be in other parts with a due proportion of brazen muscle and metallic sinew. The creature's head alone is a study. The half-furtive, half-ferocious expression of the eye and lip—the dauntless brow, with the shaggy mass of mane enveloping the cranium—the tremendous development of chest—the firm protrusion of the mighty limbs—impart to the whole statue an air of reality and life that has rarely been approached before.

In immediate contiguity to this formidable monster is the representation of a young lady whose position not even the most courageous can envy. Evidently not deeply indebted to the milliner for her costume, or the saddler for her accoutrements, and mounted, *en cavalier*, upon a fiery steed, the dauntless damsel is preparing—not with a light whip to remove a fly from his arched neck, but—with comparative composure and determination, to transfix a tiger of no ordinary magnitude, whose intentions to breakfast upon her horse's shoulder are sufficiently apparent. It has never been our fate to witness a similar incident; it might therefore savor of presumption to criticise too minutely the daring effort either of the sculptor or of the dark equestrian. Most of our fair readers and riders, however determined their disposition or great the affection for their favorite, would, we opine, be inclined to abandon him to his fate if thus assailed, rather than enter upon so unequal a contest.

Russia has had assigned to her an extent of space proportionate to her territorial immensity and the performances of her sons indicate, on their part, indomitable perseverance, patience and ingenuity. Democratic America, in unnatural proximity to the possessions of the Czar, engages the beholder more from the utilitarian character than from the extraordinary beauty and taste displayed in her supplies, although she scarcely occupies her original superficial allotment.

It is stated that the Swiss have evinced the greatest amount of mechanical ingenuity and manual dexterity. There is a pen-holder from Geneva, of no more than ordinary dimensions, yet containing within its minute tubular concavity a train of watchwork, wound up by a little stud at the side, and showing not only the exact minute and hour, but the day of the week and month. A still more complicated piece of machinery is that contained in a musical-box in which an entire military band, admirably modelled and characterised by the most life-like movements, are seen performing numerous recent and difficult specimens of modern music. A golden pocket-book, adorned with exquisite miniature-paintings and landscapes, incloses, within a very narrow compass, a chronometer and a secret receptacle either for a treasured portrait or a cherished lock. The varieties, however, from the several Cantons are exceedingly numerous, and each beautiful of its kind. Many days might profitably be passed in studying these Helvetic works alone.

In the British portion of the edifice, are to be seen statues of every dimension; fountains even more imposing than those in Trafalgar-square; models upon a grand scale of various public undertakings; an achromatic telescope elaborately mounted, with object glass twelve inches in diameter; an enormous dome cast in iron at Colebrook Dale; endless varieties of silken tissue of every hue and texture; dazzling arrays of the cutlery of Sheffield, from the heavy dragoon's trenchant-blade to the schoolboy's pocket-knife; a pair of resplendent shears, more than a cubit in length, with the bows and shank richly ornamented with a diversity of graceful patterns, all wrought out of the cold metal by the file alone, the blades being also elaborately chased by the graver's hand. The steam-engines, marine, bucolic, stationary and portable, the lathes, hydraulic-presses, gas-generators, brewing-machines, pumps, and agricultural implements, from their number and diversity, and the space that even a brief notice of them would occupy, we are compelled to pass without comment.

This great event will mark a new era in the history of mankind. One of the most immediate and probable of its effects is the cementation of the bonds of peace. In former times, or in another country, this remarkable demonstration could hardly have occurred. The ordinary difficulties and charges of traveling constituted of themselves, till lately, an insuperable impediment. The innumerable and impolitic restrictions, insecurity of property, and instability of government, would amount almost to a prohibition elsewhere even now. It will also be inter-

esting, in a philosophic point of view, to note the consequences upon the different ranks and denominations of men. The assemblage will be motely enough; their opinions, tenets, views, feelings, religions as varied as their complexions and physiognomies, and characters. It will be hard, indeed, if some important end does not spring from the temporary yet peaceful collision into which they will be brought.

TRUE GREATNESS.

True greatness is the offspring of real goodness. No man can be truly great without being really good The one is inseparably connected with the other. As the moon is to the sun, so is greatness to goodness; each receives light and beauty from the other. That which is usually called greatness we think lightly of, because it is only an empty sound. It is generally associated with those good, but mis-used words, power, glory, and, wealth. Princes, heroes, and capitalists, are its representatives; and the mean, the idle, and the sordid, are its worshipers. We do not deny that many belonging to these classes have possessed those elements of greatness which are beginning to be recognized and appreciated by society; but we may safely say, that the greater part of them have been strangers to them. How many who have sat on thrones, commanded armies, and possessed millions of money, have embodied in themselves every feature of vice and wickedness! Their deeds oppressed humanity, and their names are a blot on the page of history. Grecian, Roman, and even English history abounds with instances of the so-called great, whose lives were marked by the foulest crimes, and the filthiest conduct. They were a personification of evil, patterns of folly, vice, and crime; and their memories will be loathed by the latest posterity.

The standard by which men have usually been measured and pronounced great, is a false one, and we rejoice that it is rapidly coming into disuse. Men are beginning to be valued by their mental and moral worth. The riches of the mind and the wealth of the heart are the principal elements in that greatness which we desire to see universal. The peasant in his cottage may possess more of true greatness than the monarch in his palace. Genius may inspire his mind, and virtue inflame his heart; nobility may be impressed on his brow, and beauty beam in his eye; the voice of praise may sound in his ear, and the pen of the historian record his works of faith, and labor of love; whilst his princely neighbor, whose only boast is of power, wealth and ancestry, is a plague-spot in creation. He can truly say, "I am creation's heir; the world—the world is mine!" This is not an imaginary picture; it is exemplified in the lives of many of our countrymen. It gives us peculiar pleasure to have to state, that there is also a large class of the noble and wealthy who are embodying in their lives the true and genuine principle of greatness. They value power and wealth only in proportion as it gives them the means of ministering to the happiness of the poor and the miserable. Royalty and nobility have condescended to associate with the peasant and the mechanic, and to patronize the humble efforts of the poor sons of Genius. These are delightful signs of the times, and they cannot be over estimated; class-distinctions, titles and wealth, are all becoming insignificant, even in the eyes of those who are honored with them—in comparison with the noble dignity and excellence of religious virtue and intellect.

ELEGANT Stereotype editions of three works of excellent character, has just been issued by the AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION, of which Mr. J. C. MEEKS is agent—The immortal Pilgrim's Progress, Christiana and her children, and Cottage Lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress. Relating to one subject, they are executed uniformly, and form a fine body of entertaining reading which we are very glad to commend.

The *Female Jesuit, or the Spy in the Family?* Is the title of an extraordinary work just reprinted by M. W. DODD.

THE heroine of this story introduced herself to a clergyman in London as an orphan, with no near relatives but a Jesuit uncle, and an aunt, also a "religieuse." She stated that she had been an inmate of various convents in connection with the "Faithful Companions of Jesus," an order of female Jesuits, for seventeen years and described herself as having been for two years a postulant in their order, and as about to be removed to Paris, there to take vows from which there could be no escape. Having long been convinced of the errors of Romanism, and having accidentally heard Mr. L——'s name and character, she had contrived with much difficulty to get to him, to throw herself on his kindness for advice. After various inquiries, she found refuge in the clergyman's family, and thence obtained a situation as a governess. She returned to Mr. L.'s house on account of supposed dangerous illness, and continued there, till a succession of events led to the discovery of a plot, so ingeniously contrived and adroitly sustained, that the narrator can only account for its success on the supposition that the young lady was the agent of a well-organized Jesuit conspiracy. We do not arrive at this conclusion from our consideration of the facts, but we believe that nowhere save in the school of the Jesuits, and nowhere save in convents of that order, could Marie L. G. have acquired much of the skill with which she kept up her imposture. We think that she was acting on her own account, taking advantage of the knowledge of religious feeling and controversy acquired during her convent life. We hardly think that such exposures as she gives of the principles and practices of the Jesuits, and such able refutations of Romish errors, could have been given to Protestants *permissu superiorum.* The book, as now published, consists of three parts. The first contains an account of the laws and mechanism of the "community" which Marie had quitted, and the narrative of her escape, and her introduction to the clergyman's family. The second part consists of an autobiography of the female Jesuit written and prepared for publication while at Mr. L.'s house. The third part narrates minutely her way of life and her history after becoming a professed Protestant, and the discovery of the plot. Any outline of the story we cannot attempt to give, but we commend the volume as one that will afford salutary warnings combined with literary amusement. No fiction could be stranger than the truth of this tale of real life. Supposing Marie to be an agent of others, this narrative confirms the remark of a popular French writer, that, "if there anything is more dangerous than a Jesuit, it is a Jesuitess."

Stray Arrows is the title of a little work, from the accomplished pen of Rev. Theodore Ledyard Cuyler, pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Trenton, N J., and published by the CARTERS. It is composed of brief sketches, notices and anecdotes, principally of a religious nature, and embodying some suggestive moral truth—They are gracefully written, and well adapted, while arresting the reader's thought, to insinuate a useful and important truth.

Christian Register and Retrospect for 1850. *By Rev. Dr. Baird*, is a large 12mo issued in a very neat style by M. W. DODD, which will supply a great want. It is a concise, methodical, and to a degree, analytical survey of the progress of the last half-century, particularly in morals and religion, and inventions and scientific research. A mulitude of facts are grouped together, often in philosophical relation, which will be important to the intelligent reader, as a summary of the most noticeable and characteristic events of our wonderful era, and as indications of the astonishing spring which has been given to the human mind in almost every one of its manifestations. There is a deeply religious aspect of such a history,—an evident token of the Divine presence in human affairs, and of, the evolution of those majestic purposes with which all that is glorious in the world's doubting is associated—No man could better collect and arrange such a work as Dr. Baird; and we think his work will be found a comprehensive, orderly and most useful digest of events worth remembering.

The works of the late Rev. Walter Colton, are now in course of re-publication by Messrs. BARNES & CO, under the editorial supervision of Rev. HENRY T. CHEEVER. Mr. Colton will be remembered as a remarkably sprightly, humorous and sketchy writer, with such generous impulses and kindly feelings that every reader must like him. The first of the new series is *Ship and Shore*, a lively picture of scenery, incidents, travel, trouble and enjoyment in several of the countries of the Mediterranean. It was the first work of the author, and exhibits his peculiarities in perhaps their strongest light. As sketches they are very faithful, as well as very entertaining—mingling personal adventure with descriptive and historical notices, and enlivening all by a perpetual overflow of good spirits. One overlooks the occasional bad taste into which such exuberance leads him, and cannot help catching the author's lively mood. Mr. Cheever's practiced eye and good taste will be an admirable alembic in which to recast these works, and their new form will prove undoubtedly to be an improved one. Other works, to the number of five or six we believe, are to follow this, in uniform.

Episodes of Insect Life, is the title of a beautiful English work, the re publication of which has been commenced by J. S. REDFIELD, in an elegant form. It is a lively treatise, or rather entertaining gossip, respecting the natural history, habits, and curiosities of the vast family of Insects, written in a style finely in keeping with their brilliant career and beautiful hues. The writer, whom the minute observation, kindly feeling and graphic ease would indicate to be a lady, is an enthusiastic admirer, as well as an erudite student, infusing her multitudinous information with all the poetry and pleasantry the subject admits of. It is far from being what would be called a scientific work, though science forms its worf. It is rather the romance of insect history: and abounds in facts and anecdotes as curious as they are important. To these are added a numerous variety of illustrations, engraved in exquisite style, and ingeniously arranged, and highly illustrative of the subject matter. They show excellent taste, and adorn the work. We are very glad to commend a work of such sterling quality, and believe its perusal will not only convey a great deal of useful information, but awaken a desire for the study of nature in other and broader spheres. Mr. Redfield's enterprize and taste has given the book a beautiful and befitting exterior. The first of the three volumes only has yet been published.

The prolific press of the HARPERS has given to the world a work of great learning and interest to the students of Prophecy in re-publishing, Dr. Keith's *Harmony of Prophecy—a Scriptural Illustration of the Apocalypse.* Dr. Keith has long been associated with expositions of the prophetic writings, and is thoroughly committed to Second Adventism. The present is very interesting, as a comparison of different passages of Scripture. The several parts of the Apocalypse are illustrated by passages deemed by the author as parallel—as the sixth Seal is illustrated by Rom. 2: 4—6, and the sounding of the seventh trumpet,

with 2 Tim. 4 : 8; the sayings of Christ in the Evangelists with the sayings of Christ in the Apocalypse, &c. These are collected in a tabular form, side by side, with much ingenuity, and are often exegetically suggestive.

First Impressions of England and its People. By Hugh Miller, is the title of a new work by GOULD & LINCOLN of Boston. Mr. Miller has become known in this country through the medium of several erudite and spirited scientific treatises which reveal one of the most vigorous, manly writers of the age. Clear and logical in thought, and masculine in expression, his style takes hold of the reader with a strong grasp. They are quite in a new vein of scientific writing, and have proved very popular. This work records his first impressions of England, and is replete with pleasant wonder, shrewd criticism, and entertaining information. His remarks on the geological examinations he made are highly valrable, in a scientific point of view; while the general reader will find gratification in his observations on men and things at large.

Dictionary of Sacred Quotations, by Rev. H. Hastings Weld, published by LINDSAY & BLACKISTON of Philadelphia. It is a collection, in alphabetical form, of admirable selections from the whole range of English Poetry, of passages relating to biblical or religious subjects, usually brief, and designed to facilitate quotation. They constitute a highly pleasing body of poetry on exalted themes. The selection evinces great familiarity with literature and good taste in adopting them.

A work of great value, as well as interest has been published by E. WALKER, 114 Fulton Street—the *History of the Protestants of France, by G. De Felice, Montauban*—relating to a most exciting and eventful period. It has all the interest of romance. The Reformation put on some of its most chivalric aspects in France. The quick intelligence and energetic character of the French were favorable not only to the reception, but the valiant defense of the truth. Some of the most eloquent defenders, most heroic martyrs, most astute and large-minded theologians, and most valiant soldiers that Protestantism has ever called into life, sprang from the soil of France. The history of the Reformation, at least up to the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and its immediate consequences, is a continued romance, crowded with brilliant efforts, noble sacrifices, and astonishing successes. Prof. De Felice has treated the subject in a manner at once erudite and thorough bringing out all the principal incidents and personages of the period, and presenting them in an orderly and perspicuous narrative. There are many eloquent passages, particularly in the portraiture of characters. It is well translated by Dr. Lobdell of Pittsfield, and forms a beautiful and valuable volume.

Dealings with the Inquisition, by Rev. Giacinto Achilli.—A handsome 12mo, from the press of the HARPERS, which will be read with thrilling interest by those who recall the interesting history of Dr. Achilli, and of his escape from the Inquisition. Besides being a painfully interesting sketch of personal trials and perils, it is a most valuable and spirit-stirring picture of the real nature of Popery, and refutation of all its pretenses to advancement and increasing liberality. The work indicates, too, a mind of high order, stored with varied learning, and under the guidance of noble impulses and manly piety.

Universal Atlas, by Messrs. THOMAS COWPERTHWAITE & Co., of Philadelphia.—The maps are drawn with wonderful precision and distinctness—every State of the Union by itself, and clearly divided into counties, indicating every important town, road, railroad, river, and canal, accompanied also with plans of most of the cities. They are strongly outlined, beautifully colored, and corrected up to the very latest as well as minutest changes. The maps of other governments on our continent are also numerous, and very full and complete; while those of foreign lands are superior to any this side of the water. As the world goes, no one can get along without an atlas. The newspaper has become well-nigh unintelligible without the light which a good map throws upon it. Names of far-off lands, and unknown cities and localities, are constantly occurring, which are more than Greek to the reader who has not an intimate knowledge of the geography of the whole world before him. Every family ought to have one—almost as religiously as a Bible. The comfort and light which a constant access to a good atlas would impart, can hardly be estimated. And as none but good ones are tolerable, it is a great boon to the reading world to have one so admirable in design, so comprehensive in scope, and so beautiful and clear in execution, as that published under the name of Mitchell's. In years to come, it must of necessity be the very first of the kind.

Life and Writings of Algernon Sydney; with Sketches of his Contemporaries, by G. Vantvoord, is a recent work from the press of Mr. SCRIBNER. It depicts an eventful, pure and beautiful life,—too idealistic for the times he lived in, or indeed for political life at any time, yet so disinterested, patriotic and large-hearted, as to draw around itself a halo that mankind will always admire. Mr. V. enters warmly into his subject—admires so much as to become a partizan—thus proving himself a better biographer than historian. The selection from Sydney's writings, though brief, presents some touching memorials of his fine mind and generous spirit.

The Messrs APPLETON have published a school book entitled the *Book of Nature, by Edward C. Marshall*, which we can commend as unusally varied, tasteful, and complete for declamation and reading.

A valuable work on this subject has been put forth by Mr. Barry, a fruiterer and horticulturist in Rochester, entitled *The Fruit Garden*, and published by C. SCRIBNER. It has the appearance of great accuracy and completeness. It treats of four subjects connected with fruit-growing—the physiological structure and character of trees, modes of growth, diseases, and the proper soil for them: then, the growth of fruit-trees in the nursery; the plantation or laying out of gardens; and finally, a description of the most desirable kinds of fruit. The discussions of these several topics are full and perspicuous; and they are illustrated by drawings. The work is prepared for the practical use of every-day fruit-growers, and is well adapted to communicate instruction intelligibly and accurately.

Rev. Dr. Alexander has been induced, by the public call, to abridge his learned and valuable *Commentary on Isaiah*, and now issues from the press of Mr. WILEY, the first volume of a new edition in 12mo. The omissions consist mainly of those parts which detailed the history of the interpretation of the passages; leaving all that pertained to the author's own view of the meaning, and to the proper illustration of it, contained in the larger work. As it is, the work is a fine specimen of the verbal commentary—concise, rigid, clear and learned. Dr. A. has decided opinions of his own, and is neither incapable nor afraid of stating them. A proper degree of dogmatism is an essential in the perfect commentator; the reader doubts an author's confidence in his own results, if he expresses them diffidently. Biblical students will not fail to possess this work, as it is now become a classic in hermeneutical literature, and has the solid qualities that entitle it to its reputation and place. And to Bible readers generally, it may be strongly commended as a work of great clearness and excellence, and thorough in its character.

PAINTED BY D. WILKIE. ENGRAVED BY J. SARTAIN

COLUMBUS

PROPOUNDING HIS THEORY TO THE FRANCISCAN PRIOR.

WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D. D.

heard a mystic strain Of mu-sic creep from flower to flower, Sung by that el - fin
hearts with hope beat high; And when de-jec - tion's blight we own, They give back sigh for

Cres.

f *f*

train. . . . With - in the trembling Li-ly bells, Be - neath their leaves so
sigh. . . . With - in, &c.

green, . . Full ma-ny a mer-ry fai - ry dwells, By mor - tal eyes un-

seen.

f *p* *f* *f*

"I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY."

BY REV. DR. SPRAGUE.

It is, I suppose, universally admitted that the love of life is natural to man; and there are certainly many things connected with the present state of existence to render life desirable. The world in which we dwell has been admirably fitted up for our convenience and comfort; and there are good gifts constantly coming down from the Father of mercies, to sustain and cheer us during our residence here. There are opportunities here for doing good; for administering relief to the needy and wretched; for aiding the cause of truth and piety; and thus glorifying God in our body and spirit. There are the means of working out our own salvation; of laying up treasure in heaven that will satisfy and endure; and even the afflictions of the present become a furnace in which the soul is prepared to shine with increasing beauty and brightness in the future. And there are some of the Christian graces, for the development of which this is the only theatre; for when injury ceases, there will be no occasion for forgiveness; and when suffering ceases, there will be no demand for patience. Indeed, there is good reason why every individual should be thankful for his present existence: even though he perverts it to his eternal ruin, yet the hours of life are golden hours; they are given to be a blessing, and praise is due to Him who bestows them.

I know, that when the old man is put off and the new man put on, there is a sense in which the soul is brought out of darkness into marvelous light. The mind takes far more distinct and comprehensive views of divine truth than it ever did before: it has a spiritual discernment imparted to it, by means of which what had before seemed faint and shadowy, becomes substance and life. But even that marvelous light into which the new-born soul enters when he is delivered from the blindness of spiritual death is itself darkness, when compared with the radiant manifestations of Jehovah's glory in the upper world. Here the Christian, in his best state, sees through a glass darkly. How very little does he know of the plan of God's operations! How he is confounded at almost every step by the occurrence of events whose meaning he is utterly unable to explain! How many things, after his best efforts to comprehend them, he is obliged to resolve into God's mysterious and unfathomable sovereignty! And in his contemplations of God's truth, as it is revealed in his Word, how frequently is he perplexed with doubt in respect to the actual meaning of the Spirit; and when he attempts to launch out at all beyond the Revelation, how quickly does he find himself sinking in a gulf of conjecture and uncertainty! How humbling to the pride of the intellect, how indicative of the narrowness of its conceptions, to find himself obliged to receive different truths, which he knows must be consistent with each other, which yet he is perfectly inadequate to reconcile; to catch just an indistinct glance of some great field of truth, and then perhaps find his vision immediately obstructed by intervening clouds! But then how delightful the contrast when he reaches heaven! There, many a dark page in the history of God's dispensations on earth will be illumined by a clear and satisfying light. There he will know why he had anguish when he longed for rest; why his plans were defeated by which he would fain have glorified God; why Zion was left so long to mourn, and the chariot-wheels of her King were so slow in their approach, when God's people were upon their knees praying and watching for the dawn of a brighter day. And the mysteries of Redemption —O, how they will unfold to his delighted eye; how the great and holy truths which he knew so imperfectly here will burst upon him in their full brightness, and in the harmony of perfect proportions! There, there will be no uncertainty, no confusion, no darkness at all. This seeing through a glass darkly is the business of earth; seeing face to face will be the business of heaven. There the vision will be perfect; and the Sun of the moral universe will shine with immortal splendor.

I bless God for all the light which he gives me now; but I would not live alway, because I have the assurance that a brighter light will shine hereafter. I love to bend over the mys-

teries of Providence and the mysteries of Redemption; and sometimes a field of glory opens suddenly upon me where thick darkness had always brooded before; but I own that I have my eye and my heart upon a world where I hope to live for ever amidst the brighter beams of immortal truth. I would not live alway, because I desire to get rid of this painful ignorance and doubt which now oppress me; because I would fain behold my God as he is, and see light in his light.

I would not live alway, because I would not always be half a sinner and half a saint. I hate this body of sin and death, and in God's best time I would be glad to throw it down. I long to be delivered from these wandering thoughts; from these expressions of devotion into which my cold and reluctant heart will not throw itself; from this feebleness and inconstancy of effort in doing the will of Him who hath died for me. I would be conversant only with holy objects; I would be the subject only of holy exercises; I would be engaged only in holy employments; and I would not live alway, because then this sweetest, noblest desire of my heart could never be fulfilled.

Again: ever since sin entered to blight the beauty of Jehovah's works, the human body has been characterized by a tendency to decay. Look at the man writhing in bodily anguish; bending under decrepitude; fainting from bodily exhaustion; and say whether sin has not mixed up its poison in the very blood that courses through our veins? And if the body is weak, so is the mind also. It is conscious, indeed, of having within itself a principle of greatness; it is sometimes surprised by the exercise of its own faculties; but after all, many of its operations are exceedingly feeble and unsatisfying. And there is a proportional weakness in human virtue; for how frequently is virtue conquered and carried away captive in the war with temptation!

Since then the Christian, while he remains here, is comparatively feeble in his whole nature, how reasonable that he should aspire to a state in which he shall exchange his present imbecility for enduring and ever-growing strength! At the threshold of heaven he will drop this crazy, corruptible, inglorious body, and ere long will receive in its place a body endued with undecaying vigor, and clothed with unfading beauty, a body which may mock at the power of death; and which can move as if upon the lighting to execute God's high commissions in other worlds. And the intellect—Oh, how *it* will brighten and expand; how it will rise to that which is lofty, and sink into that which is profound, and never tire either in the sublimity of its excursions or the depth of its researches! And the moral faculties—with what incalculable energy will *they* operate, when God's Spirit has given them a perfect direction, and there is all the beauty and glory of the third heavens to call them into exercise! I ask again, is it not reasonable that the Christian should hail the day when he shall be taken up to that region of immortal strength?

I would not live alway, because I do not wish always to be an heir to these clustering infirmities of mortality. I would bear patiently the pains, the groans, the tossings, to which this poor body is subjected; but I would rather be beyond their reach, and wear a body that could bid defiance to disease; that could shine with an angel's beauty, and move with an angel's strength. I would not complain of the feebleness of my mental operations; and yet I would hail with gratitude the expansion of these powers into something yet greater and brighter: I would prefer the noble thoughts of glorified manhood, to the narrow conceptions of this infancy of my existence. I would be thankful for what God has made me; and humble for what I have made myself; but I would wait in exultiug hope of a complete renovation of my nature, in which I shall have strength imparted to me to bear an eternal weight of glory.

I would not live alway, because I cannot bear the sound of dying groans; because I instinctively shrink back from the bedside where my beloved friend is going through with his last agonies I would not live alway, because I choose stability rather than vicissitude; and even when my hopes of earthly good are the brightest, I never know but that it is the harbinger of dire eclipse. I would not live alway, because my spirit is offended by the scenes of discord and contention which prevail around me;—scenes in which I am compelled to mingle, and which, perhaps, in my weakness I may be left to promote. I would not live alway, because I see in the distance a region that is free from storms;—a region in which not even a cloud lowers; and I would breathe that balmy atmosphere: I would walk beneath the very throne of the Prince of Peace: I would be able to look around me, to look before me, and reflect that there is not an element of tempest in all that portion of God's dominions in which I am to have my everlasting home.

In this mixed state of being, the best men are frequently brought into contact with the bad; nay, even with the worst. It sometimes happens that the Christian has his lot cast in a family, one or more of whose members is openly vicious and profane; and sometimes even the Christian parent is compelled to the reflection that his own child, whom he meets every day in the discharge of parental offices, is a blasphemer or a profligate.

But in addition to this, even the fellowship of *Christians* in this world is a fellowship of miserably imperfect men. What Christian has not had his heart wounded by the inconsideration, the wickedness, it may be the absolute treachery, of some one who has claimed to be acknowledged as a brother in Christ? What Christian has not sometimes been ready to ask, while he has wept over the spectacle of a religious community arming themselves with the weapons of carnal warfare, "Is there faith on the earth?" What Christian but has sometimes felt the need of sympathy and co-operation, when it has been withheld; and when he would fain have opened his heart to the invigorating influence of a godly, fraternal fellowship, has found himself well nigh chilled in the freezing atmosphere of indifference and formality?

Not so in the world which Christian faith anticipates. There all will be bound together in the cords of love; all will be helpers together of each other's joy. *All*—and who will they be? First, all the ransomed out of every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people. Every patriarch every prophet, every apostle, every martyr every saint of every age, and clime, and condition, will be there. Next, there will be the native inhabitants of heaven, who have always been loyal to their King: they will continue to be, as they ever have been, at home on the fields of immortality. Jesus, the dying Lamb, the God and Hope of the world, the enthroned and all-gracious Saviour, will be there, in mild and heavenly majesty; carrying forward the vast purposes of his mediatorial reign, and pouring forth endless benedictions over the whole host of the glorified. This vast assembly will constitute one glorious fraternity of exalted minds. And is it any wonder that the Christian should desire to be among them? Is it strange that, when rivers of waters run down his eyes because men keep not God's law; when his heart bleeds from wounds that have been inflicted by hands with which his own had been joined in the bond of covenant engagements,—is it strange, I ask, that he should be more than willing, in God's best time, to join the eternal fellowship of heaven?

I would not live alway, because I would escape from a companionship with those who despise my Redeemer and his salvation; because I do not wish my ear to be always accustomed to sounds of blasphemy, or mine eye to spectacles of profligacy and crime. I would not live alway, because even the communion of saints on earth is imperfect and often embittered; and I never know what either I or those with whom I am associated may be left to do, to destroy each other's peace. I would not live alway, because I expect to meet in heaven those Christian friends whom I love below, purified from their dross, and advanced to a state of absolute perfection; because my bosom burns with a desire to mingle with the great and the good of other ages; because I would fain see Abraham, and Moses, and Paul, face to face; because I would hear the martyrs tell with their own lips the story of their sufferings and their triumphs, and would join them in a tribute of thanksgiving for all-sustaining and all-conquering grace. No; I would not live alway, because the society of heaven is better than the society of earth. I had rather see my Redeemer as he is, and gaze upon his unveiled glory, than to hold communion even with *Him* through the channel of his ordinances.

But I hear some one saying, "There is one thing which perhaps you have forgotten: there is a dark boundary—not a mountain, but a flood, that lies between earth and heaven; and that is to be passed before the Christian conqueror can be crowned." No, I have not forgotten that: I stand upon an eminence now, with that flood rolling and raging beneath my feet; and even here I repeat, I would not live alway. For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and I rely upon him to bear me over; and if I may only rest upon his arm, I can walk firmly, though the tempest howls above, and the waters roar around. No, I would not live alway.—Rise, ye dark and stormy billows, to frighten my poor soul, as much as ye will: Rise, ye fiends of darkness, and make your last desperate effort to terrify and overwhelm; and in the courage of faith I dare say even to *you*, I would not live alway.

"Jesus, the vision of thy face
Hath overpowering charms;
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.

"Then, when ye hear my heartstrings break,
How sweet the minutes roll,
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul!"

PERSONAL CHARACTER OF DR. CHALMERS.*

The new volume of the Life of Dr. Chalmers embraces his professorial appointments in St. Andrew's and Edinburgh, and his connection with the Veto and Church extension movements in the Scottish Establishment; and includes numerous notices of and correspondence with the notables of the period.

Chalmers was appointed to the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of St. Andrew's in 1823, and, exhausted as he was by his superhuman labors in Glasgow, the change from its noisy thoroughfares to the grassy streets of the once archiepiscopal city must have been grateful in the extreme. He shook the dust from the chair to which he was appointed, and entered on his duties with characteristic energy and zeal. Although from "hand to mouth," to use his own phrase, in the preparation of his lectures, the students (whose numbers he doubled) were enraptured with his eloquence, and gave vent to their satisfaction by very unacademic applause; and at the conclusion of the session they threatened a presentation of plate. Whilst prohibiting the latter proceeding, the professor dealt the following blow against

AMATEUR STUDENTS.

There is one topic more which I shall advert to, and that is, to certain liberties which some very few of my visitors have indulged in amid the general propriety that has characterized their attendance. I acquit my stated attendants, indeed, from the charge altogether; but there have been occasional hearers who, by coming in late, have inflicted a sore annoyance on the business of the class. It is too late now to set up any practical check against an inroad so unseemly, but I hold it of importance to the cause of academic discipline, that even now I should make averment of the principle, that not one freedom can be tolerated in a visitor, which ought not also to be permitted to any of the regular students.

And on the same ground, gentlemen, I must allude to the further indecorum of yesterday. It is not of a certain obstreporousness of yours that I now speak, against which I have already made my remonstrances during the progress of our course, and which perhaps, if permissible at all, might, by way of easing the restraint under which you have been laid, be humored with one tremendous bellow at the termination of it. But what I speak of is the presence of a certain noisy admirer, who added his testimony to the general voice, and whose presence within these walls was so monstrously out of keeping with the character and business of a place of literature. The bringing in of that *dog* was a great breach of all academic propriety. I dared not trust myself at the time with the utterance of the indignation that I then actually felt, but it might be lowering your sense of those decencies that belong to a university, were I to pass it unnoticed now. A visit from the first nobleman of the land were disgraceful to us all, if it turned out to be a visit from the nobleman and his dog.—P. 10.

The mention of student life carries us to a story which occurred in Edinburgh long after Chalmers had left St. Andrew's. It refers to

THE TROUBLES OF A DENTIST.

The pedestrian approbation accompanied Chalmers through the whole of his academical career. After the disruption of the Church, temporary premises were taken for the classes in connection with the new body. These premises were immediately adjoining to the house of an eminent dentist, a thin partition wall dividing the room in which he operated upon his patients from that in which Dr. Chalmers lectured to his class. The ruffing of the one room penetrated into the other, and disturbed at times its delicate and nervous operations. Mr. N. at last, and in the gentlest terms, complained to Dr. Chalmers, asking him whether he could not induce his students to abate the vehemence of their applause. As Dr. Chalmers entered his class room on the day after that on which this complaint was made, a suppressed smile lurked in his expressive countenance. He rose, told the students of his interview with Mr. N., and, after requesting that the offence should not be repeated, warned them most significantly against annoying or provoking a gentleman who was so much *in the mouths of the public*.—P. 60.

From 1784 up to the time of Chalmer's induction, the professors had been wont to distribute amongst themselves certain surplus funds, designated Candlemas dividends; the "Candlemas money amounted to about a third of his income, but, having doubts as to the legality of its appropriation, he declined receiving his share during the whole time of his residence there. In 1828, when he had taken up his abode in Edinburgh, and when the untouched sum at his credit amounted to upwards of 700*l.*, he received from the Royal Commissioners appointed to visit the Scotch colleges a communication stating "that, under all the circumstances, there is no good reason why Dr. Chalmers, who has now ceased to be a professor, should not receive and accept of the sums so due to him;" and on the faith of this declaration he took the money. The Commissioners, however, published their report without alluding to the part which Chalmers had acted, and gravely averred that "the principals and professors appear to have made these appropriations without any authority." And this was the occasion of Chalmer's coming before the public with a spirited pamphlet, explanatory of his position in the matter.

* Memoirs of the Life of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D. Vol. III.

Although dissatisfied with the state of affairs in St. Andrew's, Chalmers declined no less than three offers of removal. One was the chair of Moral Philosophy in the London University, tendered through the recommendation of Lord Brougham; and the other two were the livings of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, and the West Parish, Greenock, the latter being the richest living in Scotland. The first was the offer of the Marquis of Lansdowne, the second that of the patron, Sir M. S. Stewart; and he grounded his declinations on his preference for academic labor.

During his connection with St. Andrew's he made occasional preaching-excursions; and to two of these we shall now advert. Here is an admirable sketch of

THE WEARINESS OF OVER-CIVILITY.

Miss —— never asks the same thing twice of me, but she makes up for this by the exceeding multitude of these things: such as, if my tea is right; if I would like more sugar; if I take cream; if I am fond of little or much cream; if I would take butter to my cake; when I take to loaf, if I take butter to my white bread; if I move from one part of the room to another, whether I would not like to sit on the sofa; after I have sat there, whether I would like to stretch out my legs upon it; after I have done that, whether I would let her wheel it nearer the fire; when I move to my bedroom, whether the fire is right, whether I would like the blinds wound up, &c., &c. She at the same time most religiously abstains from repetitions, but to reply even once to her indefinite number of proposals is fatigue enough, I can assure you; nor is the fatigue at all alleviated when, instead of coming forth a second time with each, she comes forth with a most vehement asseveration, accompanied by uplifted hands, that she will let me do as I like, that she will not interfere, that I shall have liberty in her house; and when I said that I behoved me to make calls immediately after dinner, she declared that I would have leave to go away with my dinner in my mouth, if I so chose. I have got the better of all this by downright laughing, for I verily think now that the case is altogether desperate.

Chalmers had agreed to preach in behalf of a Sunday-school in Stockport, and, on proceeding thither, ascertained that he was only one item in a series of entertainments. His journal account of the orchestral interview is amusing.

Sunday.—Sadly annoyed all last night with their quackish advertisement. I visited the school at one, and the sermon was to begin at half-past five. Could see a certain hard and ungracious reception of me, perhaps from the consciousness of something wrong on their part. Mr. M., my correspondent, did not appear for some time, and when he did, there was a blush in his countenance and a tremulousness in his voice. I was in the midst of managers, and the stairs to the different rooms of their immense fabric were crowded with scholars. I asked what they were about; and, with some hesitation and difficulty, they told me they had been practising for the music of this evening. When I went to the great preaching-hall, I found that there was just this practising before an immense assemblage; on which I called out, in the distinct hearing of those about me, that there was an air of charlatanry about the whole affair, and that I did not like it at all. I would stay no longer in that place, and went along with them to the committee-room, where there were about twenty managers and others. I said that I had come from a great distance on their account, and had therefore purchased the privilege of telling them plain things; that they should have consulted me ere they had made their arrangements; that I was quite revolted by the quackery of their advertisement; that they had made me feel myself to be one of the performers in a theatrical exhibition; that what they had done stood in the same relation to what they ought to have done, that an advertisement of Dr. Solomon's did to the respectable doings of the regular faculty, &c., &c. I was firm, and mild withal—they confused and awkward, and in difficulties. I said, that still I would preach, but that I thought it right to state what I felt. On the other question of the urgency, and the pleading a promissory obligation on my part, I have as yet had no reckoning. . . . . I got a second letter from a minister on the subject of the indecent exhibition of Stockport. I had got one the night before from another minister on the same subject. It seems that many serious people here are scandalized at it, and that many eyes are fixed upon my conduct in regard to it. I sent for Mr. M., that I might hold conversatian with him. Mr. M. sent back word that he could not possibly come; and why? because he was presiding at a dinner given before sermon to the *gentlemen of the orchestra*, and he was just in the middle of a speech to them when my message came. On this, Mr. Marsland and Mr. Grant walked down to Stockport, and told Mr. M. of my difficulties and wishes; that I would not comply with their arrangement until it was altered. They wished my prayers and sermon to be mixed up with their music, me all the while in the pulpit. I said, that I would not be present at their music at all; that my service should be separated altogether from their entertainment;* that I should pray, preach, and pray again *in continuo*—not entering the pulpit till the moment of my beginning, and retiring from it so soon as I should have ended. The gentlemen had their interview with Mr. M., and he was very glad to comply I dined at half-past two, retired for an hour to prepare, drank coffee after five. The two gentlemen walked before, to be at the music. The two ladies went down with me in the carriage at six. Will you believe it? an orchestra of at least one hundred people, three rows of female singers, in which were two professional female singers, so many professional male singers, a number of amateurs: and I now offer you a list of the instruments, so far as I havo been able to ascertain them—one pair of bass drums, two trumpets, bassoon, organ, serpents, violins without number, violoncellos, bass viols, flutes, hautboys. I stopped in the minister's room till it was over. Went to the pulpit—prayed, preached, retired during the time of the collection, and again prayed. Before I left my own private room they fell-to again with most tremendous fury, and the likest thing to it which I recollect is a great military band on the Castlehill of Edinburgh. I went up with the ladies again in the carriage. They were far franker and pleasanter than before. Supped after Mr. Marsland's return. He told me that the collection was 398*l* Went to bed between eleven and twelve. I forgot to say that the number of my hearers was 3,500.

Monday.—I am told that the Stockport people, suspicious of my dislike to exhibitions, blazoned and advertised much less than they would have done: and the interpretation given by some to this is, lest it should meet my observation

* Amongst those whose performances were to be mixed up with the sermon and prayers, the name of a Miss Cheese had been announced; and Dr. Chalmers reinforced his argument with the managers by telling them that in his country the cheese was never served till the solid part of the entertainment was over.

too soon. Found a company in David Grant's, and he kept me up till two in the morning. A kind-hearted, rattling fellow. N.B. The collection is now 401*l*.—P. 50.

Chalmers was appointed to the professorship of theology in Edinburgh in 1828. He mentions that, in preparation for its duties, he got up at six o'clock, in order to have time for "a little of Greek, Latin, and Hebrew each day." Alluding to the prospect of diminished revenues and other untoward features, he says: "I foresee the coldness of friends, the controversy of foes, and probably the decline of earthly comfort, in my approaching connection with Edinburgh." The salary of the professor of theology at the period of his induction was 200*l*.; but at the end of the first session the "amateur students," headed by Dr. Morehead, an English clergyman, presented a thank-offering of 202*l*.

Dr. Hanna adverts copiously to the Church controversies that took place within the sphere of his narrative, but as they are of ecclesiastical rather than general interest, we can touch only on salient points. In 1832 Chalmers was nominated Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church. In 1835 Chalmers was in the midst of his great and favorite scheme of Church extension. We find a magnificent passage in a sermon delivered about this time in anticipation of the breaking out of cholera. The topic insisted on is the

CONNECTION BETWEEN PRAYER AND THE UNIFORMITY OF NATURE.

Instead of propounding our doctrine in the terms of a general argument, let us try the effect of a few special instances, by which, perhaps, we might more readily gain the consent of your understanding to our views.

When the sigh of the midnight storm sends fearful agitation into a mother's heart, as she thinks of her sailor-boy now exposed to its fury on the waters of a distant ocean, these stern disciples of a hard and stern infidelity would, on this notion of a rigid and impracticable constancy in nature, forbid her prayers, holding them to be as impotent and vain, though addressed to the God who has all the elements in His hand, as if lifted up with senseless importunity to the raving elements themselves. Yet nature would strongly prompt the aspiration; and if there be truth in our argument, there is nothing in the constitution of the universe to forbid its accomplishment. God might answer the prayer, not by unsettling the order of secondary causes—not by reversing any of the wonted successions that are known to take place in the ever-restless, ever-heaving atmosphere—not by sensible miracle among those nearer footsteps which the philosopher has traced, but by the touch of an immediate hand among the deep recesses of materialism, which are beyond the ken of all his instruments. It is thence that the Sovereign of nature might bid the wild uproar of the elements into silence. It is there that the virtue comes out of Him, which passes like a winged messenger from the invisible to the visible; and, at the threshold of separation between these two regions, impresses the direction of the Almighty's will on the remotest cause which science can mount her way to. From this point in the series, the path of descent along the line of nearer and proximate causes may be rigidly invariable; and in respect of the order, the precise undeviating order, wherewith they follow each other, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation. The heat, and the vapor, and the atmospherical precipitates, and the consequent moving forces by which either to raise a new tempest, or to lay an old one, all these may proceed, and without one hairbreadth of deviation, according to the successions of our established philosophy, yet each be but the obedient messenger of that voice which gave forth its command at the fountain-head of the whole operation; which commissioned the vapors to ascend from the ends of the earth, and made lightnings for the rain, and brought the wind out of his treasuries. These are the palpable steps of the process; but an unseen influence, behind the farthest limit of man's boasted discoveries, may have set them a-going. And that influence may have been accorded to prayer—the power that moves Him who moves the universe; and who, without violence to the known regularities of nature, can either send forth the hurricane over the face of the deep, or recall it at His pleasure. Such is the joyful persuasion of faith, and proud philosophy cannot disprove it. A woman's feeble cry may have overruled the elemental war, and hushed into silence this wild frenzy of the winds and the waves, and evoked the gentler breezes from the cave of their slumbers, and wafted the vessel of her dearest hopes, and which held the first and fondest of her earthly treasures, to its desired haven.—P. 320.

During the period embraced in this volume, Chalmers' literary efforts were confined for the most part to the production of his "Political Economy," and his "Bridgewater Treatise." Economics was a congenial subject, but yet it is the one department of his labors least appreciated by the public. We observe that Mr. Mills rescues one of his theories from unmerited obloquy, and possibly other writers of acknowledged eminence may do the same for other isolated portions; but, as a whole, Chalmers' system does not seem to have been adopted by any modern school. That a right moral is necessary to a right civil order of things, will be admitted; but similarly right morals are necessary to the right health of the animal body, yet no amount of ethics or knowledge of the dependence of hygiene on ethics will prevent or cure organic and functional derangements. For prophylactic or remedial measures we must have recourse to the sciences of anatomy, physiology, and pathology; and these must be studied independently of all moral considerations. In like manner, probably, the structure, functions, and abnormal states of the social system must be investigated in their inherent subtleties, without reference to moral curative treatment. "The extent and stability of the national resources" may be seriously affected without any infraction being made on the decalogue, and exclusive reference to ethics may tend to obscure the more profound problems of the science.

But leaving this dry subject, we shall now collect such sketches of the "notables" of the day as are to be found scattered through the volume.

Scott and Chalmers appear to have met only once in public, namely, on the platform of the School of Arts; whether they met in private is not stated.

Coleridge and most of the under-mentioned lions were seen by Chalmers during his visits to London.

Thursday.—We spent three hours with the great Coleridge. He lives with Dr. and Mrs. Gillman, on the same footing that Cowper did with the Unwins. His conversation, which flowed in a mighty, unremitting stream, is most astonishing, but, I must confess, to me still unintelligible. I caught occasional glimpses of what he would be at, but mainly he was very far out of all sight and all sympathy. I hold it, however, a great acquisition to have become acquainted with him. You know that Irving sits at his feet, and drinks in the inspiration of every syllable that falls from him. There is a secret and to me as yet unintelligible communion of spirit betwixt them, on the ground of a certain German mysticism and transcendental lake-poetry which I am not yet up to. Gordon says it is all unintelligible nonsense; and I am sure a plain Fife man as uncle "Tammas," had he been alive, would have pronounced it the greatest *buff* he had ever heard in his life.

Returning from this interview, Dr. Chalmers remarked to Mr. Irving upon the obscurity of Mr. Coleridge's utterances, and said that, for his part, he liked to see all sides of an idea before taking up with it. "Ha!" said Mr. Irving in reply, "you Scotchmen would handle an idea as a butcher handles an ox. For my part, I love to see an idea looming through the mist."

Alluding to his preaching in London during this visit, Chalmers says—

Mr. Coleridge, and many other notables whom I cannot recollect, were among my hearers. Coleridge I saw in the vestry both before and after service; he was very complimentary.

On an after-visit to the metropolis he remarks—

Half-an-hour with Coleridge was filled up without intermission by one continuous flow of eloquent discourse from that prince of talkers. He began, in answer to the common inquiries as to his health, by telling of a fit of insensibility in which, three weeks before, he had lain for thirty-five minutes. As sensibility returned, and before he had opened his eyes, he uttered a sentence about the fugacious nature of consciousness, from which he passed to a discussion of the singular relations between the soul and the body. Asking for Mr. Irving, but waiting for no reply, he poured out an eloquent tribute of his regard—mourning pathetically that such a man should be so throwing himself away. Mr. Irving's book on the "Human Nature of Christ" in its analysis was minute to absurdity: one would imagine that the pickling and preserving were to follow, it was so like a cookery book. Unfolding then his own scheme of the Apocalypse—talking of the mighty contrast between its Christ and the Christ of the Gospel narrative, Mr. Coleridge said that Jeses did not come now as before, meek and gentle, healing the sick and feeding the hungry, and dispensing blessings all around, but he came on a white horse; and who were his attendants?—Famine, and War, and Pestilence.—P. 262.

Of Edward Irving much is said. Among other eccentricities was the length of his services.

Saturday, 19th.—Mr. Gordon informed me that yesternight Mr. Irving preached on his prophecies at Hackney Chapel for two hours and a half, and though very powerful, yet the people were dropping away, when he, Mr. I., addressed them on the subject of their leaving him. I really fear lest his prophecies, and the excessive length and weariness of his services, may unship him altogether, and I mean to write to him seriously upon the subject.—P. 163.

Chalmers' personal experience was to the same effect.

I undertook to open Irving's new chapel in London. The congregation, in their eagerness to obtain seats, had already been assembled about three hours. Irving said he would assist me by reading a chapter for me in the first instance. He chose the very longest chapter in the Bible, and went on with his exposition for an hour and a half. When my turn came, of what use could I be in an exhausted receiver? On another similar occasion he kindly proffered me the same aid, adding, "I can be short." I said, "How long will it take you?" He answered, "ONLY ONE HOUR AND FORTY MINUTES." "Then," replied I, "I must decline the favor."—P. 271.

Chalmers and Irving met for the last time in London. The former was in bed at the time. "He stopped," says Chalmers, "for two hours, wherein he gave his expositions; and I gave, at greater length and liberty than I had ever done before, my advice and my views. We parted from each other with much cordiality, after a prayer, which he himself offered and delivered with great pathos and piety."

The manner of Irving's death was in keeping with his whole history. His father-in-law mentions that—

His medical advisers had recommended him to proceed before the end of autumn, to Madeira, or some other spot where he might shun the vicissitudes and inclemency of a British winter. But some of the oracular voices which found utterance in his church had proclaimed it to be the will of God that he should go to Scotland, and do a great work there. Accordingly, after an equestrian tour in Wales, by which his health appeared at first to be improved, but the benefit of which he lost by exposure to the weather and occasional preaching, contrary to the injunctions of his physician, he arrived at Liverpool on his way to the North. In that town he was taken alarmingly ill, and was unable, for several days, to quit his bed; but no sooner could he rise and walk through the room, than he went, in defiance of the prohibition of his medical attendant, on board a steamboat for Greenock. From Greenock he proceeded to Glasgow, delighted at having reached the first destination that had been indicated to him. From Glasgow it was his purpose to proceed to Edinburgh; but this he never accomplished. So much, however, was his mind impressed with its being his duty to go there, that, even after he was unable to rise from his bed without assistance, he proposed that he should be carried thither in a litter, if the journey could not be accomplished any other way; and it was only because the friends about him refused to comply with his urgent requests to that effect, that the thing was not done. Could he have commanded the means himself, the attempt, at least, would have been made. . . . "Well," said he, "the sum of the matter is, if I live, I live unto the Lord; and if I die, I die unto the Lord; living or dying, I am the

Lord's;" a conclusion which seemed to set at rest all his difficulties on the subject of his duty. So strongly had his confidence of restoration communicated itself to Mrs. Irving, that it was not till within an hour or so of his death that she entertained any idea of the impending event.—P. 288.

Going to the House of Commons, he

Saw and spoke to Peel; after which Mr. Macaulay got another introduction and joined me. In the lobby, met an old acquaintance, Mr. Whitmore, M.P.; we were disappointed as to the debate, it having been postponed, and the topics of discussion were comparatively of smaller interest, as spring-guns, and others. However, we got a sight of more of the speakers, as Sir Francis Burdett, and some more. Mr. Brougham spoke a little; he came and talked with me in a way that was very friendly and interesting. He said nothing about the London University; and my impression now is that, rather than risk any discouragement, they will wait the progress of events, more especially as they have time for waiting. This leaves the matter in the best possible state for me.

From Brougham Chalmers afterwards received the following note regarding the short-lived Wellington administration:—

My dear sir:—I congratulate you sincerely on the favorable prospects of some of those great causes in which (as indeed in most) we feel interested in common. Really slavery cannot now expect much longer protection from a government so weak, that it is even about to give Parliamentary Reform as a sop, and to save itself for a few months.—Believe me, ever most respectfully and sincerely yours,

H. Brougham.

Peel also became his correspondent, having voluntarily conferred on him the office of king's chaplain. With Jeffrey he appears to have been intimate, and specimens of their correspondence are inserted in the volume. Dr. Philpotts and Washington Irving he met at Murray's, the publisher. But not to dwell on more of the notorious, we shall conclude the list with

O'CONNELL AND MRS. OPIE

Monday, July 1st.—After dinner I went down to the House of Commons. A dull debate, and I did not sit to the end of it. Sir Robert Peel the best speaker. A number of the members came to me; last, though not least, Mr. Daniel O'Connell, who shook me most cordially by the hands, complimenting me on my evidence about the Irish Poor-laws, saying that he was a disciple of mine upon that subject, and not of his own priest, Dr. Doyle; and I, on the other hand, glad of good being done whatever quarter it came from, and knowing him to be an influential personage, expressed myself much gratified with the view that he had taken on that question. I am sure it would have done your heart much good to have seen how closely and cordially Mr. Daniel O'Connell and your papa hugged and greeted each other in the Lower House of Parliament.

But last of all I saw another lady, who dined and spent the night—now aged and in Quaker attire, which she had bnt recently put on, and who in early life was one of the most distinguished of our literary women, whose works, thirty years ago, I read with great delight—no less a person than the celebrated Mrs. Opie, authoress of the most exquisite feminine tales, and for which I used to place her by the side of Miss Edgeworth. It was curious to myself that, though told by Mr. Gurney in the morning of her being to dine, I had forgot the circumstance, and the idea of the accomplished novelist and poet was never once suggested by the image of this plain-looking Quakeress till it rushed upon me after dinner, when it suddenly and inconceivably augmented the interest I felt in her. We had much conversation, and drew greatly together, walking and talking with each other on the beautiful lawn after dinner. She has had access into all kinds of society, and her conversation is all the more rich and interesting. I complained to her of one thing in Quakerism, and that is the mode of their introductions: that I could have recognized in *Mrs. Opie* an acquaintance of thirty years' standing, but that I did not and could not feel the charm of any such reminiscence when *Joseph John* simply bade me lead out *Amelia* from his drawing-room to his dining-room. I felt, however, my new acquaintance with this said Amelia to be one of the great acquisitions of my present journey; and this union of rank, and opulence, and literature, and polish of mind with plainness of manners, forms one of the great charms of the society in this house [Mr. Gurney's].

His excursions in the English provinces were productive of more amusement than anything that happened in the Emerald Isle. As, for example, in one town the case of

THE BARBER AND BATH-KEEPER.

Wednesday, 26th.—Started at nine, much refreshed. Got a hair-dresser to clip me—a great humorist; he undertook, at the commencement of the operation, to make me look forty years younger, by cutting out every white hair and leaving all the black ones. There was a very bright coruscation of clever sayings that passed between us while the process was going on. I complimented his profession, and told him that he had the special advantage that his crop grew in all weathers, and that while I had heard all over the provinces the heavy complaints of a bad hay-harvest, his hay-making in the metropolis went on pleasantly and prosperously all the year round. He was particularly pleased with the homage I rendered to his peculiar vocation, and assured me, after he had performed his work, that he had at least made me thirty years younger. I told him how delighted my wife would be with the news of this wondrous transformation, and gave him half-a-crown, observing that it was little enough for having turned me into a youthful Adonis. We parted in a roar of laughter, and great mutual satisfaction with each other. Went from this to the warm-bath, where a German had the management. He told me that he understood me better than most of the English who came to him. I was at pains to explain to him the reason of this; and tell Miss Parker what my explanation was—that our island was named Great Britain, that English was the *patois*, but that I came from Scotland, and that our Scotch was the pure British dialect.—P. 380.

Chalmers took his due share of the discussion of public questions. He was in favor of Catholic Emancipation, and was invited by Sir James Mackintosh to throw the weight of his influence into the Liberal scale. He was also summoned by Mr. Spring Rice as a witness before the Parliamentary Committee on the Irish Poor-laws; but as those are stale topics now, we prefer dwelling on subjects of a personal and domestic character. Here is a good hint on

NATURAL AFFECTION.

I fear that I erred with Miss L. to-night in my vehemence about the exactions of attention on the part of Mrs. ———. I see that, by a law of our sentient nature, love cannot be bidden, and whenever attentions are demanded I do feel a very strong repugnance, so that it is working against a moral impossibility to attempt the affection; and without the affection I feel it to be very painful to be working at the required attentions in the spirit of bondage. But let me be silent on these occasions; aim at charity, and never be diverted from the meekness of wisdom.

Nothing could exceed the humor of

A SCENE AT BRADFORD.

Found a fair where I alighted, and was somewhat annoyed in my transition to the coach for Halifax. I had first to get a porter to carry my luggage through the crowds to a distant part of the town from which that coach started; then was told that the coach had not come in, and I could not get a place till it arrived; then had not a hole to put my head in, as every room swarmed with drinking and drunken market-people; then, as I did not like to be far away from my luggage, in an open and crowded coach-office, had to keep my station near the door, where, as fortune would have it, there was a large, circular assemblage of swine, on the margin of which I stood and contemplated their habitudes and politics, for I could perceive an action and reaction, a competition for food, a play of emotions reciprocating from one to the other, of which emotions, however, anger is far the most conspicuous, prompting to a bite or a scratch, and even an occasional engagement. Speaking of politics, you have heard me say that a man of refinement and educatiion won't travel through England on the tops of coaches without becoming a Tory. My Toryism has been further confirmed this day. There was a Quakeress girl, with a still younger companion, traveling from their boarding-school home, and this was all well enough; but there were also the feeders and wool-staplers of the West Riding, fat and unintelligent, with only pursy and vesicular proportions on each side of their chins, and a superabundance of lard in their gills, whose manners well-nigh overset me, overloading our coach with their enormous carcasses, and squeezing themselves, as they ascended from various parts of the road, between passengers already in a state of compression, to the gross infraction of all law and justice, and the imminent danger of our necks. The days were when I would have put down all this; but whether from the love of peace, which grows with age, or perhaps from some remainder of the enfeebling influenza, which, however, is getting better, my quiescence predominated.—P. 365.

Those who were familiar with the outer man of the subject of this biography will smile at his

ALLUSIONS TO COSTUME.

Thursday.—Dressed for dinner. Have got a new method of folding up my coat, which I shall teach you when I get home, and is of great use to a traveler. I am about as fond of it as I was of the new method of washing my bands.

Friday.—I found yesterday a new waistcoat among my clothes which I did not commission; however, I put it on with the rest of my new suit, and, being a good day, came yesterday to Broomhall without luggage. My *braws* are not the worse.

Equally provocative of risibility are two references to

CORPULENCE.

The minister of D—— insisted for a sermon for some schools there. He put his arm under mine, and meant to overbear all my negations. His last argument for a sermon was that I was *fat;* on which I wrenched my arm away from him, and came off.

The fact that the minister of D—— was right as to obesity, received corroboration at an "academic party."

Mr. Duncan annoyed me by the affirmation that I am sensibly and considerably fatter since I left St. Andrew's. There must be serious measures taken to keep me down. Had cordial greetings with the gentlemen in the library, then we sallied out to the premises, and had a very delightful forenoon saunter through the woods and lanes of Costerton. Before dinner we had a game at bowls in a green before the house. I and Mr. Duncan against Dr. Nicoll and Dr. James Hunter. We had the best of three games. With all the convivialities of the west, I have seen no such guzzling as to-day with my St. Andrew's friends, and told Mr. Duncan so. They are rare lads, these *Lee*terati or *Ea*terati. Before supper there was family worship, when I was asked to officiate. We were shown to our beds about twelve. I got the large bed-room in which Mr. Duncan was the night before, and he had a closet with a small sofa-bed that communicated with the room. This arrangement was vastly agreeable to me; and we tumbled into our respective couches between twelve and one. I like him.—P. 279.

The great charm of the volume is the free and unrestrained style of the letters and journals contained in it. Being written to or intended for the perusal of the members of his own family, and with no view to publication, there is an ease and racy homeliness about them that is truly refreshing. The amount of his domestic correspondence was extraordinary, and could have been prompted only by the purest and most devoted attachment to his household. To Mrs. Chalmers he says on one occasion:—

I want each letter you receive from me to be signalized by a feast of strawberries to the children on the day of its arrival; therefore, I expect that on Saturday, which will be the day of your receiving this, these strawberries, with a competent quantity of cream and sugar, shall be given accordingly, and given from me, the papa of these said children, each and all of them being told that he is the donor of the same.

The spirit of self-examination penetrates into deeper recesses.

25th.—I have to record this day that I am not mortified to the love of praise. I did feel an anxiety that Miss L. should speak of the sermon of yesterday when we walked. I did feel interested and gratified when she did speak. Still more, I did feel the gratification of Mr. Duncan's compliments, and of the yet fuller testimonies which were reported to me in the evening; and I do much fear, or rather I certainly know, that I feel a complacency in all this; and what if it be not superior to the pleasure I should feel in having been the instrument of a saving and spiritual impression? This is so distinct a preference of my own glory to that of God's, so obvious a preaching of self in-

stead of the Saviour, so glaring a preference of the wisdom of words to the simplicity which is in the cross of Christ, that my carnal tendencies in regard to this matter should be the subject of my strictest vigilance and severest castigation.

Do not speak enough in society of these things. I am complained of on that account. O God, keep me from the guilt of denying Christ by my silence.—P. 91.

Again:—

Have still to record a dreary absence of God and of the Spirit from my soul. The want is, that I do not feel its dreariness; I live in comfort without God, and can enjoy humor and conversation with ungodly people. There is no such thing as laying a charge at any time through the day upon my conscience; an act of self-recollection, that now I am in the presence of God, and I must not forget that I am His servant. Might not this be a good expedient? and when doing so, if I vent forth my aspirations for present grace, will not this be a combination of watchfulness with prayer? O my God, enable me to spread a savour of divine things around me! Let my life be a perpetual testimony for God!—P. 93.

We understand that another volume will conclude this memoir; and we learn that, as Dr. Hanna nears the quicksands of contemporary events, fears are entertained in some quarters that the biographer may be merged in the partisan. We have no apprehensiou of any effect of this kind. The able, interesting, and impartial manner in which he has executed the first portion of his work, is a sufficient guaranty as to the last.

SOME GREAT WORK.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Think not the faith by which the just shall live
Is a dead creed—a map correct of heaven;
Far less a feeling fond and fugitive,
A thoughtless gift withdrawn assoon as given.
It is an affirmation and an act
That bids eternal truth be present fact.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

THE dews of twilight were drowning the golden tresses of the sun—the birds, those sweet poets, in whose songs there are no sorrows, had sung their fill, and with little red feet clinging to the lithe boughs, were softly rocking to sleep, with only now and then a quick, uncertain twitter, as though they could not quite give up all their music yet.

All over the hills and along the valleys daisies and buttercups and crocuses were sprouting up thick in the grass, and along the brooksides the violets leaned their pensive heads listening to the rippling of the water among the blue flagstones and bright pebbles, and broad-leaved flags and tufts of high grass, wherein the black snipe hides away from the schoolboy.

The blackberry vines shine along the edges of the meadows; in the thicket the wild morning-glory twines its scarlet rings around the small limbs of the sassafras, lifting itself higher and higher; and the dark buds of the ivy are swelled almost to bursting, for all the past week the April sunshine and showers have been busy at their work. The verdure is softly creeping over the boughs that sway lightly to and fro, as the breeze comes suddenly from the distant west, and sighing its murmurous joy, crosses the meadow and fades over the next hill, about whose base lie patches of white mist, like the new-shorn fleeces of the lambs. Now the spider works all day, and her fine circular net-work spread over rose-bush or lilac, is sunken with the gray dew. From the hollow stub where all day the lonely crow sits and cries, the bat comes forth and flits and wheels blindly about the open door, or entering stealthily, shaves close along the ceiling with its flabby wings, making the baby clap its hands and crow again, while the larger children chase hither and thither in perfect tempests of delight.

In the field, sloping to the south, the wheat that, prisoned all winter in the close, cold earth, almost hides the dark furrows, save that here

and there, where the plowshare has been too deeply driven, the plenteous growth is cut by a barren ridge.

Away in the valley, where the pendulous boughs of the elm drop on the one side, and a border of maple and ash reaches along the other, the cattle, fed to repletion, lie sunk in beds of fresh clovers, red and white, or idly link their silver horns and push each other about in playful warfare; while just above the hollow where the hedge of willows drops its yellow tassels to the ground, and crowning the neighboring slope, rises the spire, whence drifts such solemn music over all, and about which cluster the cottages of the peaceful villagers, who keep the even tenor of their way in the beauty of innocent and humble lives, apart from the stormy and tumultuous world. There, in the shadow of the church, where Sabbath after Sabbath they hearken to the sorrowful warnings, or great promises, or kiud admonitions of the simply eloquent pastor, the gravestones of neighbors and kindred stand thick under the trees. Some have gone down thither in whom the love of life was strong, caught by the bright tresses and dragged away; some glad to go where there is no more pain, wrapping the shroud about their bosoms like the dainty bridal sheets; and some, whose work was done, with the flowers of threescore years and ten white about their foreheads, and little prattling children that were fearlessly trusted to the dark—they are all there, nor chirp of the merry grasshopper, nor light step of the timid rabbit, nor the music of the evening bell, disturbs their rest.

It is the season of quickening life, of bird-songs and sunshine; the season when the saddest heart gathers back something of its old joy—when we dig about the roots of our perished hopes and braid up the broken garland anew. Nature, like a kind mother, woos us from the house of mourning, and covers up the graves of our dead with her blossoms. This is a beautiful world which God has given us—the fresh, sprouting pastures, and rains, that come down singing from the clouds—the waving cornfields and fruitful orchards, the spring brimming full of pure cold water, and the harvest, with its sea of golden heads; are not these enough for my happiness?

The cattle wading to the knees in fragrant meadows, and drinking of the pure brooks, are satisfied—the bird, building its nest anew, and waiting for the young life to break the prisoning shell, and get itself wings and a song, is satisfied—the bee, searching the woods and gardens, and filling its silver wells, murmurs only of joy; for all these there is enough, but my heart the while is hungry and pining and dissatisfied—the arm of God's mercy is about me, but I cannot rest, and even in sight of the crown turn rebelliously from the cross. My life is an echo among ruins. O my Father, let me do for thee some great work!

Away down the distance shine the lamps in the lonely cells of the fathers—the grotto of the barefooted hermit is still bright with the glory of the red cross—the stern creed of the Genevan yet towers in sublime and awful majesty above the flames of the martyr, and the seed scattered by the milder Reformer has sprung up and shadowed half the world. My hands are idle, though I continually pine to serve thee—give me, O my Father, some great work.

So said Miriam, sitting at the door of her dark and lofty house, as through the deepening twilight the stars broke forth one by one, and the moon pushed her red disk through a drift of eastern clouds. The milkwhite doves that had sat in a long row on the eave above her head, catching the sunshine on their bosoms, knew the night was come, and shaking the dew from their wings, flew away—the flowers, as their nature was, either folded their petals close against the moonlight, or opened them to its gentle kiss, and the blind mole began its silent work. But Miriam sits idly, and folding her hands upon her desolate bosom, the wind blows the black tresses across her eyes, so that she sees not the thin cheek of the child that flattens itself against her gate. Wistfully he looks, reaching toward her an empty hand, while the other holds the gift of wild flowers that shall repay her largess—in vain, in vain—the iron bars yield not to so soft a pressure, and the eyes of the sad lady are not once lifted up. Darker the shadows drop around him, and tearfully and feebly he goes forward, but his steps falter more and more, and he sinks exhausted to the ground. The wild flowers drop from his hand, and are scattered away by the winds, and a sense of dullness and heaviness weighs down his eyelids. The moon breaks from a cloud and wraps him in a thin cold sheet, and the bird, fluttering in the branches above, shakes the dew in his face—his mother's smile is in his dream:

> "Her blessing like a line of light
> Is all around him day and night,
> And like a beacon guides him home."

Home, where farewells are ended and wanderings done. Close on the path of the poor little child comes a stout traveler, beating down the burrs and thistles with his staff, and singing snatches of hymns. Is he thinking of some soul astray; hark to the words:

When God smote his hands together, and struck out thy soul as a spark,
Into the organized glory of things, from deep of the dark.—
Say, did'st thou shine, did'st thou burn, did'st thou honor the power in the form,
As the star does at night, or the firefly, or even the little ground-worm?
When God on thy sins had pity, and did not trample thee straight,
With his wild rains beating and drenching thy light found inadequate;
When he only sent thee the North winds, a little searching and chill,
To quicken thy flame, did'st thou kindle and flash to the heights of his will?
When God on thy sin had pity, and did not meet it as such,
But tempered the wind to thy uses, and softened the world thy touch;
At least thou wast moved in thy soul, though unable to prove it afar,
Thou could'st carry thy light like a jewel, not giving it like a star?

Suddenly the song is still—he pauses, and light, such light as might be shed from the white wing of mercy's angel, illumines his face. He flings the knapsack from his shoulders, and brushes the gray hairs from his eyes that are growing dim with the shadows of time—time that has touched him gently withal, for he is well beyond the summer—even where the autumn whitens to the winter snow, and stooping down, takes up the little child in his arms. I will bear him back to yonder friendly mansion, he says—warmth and food may restore him. The head droops heavily against the bosom of the good old man, and the white skin seems loose about the boy's fingers that clasp his neck, and the lips are blue and unsmiling. Light is the burden, for in a good act there is no heaviness, and as he nears the mansion he says, I shall journey forward lightlier anon, but the door was fast shut, and Miriam was gone within to pray—"Give me, O my Father, to do for thee some great work!"

All night the tireless watcher folded the child in his bosom—sometimes passing his hand across his forehead, and sometimes holding his naked feet to give them warmth, and waiting for the morning; at last, reddening the high eastern hill, and burning through the woods, she came, and all the valleys were full of her genial smile; but alas, the little child might not be warmed again. Where the joyous warble of the thrush shook down the blossoms of the hawthorn, the old man made a grave,

"And left the babe and went away to weep.
And listened oft to hear if he did cry;
But the great river sung his lullaby,
And unseen angels watched his dreamless sleep."

The hush of the Sabbath hung over the world—it was the early tide of summer—the winds crept under the waves of the ripening rye, and hushed their wild laughter into murmurous hymns—the birds went deeper into the forests and carolled less noisily than in hours agone—the shaggy grapevines were weighed down with green clusters, and the red berries glistened and shone from the thicket where the urchin crept slyly, and half afraid of the stillness of the time. The fragrance of the lilacs was all about the open doors, and the rosevines, bright with blooms, blew in at the windows. The cock stood erect and silent in the midst of his feathery dames, for even he seems to strut less proudly and crow less lustily to-day than is his wont, and the watch-dog, with his nose close against the ground, drowses by the wall.

The church door is open, and the sweet-voiced bell is calling to all far and near—"Come up hither," and from far and near, old men and maidens and youths and little children are obeying the call. Some go in noiselessly, and at once give their hearts to the searching of the Holy Spirit. Some linger at the door, exchanging smiles and salutations, and haply suffering the weariness of time's change and chance, or the might of secular aims and interest, to come between them and the psalm. Some with sprigs of yew or cedar, or the simple blossoms gathered by the way, go apart among the graves musing, or weeping alone; and over the green swell of some mound that keeps down the pallid hands of the dearly loved from the flowers, leave their offering to wither like the earth-hopes of the sleeper beneath.

Slowly, from the white cottage that is almost smothered among trees and shrubs and vines, comes the village pastor—"young, and eminently beautiful," but the elasticity is gone from his step, and in his face there is the expression of a sorrow that has worked itself up from the heart. Alas, that he who goes up to speak consolation to the mourner and comfort to the afflicted, should himself be neediest of all—alas, that while he says to the bruised spirit, heaven is waiting to heal you, his own bosom is "bound from bleeding with a cold cerement from the grave." And wherefore? Miriam, Miriam, putting away from thee the now and the here, and sighing for the unattained and far away, in mistaken zeal, let us hope not in pride, hast thou nothing to answer for in this?

That hollow temple would round back to health
Under the golden fillet of thy smile—

thou knowest it right well.

The heavy locks dampen with the dew that

gathers to his forehead, as he gazes toward the proud and lofty house where she dwells whom he fears he shall miss to-day from his little flock. From the hollow of willows the tassels are gone, and in the meadow beyond the clovers, red and white, are alike changed to a dry brown—the wheat is getting its yellow beard; but varied nature charms not from gloomy yearning the inhabitant of the dark and close-shut house. No, no, she will not come—and his almost transparent hands knit themselves tighter together as he tries to shut from his senses what he vainly calls the carnal, for thoughts of the spiritual life. I have tasks to do and duties to perform, he muses as he walks; if I am unequal to their fulfillment, should I seek to rest my weakness upon another, and thereby clog the movements of a larger zeal? or shall I pine out of life, and leave undone that which I feel within me the ability to do, because the hands which I would fain have made my helpers are coldly withdrawn? Nay, there are lambs astray that even I may gather back—evils that my weak hands may break—sepulchres from which I may roll away the stone, and folding the napkin from the face of the dead, show the weeping kindred that the spirits for which they mourn are not there, but gone before them into Paradise.

Solemnly from the old tower sounds the bell, and as he draws near the church, leaning upon that music as it were, his thoughts flow in that sweet rhyme of Tennyson—

> Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
> The faithless coldness of the times;
> Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
> But ring the fuller minstrel in.
>
> Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
> Ring out the narrowing lust of gold:
> Ring out the thousand wars of old,
> Ring in the thousand years of peace.
>
> Ring in the valiant man and free,
> The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
> Ring out the darkness of the land,
> Ring in the Christ that is to be.

One more glance across the hills—a sigh stifled among the heartstrings, and calmly and slowly he walks in the midst of his people—his cheek more flushed than its wont, and his eye fuller of troubled light, but never before dwelt such moving eloquence on his lip. He had gathered up all his wasting energies, and in his words was the power of one newly baptized with the spirit of grace. Even his presence seemed to have in it to-day a spell of mastery, and the hush was intense when he arose and read, with what a depth of meaning and terrible pathos, the hymn—

> And are we, wretches, yet alive?
> And do we yet rebel?
> 'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love,
> That bears us up from hell.
>
> Lord, we have long abused thy love,
> Too long indulged our sin;
> Our aching hearts now bleed to see
> What rebels we have been.
>
> No more, ye lusts, shall you command,
> No more will we obey;
> Stretch out, O God, thy conquering hand,
> And drive thy foes away.

Then came the prayer, which mere words may not portray—it was the spirit of it that was felt, and not the form that was heard—no dashing of the waves of sorrow against the throne—no importunate demands pressing open, as it were, the beautiful gates of Paradise, but the tremulous whisper of a soul that feels its ruin and clings only in hope to the cross and the power of *his* mercy, whose last sweet plea from the agony of insulted sorrows

> O'er death's night
> Passed like the transit of the morning star,
> And for a moment in the bosom of hell
> Cooled the red burning like a cloud of dew.

But in the sermon, the zeal in, and devotion to, the things which pertain to immortality burned with the chiefest glory. From the 12th chapter of 2d Corinthians he read:

"And lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure. For this thing I besought the Lord thrice, that it might depart from me. And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me."

How upon the waves of faith he arose above the sorrows and afflictions of life—what little things they were! What nothings in the glory of the final triumph! The congregation was swayed and stirred like waves to the touches of the strong wind—now they heard the muffled footsteps in the corridors of crime, and shrank frighted from the lightest thought of wrong; and now the grieved Spirit made once more the sweet offer of mercy, and dying hope revived. The light of the diviner world seemed streaming abroad over this; fear vanished, and trembling hesitancy changed into fixed resolve—though all the world forsake thee, yet will I not forsake thee, was the language of every heart, and when the exhortation was finished, not one bosom there would have shrunk

from the flames of martyrdom—but who of them all dreamed that from the dim ruins of the brightest hopes of mortality came the eloquent inspiration?

And day was over, and from under the pale wings of the twilight came the stars. At the door of her dark and lofty house Miriam sat alone. The breeze tried to kiss up the crimson to her thin cheek, but in vain—and the flowers, crushed under her feet, sent out their fragrance, but she heeded it not. Her hands lay idly on her knees, and her thoughts were gone across the seas to the benighted lands where the morning of Christianity has but faintly dawned, or not yet broken at all. The labors of the missionary are something worth, she said. How glorious to break in pieces the idols, and build up the true church—to lift the macerated and blind worshipers from the abasement of the dust, and give them to lean on the arm of the great Jehovah! Why am I shut away from doing good? Am I worthy, O Lord, to be thy handmaid—fain would I serve thee—give, O give me to do for thee some great work!

A step glides through the moonlight, and a shadow falls over the gray dew—a soft smile lights up the face of Miriam, making it more beautiful than its wont, as her hand is clasped in that of the village pastor. He hears not the rustle of the winds through the wheat field, nor the tremor of the heavy foliage, nor sees above him the sky like a great blue sea with lilies all over its bosom, golden and red and white, for star differeth from star in glory; but Miriam hears and sees it all. Why was the young man there? He had stilled the earthly passion in his heart—haply the conquest was too easy—haply it was not so perfect as he thought—once more he would measure himself against temptation. O earth, the hold of thy beauty is strong upon us, and the weakness of the flesh is greater than our poor resolves; and he but waked again the torture of unsatisfied thirst. The vine that has fallen in the dust with the vigorous support hard by upon which it would fain fasten its tendrils, but with no hand to lift it up, might be his emblem. And yet he spoke not of love, nor now nor ever—that cold, steady hand, like an all-pitiless demon's, held him back. And yet, in the bosom of the maiden the fountain was troubled by his smile, and she longed to rock his sorrows to rest upon her heart; but the humble duties that contented him could not fill the measure of her ambition. The comfort of his people, she said, must be to him enough, nor could I, if I would, snatch him from the borders of the grave. The delusion gave way too late.

Light after light went out from the cottage windows—the silence deepened and deepene and the moon seemed to look reproachfully from the clouds, while in the shadow of the dark house the young man lingered still. The bell strikes the half hour next the midnight, and, with the sudden energy we sometimes gather from despair, he rises and stands erect, but gazing still on the pallid and statue-cold beauty before him.

The white hand of Miriam reaches softly toward him—doth she seek to detain him? trembling with delicious fear, he bends to her whispered words—he does well, she says, to heed the admonitions of his unequal strength and many duties, and seek rest. Mockery of mockeries—for him there was no more rest. The arm that was just clasping her to his bosom dropped paralyzed away, and the kiss that was falling to her forehead burned back upon his lips. One look of reproachful agony—a farewell tremulous as though a careless hand crushed his heart-strings, and the last torture humanity may suffer had been suffered, and Miriam was alone. Her hands lie idly upon her knees again, and her thought stretches from the certain and palpable to the dim and impalpable, as the shadow stretches into the night. She hears not the echo of a broken heart that goes from the thick darkness of the midnight, wailing and wandering toward the immortal world. She hears not, for the hush is broken by the prayer—Give me, O Lord, to do for thee some great work!

The brown and yellow haze hangs like rust along the edges of the sky—the roses are blown away from the lap of the summer, the ripe fruit drops from the orchard boughs, and the bees creep out into the sun and lie in ridges, golden and black, about the hive—their work is done. The beating of the flail sounds from the threshing floor, and the chaff drifts away on the winds like mist. The fearless boy climbs the tall-stemmed tree like a ladder, and shakes the ripe nuts into the lap of the laughing little girl. The white husks lie thick along the corn-field, and the sleek heifer presses impatiently to the fence, seeing the heaps of full-eared corn and bundles of dry blades. Southward over the hills flocks of birds are drifting all day long—the seeds drop from the withered pods, and the down of the thistle sails noiselessly about.

It is not the Sabbath, but the door of the village church is wide open, and across the hills and along the meadows, from the old-fashioned homestead and the white-washed cottage, the people are coming thither with downcast eyes and thoughtful steps.

The trees stand naked or faded about the parsonage, that seems to-day very lonesome and still—the books lie unopened on the table, the study-chair is vacant, and strange faces and hushed steps are in the house—whisper answers to whisper, but no one asks where the pastor is gone.

The slow chiming of the church-bell has in it an awful solemnity—even the life-long prayer of Miriam is still, as she hearkens, and leaving her lofty house, her eyes fill with tears, and a shadow dark as death and silent as the grave sweeps across her future, as she answers its call. Pick-axes and spades lean against the larch in the church-yard, and close by there is a great heap of yellow mould. The village pastor is dead.

The dense throng have more than filled the house, and many are standing about the open door and at the windows; but as the step of Miriam falls on the threshold, all make way for her, and the kindly and pious elder, who has long mourned what he deems a soul far astray or darkly rebellious, takes her trembling hand and leads her close to the dead. How still it is! so still that you may hear the wind as it stirs the heavy pall about the coffin. The locks are silver that stream above the sacred page to-day, and the voice falters with the cares and sorrows of many years that reads for the departed the psalm:

> "Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
> From which none ever wake to weep—
> A calm and undisturbed repose,
> Unbroken by the last of foes.
> Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
> Thy kindred and their graves may be;
> But thine is still a blessed sleep,
> From which none ever wake to weep."

Placidly, sweetly, he talked of the good man gone—of the beautiful consecration of his life and the glory of his death—God's hour of answer to a life of prayer. He pointed to the hills white with cottages, the morality, thrift, and intelligence of their inhabitants—the prevalent spirit of piety—the growth and engagedness of the Sabbath-school—the fathers and mothers, and maidens and youths, and little children, upon whose foreheads his hands had laid the baptismal waters; and the many hardened sinners wooed from the steep edge of perdition by his mild and unwearied persuasions. The bright example of his life, the preacher said, had been more eloquent than words—he had gone in and out before his people in meekness and simplicity, doing the good things which his hand found to do. By what cords of love this broken and mourning people were drawn hither to-day, and how hard it is to give up even the pale unconscious dust—how hard to look upon the still, fixed smile, that brightens not, as it was used, when they approach—how hard to put the hands that first led them to the cross, under the winding-sheet! He was your guide, your example, your shepherd that kept all your lambs from wandering—that made you brave to front the tempter—strong for the time of trial, and good to meet death. Haply he had sorrows, for who of us all have not? but he threw not their shadows over you, and on the ruins of broken hopes he climbed to gather the radiance of eternity. O, he was worthy of all your love—he was worthy of the tears that flow for him, and of the benedictions that hover about his grave—worthy of the covenant you make with your hearts to stand up, if need were, in the judgment and testify to all the hosts of heaven that he hath done a *great work!*

The day was over, and the clay was heaped to a smooth level mound, and the sorrowful people returned to their houses, desolate, yet not without hope. O Miriam, Miriam, why refusest thou to be comforted? Does the crown of thy love settle on the brows of the dead, and hushest thou now the frequent prayer for that thou feelest truly, as thou musest of his life of duty and his death of peace, he hath done a Great Work?

APOSTROPHE TO NIAGARA.

BY HORACE DRESSER ESQ.,

Faith trembleth at thy passing, mighty flood!
And from the secret chambers of the deep
The voices of thy many waters keep,
In thunder-tones and wild majestic mood,
One everlasting anthem praising God!
Thy fearful pathway leads thee o'er a steep,
Which thou thyself alone dost dare to leap!

I feel to worship here; methinks I'll seat
Me on the beetling cliffs above the brink
Of thy abyss; there ruminate and think:—
How restless is thy surge beneath my feet!
For ever rolling, rushing on to meet
Old ocean's boundless depths, for aye to sink
Into oblivion whence we mortals shrink!

GEMS FROM ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

BY AN ADMIRER.

There is a fine gradation and procession in the things of nature, and mauy are the steps of the golden stair which leads up to the highest. The material forms with which we are conversant, are symbols enclosing a more transcendent beauty; and the life within us is, in its turn, a symbol or adumbration of the primal archetypes. To unfold it, therefore—to lay open its leaves and filaments, that the light which is congenial to it may fall upon it, as the light of the sun upou the opening flower—is the highest and noblest of endeavors, inasmuch as the result is the highest and noblest. The best poets of the day, and none of them more so than Mrs. Browning, dwell long and lovingly in the recesses of our nature, laying their hand upon human love, upon the household affections, upon sin and the counteracting aspirations, upon the tangled yarn of good and evil in the web of life; and as, with songs of wailing or exultation, as in sorrow or in joy, in shadow or in sunshine, they tread those deep recesses which lie so near, yet are such mysteries to us all, we feel that we are in the presence of great spirits, yet, withal, of our own nature and kindred; we feel an unwonted exaltation in their presence; harsh contradictions are smoothed down, and elements of affinity present themselves where previously we saw nothing but everlasting antagonism; we begin to be reconciled to loss and suffering, by perceiving, in another than the mere dogmatic light, that it is the only medium of perfecting an aberrant nature; and we go forth to the work and conflict of life purer in heart and stronger in spirit, iu the strength of those mediating spirits who have taught us to know, and given us to feel, more than we knew before of what is meant by mediation.

We have indicated rather than defined the scope and spirit of Mrs. Browning's poetry, Her poems are sermons, but such sermons! Reflect, that she is possessed of varied learning, and is deeply read in classic lore; that, to a masculine energy, attempered and sublimated by womanly affection, she adds a deep religious feeling, and you will have some conception as to what sort of sermons hers are. In listening to them, you are conscious of the double process of enlightenment and feeling. The mist rolls away, and the warm sunbeams fall upon you. While you know more, you love more, and the process of knowledge is the process of reconcilement. Her texts are chosen from both sides of nature, and from both sides of human life. Her aim is, to reconcile contrarieties; from sin and sorrow, from darkness and suffering, to rise to purity and joy, to the glory and brightness of the land where there is no need of the sun. Mere objective beauty glows at her touch, and you would confess her a true poet, though she had doue no more; but this is only the tuning of her harp. It is but the wand she conjures with; the miracle by which she arrests attention. Her ultimate purpose lies far beyond; or, rather, without purpose at all, it is the necessity and tendency of her nature and genius to make the forms of things, the manifestations of natural grace and beauty, the stepping-stones to a temple, in which, when she leads you in, you find the unveiled presences of the outer shadows, and have a glimpse of the divine Schekinah.

But it is time we now proceed to illustrate these generalities by special reference to the poems whose titles we have prefixed to them. The incident of the "Lost Bower" is brief and simple. Once upon a summer's day, a little girl wandered into a wood, and found in it a beautiful bower, which filled her child-heart with overflowing gladness; but, when she returned next day, she could not find it, and never found it more. This is all. On this is built a poem of seventy-six stanzas; and we observe that a writer in one of our monthly magazines, of high reputation, makes merry at the disproportion between the basis and the superstructure. But on as narrow bases are built many things of larger proportions than a poem of this length. A like incident colors the poetry of every poetic life; and the prose of every prosaic life is rendered more prosaic, because every poor possessor of it, once upon a time, found and sported in a beautiful bower, and went back at another time, and missed it, and never found it more. It is a theme old as the expulsion from Eden, and wide as the human race. It appeals to uuiversal sympathies, for all have to regret a lost bower in some wood or

other. It is a theme, therefore, which needed no inventive genius to find it out, and the poet who deals with it must be judged solely by the amount and nature of the new light which he sheds upon it.

"In the pleasant orchard closes,
'God bless all our gains,' say we;
But, 'May God bless all our losses,'
Better suits with our degree."

On this key-note the song opens, and we feel at once that it is a plaintive minor. We have then a sketch of that pleasant mother-land of infancy and childhood, with its "summer snows of apple-blossoms running up from glade to glade," which reposes among beauty and regrets in a quiet, sacred corner of every one's memory. There is the childhood's valley, and in the valley is the wood, and in the wood is the bower, and "over all, in choral silence, the hills look you their all hail!" The child's solitary journey to the wood is described, and the first bursting of the bower upon the entranced vision:

"As I enter'd, mosses hushing,
Stole all noises from my foot;
And a green elastic cushion,
Clasp'd within the linden's root,
Took me in a chair of silence, very rare and absolute."

Questioning what and how it was, there "came a sound, a sense of music, which was rather felt than heard,"

"Softly, finely, it inwound me,
From the world it shut me in,
Like a fountain falling round me,
Which, with silver waters thin,
Clips a little marble naiad, sitting smilingly within,"

Here now was the perfection of communion with nature; the beauty without touched the sense of beauty within; and, for the moment, enjoyment was complete. It was the terminal and highest point of a series; hut there was more beyond, and to the beyond the rapt enthusiast must go—

"I rose up in exaltation,
And an inward trembling heat,
And (it seemed) in geste of passion,
Dropp'd the music to my feet,
Like a garment rustling downwards—such a silence follow'd it.

Heart and head beat through the quiet,
Full and heavily, though slower;
In the song, I think, and by it,
Mystic presences of power
Had upsnatch'd me to the timeless, then return'd me to the hour."

She left the bower, she left the wood, she left the sanctuary, and went out to the great temple, which yet, for a little while, was all a sanctuary.

"Oh, the golden-hearted daisies
Witness'd there, before my youth,
To the truth of things, with praises
To the beauty of the truth.
And I woke to nature's real, laughing joyfully for both."

Light-hearted, yet full-hearted, she vowed that every day she would return to the bower; and she kept her vow; but "next morning all had vanished, or my wandering missed the place," and "I never more upon it turned my mortal countenance." It was the beginning of her losses, a list or specimen of which she gives us:

"I have lost the dream of doing,
And the other dream of done—
The first spring in the pursuing,
The first pride in the begun;
First recoil from incompletion in the face of what is won.

Exaltations in the far light,
Where some cottage only is,
Mild dejections in the starlight,
Which the sadder-hearted miss,
And the child-cheek blushing scarlet, for the very shame of bliss.

I have lost the sound child-sleeping,
Which the thunder could not break;
Something, too, of the strong leaping
Of the stag-like heart awake,
Which the pale is low for keeping in the road it ought to take."

But the song must not close thus; at least, it must not, and will not, close thus to the spirit who has rightly undergone the discipline of the losses which the loss of the bower prefigured and necessitated. The time was long past, and the place far away; the discipline of life lay in the scene between the *then* and the *now;* but, shutting her eyes, and calling upon "unchanging recollections," the bower rose up before the spirit's eye, fresh and fair as it first appeared to the child's vision. Here is the exultant finale:

"Is the bower lost then? Who sayeth
That the bower indeed is lost?
Hark! my spirit in it prayeth,
Through the solstice and the frost,
And the prayer preserves it greenly, to the last and uttermost—

Till another open for me,
In God's Eden-land unknown;
With an angel at the doorway,
White with gazing at his throne,
And a saint's voice in the palm-trees, singing, *All is* LOST—*and won!*"

The "Brown Rosary" is pitched on a higher key, and takes in a wider range of thought; but it also is a song of losses, and of gains through losses. In the "Lost Bower" we have delineated, under the guise of a child's story, the disenchanting process through which nature passes, or seems to pass, as it presents itself day after day, and

year after year, to the eye and heart which are incessantly changed and modified by the ever-shifting phenomena and events of time. The theme aud moral of the "Brown Rosary" are indicated in these lines:

"Then breaking into tears—'Dear God!' she cried; 'and must we see
All blissful things depart from *us*, or ere we go to *Thee!*'"

It is a sermon on the text—"He that loveth father or mother, wife or children, more than me, is not worthy of me." It has more of incident than the "Lost Bower," and its structure and motion are more diversified. Orona was betrothed to a noble and generous lover, and both seemed to be well fitted for each other. This human love was all in all to Orona. She could not see beyond it; she could not live without it; and for it she was willing to sacrifice the love and hope of heaven. This mood of mind is brought out with admirable artistic skill by the machinery of a dream, in which Orona, her dead father, angels, and the ghost of a false nun, who, lost herself by earthly love, tempts Orona to a like ruin, are interlocutors. A little brother of Orona's is also introduced, who is supposed to be conversant with the whole matter, and plays the explanatory part of the *chorus* in the Greek tragedies. Orona, the betrothed, was doomed to die, as we learn from the dream. She says:

"We heard, beside the heavenly gate, the angels murmuring:
We heard them say, 'Put day to day, and count the days to seven,
And God will draw Orona up the golden stairs to heaven;
And yet the evil ones have leave that purpose to defer,
For if she has no need of HIM, he has no need of *her*.'

Evil Spirit.

Speak out to me—speak bold and free.

Orona in sleep.

And then I heard thee say—
'I count upon my rosary brown the hours thou hast to stay!
Yet God permits us evil ones to put by that decree,
For if thou hast no need of *Him*, he has no need of *thee;*
And if thou wilt forego the sight of angels, verily,
Thy true love, gazing on thy face, shall guess what angels be.'"

Orona did not choose the better part. Poor girl! her human love overcame her:—

"Love feareth death. I was no child; I was betrothed that day:
I wore a troth-kiss on my lips I could not give away.
How could I bear to lie content and still beneath a stone,
And feel mine own betrothed go by—alas, no more mine own!—
Go leading by, in wedding pomp, some lovely lady brave,
With cheeks that blush'd as red as rose, while mine were cold in grave?
How could I bear to sit in heaven, on e'er so high a throne,
And hear him say to her—to *her!*—that else he loveth none?
Though e'er so high I sate above, though e'er so low he spake,
As clear as thunder I should hear the new oath he might take—
That hers, forsooth, are heavenly eyes—ah, me! while very dim
Some heavenly eyes (indeed of heaven) would darken down to *him*."

Orona being thus overcome, she vowed this fearful vow, which had power to defer the purpose of the good angels. She addresses, in sleep, the ghost of the nun—

"I vow'd upon thy rosary brown—and, till such vow should break,
A pledge always of living days 'twas hung around my neck—
I vow'd to thee on rosary (dead father, look not so!),
I would not thank God in my weal nor seek God in my wo!"

The current of human love was now free to take its course. The bridal morn arrived. The little brother mixed in the joyous throng, but not as part of it, not as a happy heart. On the way to the church, and again in the church, he reproached his sister with wearing on her bosom a brown rosary. The mother frowned on her boy; the bridegroom laughed; the priest said the boy was wild, and approved the piety of the bride; and "the maiden's lips trembled with smiles shut within." The ceremony proceeded. A mocking laugh broke in upon it, but none could find out who the mockers were. The priest was perplexed. He could not name the great name—

"And each saw the bride, as if no bride she were,
Gazing cold at the priest, without gesture of prayer,
As he read from the psalter."

At length the rite was finished, and "they who knelt down together, arise up as one." Orona's vow renouncing heaven has won for her human love. But only for a moment. The cup was lifted to her lips only to be dashed to the ground. The bridegroom glared blank and wide. He kissed his bride, but his lips stung her with cold. He called her his own wife, and "fell stark at her feet in the word he was saying:"—

"She look'd in his face earnest long, as, in sooth,
There were hope of an answer, and then kiss'd his mouth;
And, with head on his bosom, wept, wept bitterly—
'Now, O God, take pity, take pity on me!—
God, hear my beseeching!'
She was 'ware of a shadow that cross'd where she lay—
She was 'ware of a presence that wither'd the day;
Wild, she sprang to her feet—'I surrender to *Thee*
The broken vow's pledge, the accursed rosary:
I am ready for dying!'"

Time's enchantments were now broken; and, in this total eclipse of human love and hope, Orona first beheld the day-spring of the love that is divine. We have the moral of the poem in these her last words:—

"She spoke with passion after pause—'And were it wisely done,
If we who cannot gaze above, should walk the earth alone?
If we whose virtue is so weak, should have a will so strong,
And stand blind on the rocks to choose the right path from the wrong?—
To choose, perhaps, a love-lit hearth instead of love and heaven;
A single rose for a rose-tree, which beareth seven times seven;
A rose that droppeth from the hand, that fadeth in the breast,
Until, in grieving for the worst, we learn what is the best.'
Then breaking into tears—'Dear God!' she cried; 'and must we see
All blissful things depart from *us*, or ere we go to THEE?
We cannot guess thee in the wood, or hear thee in the wind:
Our cedars must fall round us ere we see the light behind.
Ay sooth, we feel too strong in weal to need thee on that road;
But wo being come, the soul is dumb that crieth not on God.'"

We have noticed these two poems together, because we think the one has its completeness in the other, and both are required to the full development of the leading thought which runs through them. In both we have an exhibition of beautiful and lovely things—lovely, and deserving to be loved, because they are beautiful and true. In both, we are taught that this beauty is not of the highest order; and that if, while loving it, we do not stretch forward to the love of a higher beauty, our idols will become dim, will cease to fill our hearts, or will be dashed to pieces before our eyes. Thus it is with nature, as she presents herself to the young, susceptible heart; and thus it is with that higher phase of the beautiful which comes in the fascinations of young affection. We cannot love the one or the other too well, if, at the same time, we keep open heart to a higher love. The "Lost Bower" is recovered; the "splendor in the grass, the glory in the flower," are restored by the "prayer," which "preserves them greenly to the last and uttermost;" and though, in the "Brown Rosary," poor Orona's human love was blighted beyond the power of prayer to revive it, her blighted earthly hopes were the soil in which sprung up for her the first heavenly flowers.

We have only further to express a hope, that the extracts we have laid before our readers will impress them with a favorable opinion of Mrs. Browning's poetry. It is a source of high and pure delight to us, and we wish, therefore, that its gifted authoress were better known in this northern land. It bears the test of re-perusal better than most poetry with which we are acquainted; which comes, we presume, from the combination and fusion of strong thought with the finest feeling. It was not without reason, and Alfred Tennyson need not take it amiss, that Mrs. Browning was named in some quarters for the laureateship, on the death of Wordsworth.

THEY FADE.

Thus fade they, ever, ever—
  To fade is beauty's doom;
They come as *hopes*, but never
  May ripen into bloom.
A little shadow chills them,
  The sun may scorch anon;
The frost-wind calls, the shadow falls,
  And the beautiful are gone.

O hope not ever, ever,
  A bright thing shall endure!
If it be but "very beautiful,"
  The end of it is sure.
Hopes dear as life, an angel wife—
  A child—a darling one—
The frost-wind calls, the shadow falls,
  And the beautiful are gone.

Death is a tasteful spoiler,
  He hath a dainty eye—
The young for him, and the light of limb,
  Though weary ones are by.
He will steal into a circle,
  With his shadow darkening on,
And the frost-wind calls, and the shadow falls,
  And the beautiful are gone.

Yet stay thee not, oh, angel!
  It is thy mission here;
And all are thine, by grant divine,
  The fresh leaf, and the sere.
But only come for *me* too,
  With the beautiful anon;
I will journey with thee gladly,
  To know where they are gone.

A PLEA FOR OLD TREES.

There are few things which I like better to meet with in my wanderings, than an old tree. When I see one upon which the storms of some hundred winters have wasted themselves, sad and solemn feelings always come over me; I feel as if I could linger long about it; and sometimes, strange as it may appear, I could even prostrate myself before it, in mute awe and admiration. It is not that there is anything very *beautiful* in an old tree—sometimes it is even the reverse; and when I pause to look at some broken trunk, with scarce a mark of verdure remaining on it, my friend who is with me will pull my arm, and wonder what I see in *that* to stare at. But to me, an old tree brings with it *associations* of a very interesting and pleasing character; and it is for these that I love to look upon it, and feel a kind of friendship for it.

In the first place, the delightful idea of *constancy* associates itself with an old tree. Amidst the rush and push of this world's changes, there it has remained immovable for centuries; and whilst cities have crumbled away, and kingdoms have been revolutionized, and great empires have risen and fallen, it has "taken root downward, and borne fruit upward," and, year by year, its branches have spread themselves overhead as a green canopy, and it has helped to make the face of nature lovelier and more beautiful. There is one tree in my neighborhood—I think it is said that nine hundred years have rolled their clouds and played their lightnings over it—under which I remember gamboling when I was a child; and, though many changes have since then come over me, and I have had my share—I think sometimes, as I suppose most people do, *more* than my share—of dark days and sorrowful ones; though friends whom I had loved have forsaken me, and some have turned away from me, who I never thought would have done so; I go now occasionally, and I find the tree unaltered:—

> So was it when my life began;
> So is it now I am a man:'

the marks of age, perhaps, are more apparent, but it smiles upon me as it did of old; and in recalling, as I almost can, the sweet and innocent thoughts and emotions which I indulged under it, and the remembrance of the dear departed ones with whom I stood at its feet, I can almost bring back the days so long gone, and fancy myself a boy again. And I am not the only one whom this old tree has cheered thus and encouraged: it smiled upon others before it smiled on me; and it will continue to smile when I am gone and departed. The traveler has many a time looked upon it, as he has passed the village in which it stands; and the broken down soldier has recognized it with a tear, as he has returned after many battles to the quiet home of his boyhood. For many a year the swallow, returning from her annual visit to a milder climate, has always found its branches ready for her as a resting-place; and in many a summer, the panting flocks have sought and found under it a grateful shade. How many things are there which the world has less cause to be grateful to than it has to an old tree!

But an old tree has always associated with it thoughts of *the past*. How many persons have gazed upon it who will never gaze upon it again; and with what different emotions has it been gazed upon at different times, and by different classes of character! The noble has gazed upon it as he dashed by in his chariot; and the poor lame beggar, as he hobbled past on his crutch. Perhaps, in some dark night, when the moon was hidden behind the clouds, and scarce a star was seen in the firmament, and the cold wind blew, and the drizzling rain descended, which kept all but the wicked or the houseless wanderer within doors, the murderer may have arranged his plot; or even upon the very ground over which its shade is cast, he may have carried it into execution; and the old tree may have listened to the cry of the murdered man, and seen his blood as it mixed with the green grass around it. Centuries ago, the Druid may under it have offered his human sacrifice; and near it, may have rattled in the night wind the chains and bones which hung upon the gibbet. What tales it could tell, if it could but speak to us, of England in the olden time; and what revelations could it furnish of events, but now imperfectly pictured forth to us in the fictions of history! It has heard the old men talk of Alfred and of Canute, of the Conquest and William the Norman; the tales of the Plantagenets and the Lancasters have been told in its presence; it could speak to us of Magna

Charta and of the Crusades, of Harry the Eighth and the Reformation; it heard men talk with glistening eye of John Hampden and of Cromwell, and how they stood up gloriously against tyrants, and overthrew them; it listened to their deep murmurs at the tyranny of James, and to their shouts of delight at the accession of the Prince of Orange; it heard them while they talked in whispers of the Plague, and of the number dying daily, and how they were carried in carts, and thrown uncoffined into the grave; and it has seen how the world, amidst its ups and downs, has been going forward all the while; and how, from all things being a monopoly of the few, the rights of the many have come gradually to be recognized, so that the "greatest happiness of *all*" is likely yet to become the politics of the world. Old tree! wilt thou not open thyself to us, and reveal the secrets to which thou hast been a party?

There is one lesson which we may very properly learn from the contemplation of an old tree. Amidst all the changes which have occurred around it, and notwithstanding the storms which have beaten upon it, it has stood firm and unmoved. How calmly it has witnessed the joys and sorrows, the crimes and miseries, of the world! Oh, to be as patient as the old tree amidst the storms and battles of life; ever, amidst changes and uncertainties, fulfilling our high duty and destiny!

I never like to see an old tree cut down. When the woodman's axe approaches it, and I observe upon it the mark which dooms it to destruction, my soul protests against the sacrilege. It seems as if a part of myself were gone, when an old familiar tree is removed—as if one of my ties to this green earth were snapped asunder. But perhaps it is better so. My friends of all kinds are dying away; and it is well that I should sometimes be reminded that I soon must follow them.

SPIRIT OF LOVE.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

"The spirit of love floats everywhere."

Afar, afar, upon the wings of morning,
I send the spirit of my love to thee,
Beyond the seas, where'er thou art sojourning,
O'er utmost earth, remote as it may be!

I send it in each wandering gale unto thee—
Each whispering tone to tell of vanished hours;
I send it in the voice of streams to woo thee—
In the soft breath of odorous leaves and flowers,

In the light stir of forest-boughs, fast filling
My list'ning heart with memories of thee,
I send the spirit of my deep love, thrilling
Unto thine own with its soul-melody.

I send it on the glancing wings that hover
bove thee, in the blue, transparent air;
Each bird-note echoing on thine ear, O, rover,
A tender message to thy heart shall bear.

The crimson morn—noontide—the twilight falling;
Night, with the steadfast stars we love so well;
The meek-eyed moon the olden times recalling—
In *each*, the spirit of my love shall dwell.

I send it in the beautiful, which liveth
Undying in the far depths of thy soul,
And in this voiceful spring, whose presence giveth
To *all my* hopes a happier control.

Afar, afar, upon the wings of morning,
I send the spirit of my love to thee,
Beyond the seas, where'er thou art sojourning,
O'er utmost earth, remote as it may be.

PREJUDICES AGAINST INNOVATION.

When we consider the opposition which *every* change has had to encounter before it has been thoroughly adopted, we cannot be surprised by the spirit which has been evoked by such innovations as interfere in an especial manner with cherished associations. The changes in national costume forced on a people have been ever productive of the most bitter feelings, and often of the most fatal consequences. It is well known that an alteration in the uniform of the sepoys was the cause of one of the most fearful tragedies on record. It will be remembered that some military men at Madras, in the year 1806, ordered the helmet worn by the European light infantry to be substituted for the national turban, and prohibited the distinguishing marks of their respective castes worn by the native soldiers on their foreheads. These innovations were deeply resented, and an awful vengeance followed the new regulations. The particulars of the dreadful massacre are recorded in the public journals of the day. Of the European companies, upwards of 164 were cut off, with their officers—many British officers of the native troops, the sick in the hospital, and every person found in the officers' houses, were put to death—and 800 of the sepoys were killed. The obnoxious regulation was withdrawn, but for a long time the spirit of disaffection continued to spread in all directions. The prohibition against the Highland costume is known to have produced deep and bitter feelings, for it was most fondly associated with all that was most dear—martial prowess, and the ties of clanship—and so picturesque, that it seemed to belong to the very scenery and poetry of the country. But a few years since, the public journals detailed the grief into which the Jews in one of the northern countries of Europe were plunged by the law which obliged them to change their accustomed garb; their weeping and wailing was described as most pitiable. One of the most pathetic airs ever composed, is said to have been the lament for the culan, or long lock worn by the Irish, and which they were compelled by law to cut off.

Some changes have, however, been so judicious, that we should be utterly at a loss to conceive how they could ever have been resisted, were we not aware how everything is endeared by custom; and thus we find an explanation for the obstinate pertinacity with which old inconveniences were clung to. Every invention to lighten labor or save time has met with opposition from some quarter, in some cases entirely from interested motives, which have, not unfrequently, outweighed incalculable advantages. The expedient devised by a benevolent person, to prevent the deleterious effect of their employment to the needle-pointers, was of no use; health and years of life being willingly sacrificed for the high wages proportioned to the risk which was incurred. Dreadful riots followed the introduction of the power-loom. Indeed, every improvement in machinery has met with opposition in some direction.

There is no observation more just than that made by Sidney Smith, when he says, "There is not one single source of human happiness against which there have not been uttered the most lugubrious predictions—turnpike roads, navigable canals, inoculation, &c." There is, indeed, scarcely even an article in common use, that has not been made the object of so much invective or ridicule, that we wonder how they ever came to be considered necessary to comfort. Coaches, when first seen in England, were looked on as evidences of sloth and effeminacy derogatory to the English character. Umbrellas, when first brought over from Italy, were not less the objects of dislike and ridicule. A person seen to carry one through the street was sure to be hooted and laughed at by the mob, as a mere dandy of his day. The prejudice against forks, when newly invented, was so great that they were supposed by many to be a device of Satan to offer an affront to Providence, who had furnished human beings with fingers for the conveyance of food to the mouth. It has been no unusual thing thus to ascribe some of the most useful discoveries and inventions to diabolical intervention. Antimony and bark, now held as such inestimable drugs in medical practice, were supposed to have been brought into notice through the same evil agency. Bark had been brought into Europe by the Jesuits, who distributed quantities of it among the poor who were laboring under intermittent fevers and agues. The cures which it wrought, and the quickness with which they were effected, were made the

great objection to its use. "The cures," said they, with a significant shake of the head, "are too rapid." A preacher, from his pulpit, denounced it, as having been prompted by the devil.

Inoculation for the small-pox was first tried in England on seven condemned criminals, who, on recovery, were pardoned. It might have been supposed that such a successful experiment of its efficacy would have established its value; but it had no such effect, and medical men continued to inveigh against it for a time. Pamphlets were written, condemnatory of the impious attempt to interfere with the decrees of Providence. In the sermon of an admired preacher, it was insisted on that all who infused the variolous ferment were hellish sorcerers, and that inoculation was the diabolical invention of Satan. These tirades had considerable effect on the public mind, and for a long time retarded the benefit of the great discovery. Vaccination, in its turn, became the subject of bitter invective. The tales propagated against it filled the minds of the weak and ignorant with horror; pamphlets were written, and sermons were preached, to put the unsuspecting on their guard against this new device of Satan. "God," said they, "gave us the small-pox; it is sinful to interrupt it by the cow-pox." Hand-bills were pasted on the walls through the streets, warning the people against it. In some of them, a detailed account was given of one who had submitted to vaccination, and who soon had horns growing out of his head. It is thus a medical contemporary and opponent of Jenner wrote on the subject—"Future ages will read with wonder the history of the cow-pox credulity of our nation; and of the headlong precipitancy with which the children of this country were committed to a medical experiment at the risk of their lives. This modern *exposing* of children sinks our boasted human tenderness beneath the guardian spirit of instinct. That a people should be found to contaminate their offspring with a poison taken from the brute creation, of the origin, nature, and effects of which they had not the smallest knowledge, will stand among the incredible tales of some future Pliny."

We all know the cruel persecutions which Galileo underwent for his astronomical discoveries; thrice imprisoned, ordered to recant his heretical theory of the earth, and his work on the Ptolemaic and Copernican systems publicly burnt; Virgilius, bishop of Saltzburg, condemned to expiate in the flames the heresy of which he had been guilty in his assertion that there were antipodes; Cornelius Agrippa, accused of being a magician, and compelled to flee his country, for having exhibited some of the philosophical experiments which *we* are accustomed to see every day—deprived of his resources, and ending his days in an hospital; Galen, driven from Rome by the persecution of the physicians, who ascribed his success to magic; Harvey, seeing his great discovery of the circulation of the blood made the subject of a bitter controversy, and so protracted, that he scarcely lived to see his theory established.

But it would be needless, and lead us into too great length, were we to enumerate those whose labors met with no better reward than the calumnies of superstition and the persecution of bigotry. Even in the better times which we have seen, we know that geologists had to hear, and strange to say, still have to hear, that the tendencies of their pursuit lead to the most deplorable results. "When," said Robert Fulton, "I was building my first steam-boat at New York, the project was viewed by the public either with indifference or with contempt, as a visionary scheme. My friends, indeed, were civil, but they were shy. They listened with patience to my explanations, but with a settled look of incredulity on their countenances. As I had occasion to pass daily to and from the building-yard, while my boat was in progress, I have often loitered unknown near the idle group of strangers gathering in little circles, and heard various inquiries as to the object of this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of scorn, or sneer, or ridicule. The loud laugh often rose at my expense—the dry jest, the wiser calculation of losses and expenditure, the dull but endless repetition of the 'Fulton folly.' Never did a single encouraging remark, a bright hope, or a warm wish, cross my path. Silence itself was but politeness veiling its doubts or hiding its reproaches. At length the day arrived when the experiment was to be put into operation. To me it was a most trying and interesting occasion. I invited many friends to go on board to witness the first successful trip. Many of them did me the favor to attend, as a matter of personal respect; but it was manifest that they did it with reluctance, fearing to be the partners of my mortification and not of my triumph. I was well aware that in my case there were many reasons to doubt of my own succes. The machinery was new and ill-made; many parts of it were constructed by mechanics unaccustomed to such work; and unexpected difficulties might reasonably be presumed to present themselves from

other causes. The moment arrived in which the word was to be given for the vessel to move. My friends were in groups on the deck. There was anxiety mixed with fear among them. They were silent, and sad, and weary. I read in their looks nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts. The signal was given, and the boat moved on a short distance, and then stopped, and became immovable. To the silence of the preceding moment now succeeded murmurs of discontent, and agitations, and whispers, and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated, 'I told you it would be so—it is a foolish scheme—I wish we were well out of it.' I elevated myself upon a platform, and addressed the assembly. I stated that I knew not what was the matter; but, if they would be quiet, and indulge me for half an hour, I would either go on, or abandon the voyage for that time. This short respite was conceded without objection. I went below, examined the machinery, discovered that the cause was a slight mal-adjustment of some of the work. In a short period it was obviated. The boat was put again in motion. She continued to move on. All were still incredulous; none seemed willing to trust the evidence of their senses. We left the fair city of New York, we passed through the romantic and ever varying scenery of the Highlands, we descried the clustering houses of Albany, we reached its shore, and then, *even then*, when all seemed achieved, I was the victim of disappointment. Imagination superseded the influence of fact; it was then doubted if it could be done again, or if done, it was doubted if it could be made of any great value."

The application of steam has been an achievement of which science may well be proud. The predictions of what it was yet to accomplish, were not met with the spirit of persecution which assailed former discoveries and inventions from which the human race has reaped most precious benefits. But most certainly they were at first received with coldness, and often with ridicule.

The celebrated "London Quarterly Review," in 1825, in an article, on "Canals and Railways," said: "We scout at the idea of a *general* railroad, as altogether impracticable, or as one, at least, which will be rendered nugatory in lines where the traffic is so small that the receipts would scarcely pay for the consumption of coals. As to those persons," it says, "who speculate on making railroads general throughout the kingdom, and superseding all the canals, all the wagons, mail and stage coaches, post chaises, and in short every other mode of conveyance by land or by water, we deem them and their visionary schemes unworthy of notice."

The Review goes on to quote, We find a countryman of Mr. Telford writing thus:—"We shall be carried at the rate of 400 miles a-day, with all the ease we now enjoy in a steam-boat, but without the annoyance of sea-sickness, or the danger of being burned or drowned." "It is," the Review adds, "certainly some consolation to those who are to be whirled at the rate of eighteen or twenty miles an hour, by means of a high-pressure engine, to be told that they are in no danger of being sea-sick while on shore, that they are not to be scalded to death, or drowned by the bursting of the boiler, and that they need not mind being shot by the scattered fragments, or dashed in pieces by the flying off or breaking of a wheel. But, with all these assurances, we should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's *ricochet* rockets, as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine, going at such a rate. Their property they may perhaps trust; but, while one of the finest navigable rivers in the world runs parallel to the purposed railroad, we consider the other 20 per cent. which the subscribers are to receive for the conveyance of heavy goods almost as problematical as that to be derived from the passengers. We will back old Father Thames against the Woolwich Railway for any sum."

This article, when written, responded to the sentiments of the most influential part of the community; and it is curious to observe how utterly unprepared the public were for the fulfillment of predictions which they ascribed to a wild enthusiasm, and which they considered it a duty to keep in some kind of check. But science and genius have gone beyond the expectations of the most sanguine; and all seem ready to grant, that what they may yet lead to is beyond human calculation. Discoveries are no longer looked on with mistrust and timid apprehension; but *what next?* is the feeling, if not the question, of all. Steam and electricity, those powerful agents, are already affecting the destinies of man in all directions, and rendering our earthly abode every day more like that of purely spiritual beings, who pass through space with unobstructed celerity, and exchange words and thoughts from the most remote distances.

DIGNITY.

FROM THE WASTE-DRAWER OF A CLERGYMAN.

Could any superior intelligences take an interest in observing the current of our social life, as naturalists contemplate the habits of inferior races, what a fund of amusement would they find in the working of human notions of dignity! No class of beliefs is entertained with so much of variety and paradox. One nation's legends on the subject are in complete opposition to those of another, and the faith of almost every age is contradicted by that of its successor. In the caliphate of Bagdad, the public executioner ranked next to the prime minister, and his official title was Mesour, or the happy; while in Europe everything connected with the same office was deemed so disgraceful that the magistrates of a German town were once obliged to proceed in a body, with all the insignia of civic authority, and commence the repairs of the gallows, in hopes that their example might induce some workmen to complete that favorite engine of Gothic law. The Danes reproached Alfred of England with reading Latin like a priest; and now Virgil and Horace may be said to lead the van of an English gentleman's education. When Lord Shaftesbury, being high chancellor, informed his royal patron in full levee that, "for a subject, he believed himself the most profligate man in his majesty's dominions;" and a country squire, descanting on the insolence of his servant, observed that "the fellow forgot his station, and swore like a gentleman," the suitabilities (to venture a new plural) of elevated positions must have been somewhat different from the present acceptation. Well might the old poet say, "The glories of our birth and state are shadows, not substantial things." Distorted shadows some of them have been, and it is well that they at least are not substantial. Ideas of dignity, if not restricted, are certainly common to mankind; and, whether originating in vanity, self-esteem, or a desire for the respect of others, much of the absurd and preposterous has in all times hung about their demonstrations, and future investigators will smile at those of the nineteenth century.

Dignity has been the source of many an old and troublesome institution. Hence came the caste system of India, interwoven with eastern mythology, and established in earlier times, under various modifications, in all the nations of the earth. From the same root was derived the science and mystery of heraldry, so important in Europe's untaught and pageant-loving days. Thence, too, originated the whole ceremonial of etiquette, known to the world's courts and castles, from the nine prostrations of the Chinese before the statue of the sun's brother, alias the reigning emperor, to the famous ordinance of Queen Charlotte, against saluting any but titled ladies.

Among the remnants of Celtic literature there is a satirical poem, called "The Woman of Three Cows," which contains a sharp expostulation with an ancient dame for the *hauteur* she exhibited, in virtue of the above-named possession. Others rest on some imaginary or self-devised distinction. The industrious lady mentioned by Addison, who would have her daughters spin huckaback for the household, but only on little wheels, as large ones, however expeditious, were used by common people, and therefore inadmissible, was an example of the kind in her age. There are also those who put on borrowed glory like a garment, and become great in their relations. A titled cousin or a distinguished uncle has been the innocent cause of injury to the social habits and manners of many a family.

A German poet, who, by the way, lived and died a bachelor, gave it, as the result of his experience, that the near relations, and particularly the children, of celebrated *literateurs* were in general disagreeably vain, and apt to cut a more eccentric than respectable figure in life. The single poet might have been given to fault-finding with other people's children for their natural pride in a distinguished relative, but honors entirely derived have seldom been either gracefully worn or turned to good account. Nearly allied to this form is family pride. That Gothic pillar has supported the dignity of unreckoned numbers in the course of centuries. The Dalmatian who could not plough his only field because his ancestors had been chiefs of the Haiduks, confided in it quite as much as Louis XVI. of France,

when, just before the first revolution, he issued a decree, ordaining that none should expect presentation at court who could not exhibit a clear pedigree of four hundred years. The assigned cause of this ordinance was, that sundry family trees of doubtful origin had sprung up in the preceding reigns: and there is an anecdote in point of Vauban, the celebrated military engineer. He had done the state some service in frontier fortifications—at least, Cardinal Richelieu thought so—and it was proposed to reward him by means of an order; but Vauban was of plebeian descent, and the ribbon could be bestowed on nothing less than nobility. The cardinal was considerate enough to send him an intimation of the intended honor and its obstruction, with a consolatory hint that under his patronage any herald could make out a genealogy. "Tell the cardinal that I thank him," responded the truly noble engineer to this courtly message; "but say also that I am not in the habit of paying for pride with truth;" and history mentions that Vauban received the order.

Family pride, though not unknown at any historical period, appears to have been peculiarly the growth of the feudal times. It was well fitted for a state of society in which the few were lords and the many their vassals; but little did those proud barons, who gloried in ancestors and quarterings, think what burlesque editions of their trust in family honors should appear in more equalizing ages. The sweep who commanded his son, on pain of being disinherited, to give up all thoughts of a neighboring tailor's daughter, as a connection beneath one whose grandfather had swept the flues of Windsor Castle, must have caught the mantle of their spirit, though its descent was far. One of the most ludicrous circumstances of this kind that probably ever occurred, took place between two emigrant Highlanders in this country. They were of the same patronymic, but had taken different sides in an electioneering question, and one of them, the better to influence the votes of his emigrant countrymen in the locality, reminded them of his descent from chieftains, whether real or imaginary it is needless to inquire, by assuming the well-known title of "the Macnab;" upon which his opponent, not to be outdone at once in rank and voters, announced himself to the amused public as "the other Macnab," and each bore their respective titles, it is said, much longer than they were found agreeable. The pride of family may have served a good purpose at times, when it operated after the fashion of the Barmecide's advice to his son—"Consider thine ancestors only to excel them;" but it is to be feared that, with those by whom it has been most cherished, the having of ancestors, in the ordinary acceptation, was deemed sufficient excellence. To no idea of dignity have greater sacrifices been made. There is a dark picture, true to history, though often repeated in the fictitious literature of France. It is an aristocratic family, reduced to absolute penury by the extravagance of elder barons, and the code of the noblesse which forbade any of their branches to engage at all in business, occupying an apartment or two in a vast but decaying chateau, whence, from one generation to another, the sons and daughters, all excepting the heir, were transmitted to convent and monastery as soon as they reached eighteen, being literally born to the veil and cowl.

Such details verify the remarks of a modern philosopher, that pride is the Juggernaut of the moral world. The autobiography of Count Chateaubriand presents us with a companion-sketch taken from his father's household. They kept but two aged servants, and lived in a few rooms of their huge castle, including the great saloon, one end of which served them for a drawing-room and the other for a dining-parlor. They saw no company, had no books to read, and seldom went out even to church, for want of equipments suited to their rank. The head of the family spent his time in musing over his fallen fortunes, and supported his dignity by rarely speaking to his wife and children, who were expected to keep silence in his presence. The only amusement permitted to his noble birth was that of the sportsman, and, having no other hunting ground, he shot owls as they flew out of the ivy of his towers on summer evenings, and in winter pored over a moth-eaten chest of family papers in an old turret chamber called his study.

The inconsistency which runs throughout human affairs, whether of faith or practice, is prominent in many notions of dignity. At Venice, in the days of her glory, none but the nobility were allowed to game, yet, it is curious that, in that city as well as in other old commercial towns of Italy, such as Florence and Genoa, mercantile pursuits, so far from being considered vulgar, were almost confined to the aristocracy during the middle ages, while they were regarded as utterly plebeian over all the rest of Europe. An ancestor of the revolutionary orator, Count Mirabeau, who was of Italian origin, and had established himself with his merchandise at Marseilles, once had a dispute with the bishop, who, by way of contempt, called him a merchant. "A merchant of spice I am," rejoined the Italian, "but you are only a merchant of holy water, and that closed the contest.

Somewhat akin to self-magnifying notions on the ground of birth and descent, is that overwhelming veneration for the dignity of superior rank. A notable devotec of the order was the naval captain who, when referring to the captain of a Spanish privateer in the sea-faring days of William IV., observed that "the Spaniards had the honor to be taken by the vessel on board of which his royal highness served." A chemist once performing an experiment in the presence of Louis XIV., was still more reverential: "Sire," said he, with a profound bow, "graciously deign to permit these substances to coalesce in your august presence."

During the exile of Charles II., his mimic court was kept in a constant ferment by the rivalry of Lord Herbert, and Clarendon, the well known historian, for the possession of the great seal, which had lain for years at the bottom of an old trunk, and was long superseded by one of the parliament's fabrication in England. Perhaps some scent, or hope of the chancery, "hung round it still;" but, at length, when all Europe had either openly or tacitly recognized the authority of Crommell, and the whole court, according to Clarendon's own letters, owed at least three months' board and lodging, which he piously hoped some of their descendants might pay, the historian of the Rebellion was victorious, for the king suspended the seal by a black ribbon round his neck, and Lord Herbert is said to have died of grief at his disappointment. Clarendon lived to carry that seal before the restored king on his march to Whitehall, with the chancellorship and all its substantialities in full possession—lived to gain much outward greatness, do some shabby things, and fall out of royal favor, carrying with him only the hatred of the multitude and a broken reputation, over which partisans have ever since disputed. The story of Clarendon's fall affords an example of the doings of dignity quite as curious ast hose contemplated in his elevation, though of a different kind. The chancellor's enemies at court could never make the king forget his long and faithful services, till they hit upon the expedient of saying to Charles whenever he appeared, "Old Rowley, there comes your schoolmaster." The monarch, whose habits and character sanctioned such a form of address, immediately took alarm that his dignity should be surpected of stooping to instruction, and Clarendon's dismissal was determined.

How deplorably frequent are the corresponding cases of private life! Wise and loving counsel has been despised, the bond of mutual interest forgotten, and the friendship of years set at naught by the dignity of both peer and peasant in fear of presumed dictatorship. Are there any who have never heard worthless associates mention a man's best friend, or it may be his help-mate, in the style of "Old Rowley, there comes your schoolmaster?" The pranks which dignity is apt to play with people's manners are but too generally known. Perhaps a seat in either church or dining-room, beside a lady impressed with the necessity of supporting it, would furnish the most familiar if not the pleasantest illustration, Some philosophers have remarked than an overstraining after dignity is the liability of the masculine rather than the feminine character, and its absence is certainly an advantage to the latter. In all stations, the desire of respect is not only natural but praiseworthy, nor is it less so that men should avail themselves of fortune's aids for the purpose; hut the respect of even ordinary minds, whatever machinery of airs or circumstances may be brought to bear upon them, can only be secured by conduct which is really respectable. Socrates once being asked what were the most honorable among men and things, answered, "Those that are wisest and best;" and his reply embodied the truest notions of dignity.

THE IDEAL.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

A soft ideal, long beloved,
  But long beloved in vain,
In memory's gallery hangs alone,
  The picture of my brain!

It is not young, nor beautiful;
  But worn with sin and care,
Like her who washed the feet of Christ,
  And wiped them with her hair!

But oh! the sweetness of the face—
  The sadness of the eye;
It haunts my soul by day and night,
  And will until I die!

THE TRUE SOURCE OF HAPPINESS.

Happiness is that bright particular star whose genial rays are ever pleasing to the human eye and exhilarating to the human spirit. What the law of attraction is to the physical world, happiness is to the moral world; it attracts and centres in itself the feelings and emotions of the heart, and the thoughts and aspirations of the mind. Every human being is in pursuit of bliss, however much he may be mistaken in his conception of it, and the means which he uses to obtain its possession. The essence of it is divine and pure, and it is the result of a due appreciation of, and due conformity to, the will of God, as it is revealed in creation and the Bible. By this we mean that God is the author of all happiness, and that man can only secure it by shaping his conduct according to those lines of duty that are written in light and love in his works and word. When we speak of happiness, we do not allude to that illusory and chameleon-like thing called pleasure, by which so many of our fellow-creatures are deluded. Not that we object to rational and lawful pleasures—we rather commend them; but we consider them as subordinate means of happiness. They are only tributary streams, emptying themselves into that deep and unfathomable sea of happiness which was designed to fertilize and bless the world of humanity. The elements of bliss are around, above, and within us; we read of them in the past, we see them in the present, and we dream of them in the future.

It is truly lamentable that so few, comparatively, should understand the real nature and characteristics of happiness. Some seek it in ambition, power, and pomp; others in the trifles and gewgaws of life; and a third class wear the manacles of passion, appetite, and lust; and yet they think that they are bound by the golden chain of happiness. Their mental vision is obscured, and their moral nature perverted, so that they cannot perceive and value so heavenly a thing. They mistake the instruments of happiness for the thing itself, and too often, alas! misuse them, so as to convert them into positive curses. We do not agree with Scotia's plowman-bard,

> That man was made to mourn:

the germs of happiness are implanted in our nature, and we are accountable for their development and perfection. We can fully sympathize with Byron when he says,

> Our nature's false—'tis not in the harmony of things,

because he felt the truth and power of what he wrote. His heart was out of tune with all surrounding objects, and consequently there was discord instead of harmony. If we allowed ourselves to be influenced by appearances, we should be led to infer that misery (or the opposite of happiness) was a necessity of man's nature. The empire of this million-phased monster is extensive, and he rules with a rod of iron. But however much we may deplore the existence of misery, it is a consolatory and well-ascertained fact, that it is not a necessary evil, but that it is to a great extent self-inflicted, and therefore may be remedied by personal and social reformation. Man was made for happiness. It is an inheritance given to him by his Maker, but it has been lost through sin and folly. But there is a possibility of regaining it again; and that which is now a dream, a wish, a prayer, may become a great fact, a splendid reality. The sources of happiness are laid deep in man's moral and intellectual nature. Men must be taught to look for them there, and not in the pleasures of sense. The former are of paramount importance, the latter are fleeting and transitory. No happiness is so holy as that of purifying and exalting our moral feelings, and developing and enlarging our mental faculties. By this means we shall fit ourselves for the enjoyment of everything that can bless and elevate humanity.

Hildreth's History.—As it advances, the claim of this elaborate work to the reader's confidence, arising from its impartiality, comprehensiveness, and literary ability, is well kept up. It affects to be but little more than an honest and lucid narrative, aiming to do justice to all the personages and events of history, and presenting a succinct and clear outline of our early annals. The author has some of the best qualities of the annalist. His style is perspicuous, methodical, and correct; his views accurate, though not enlarged; his spirit impartial, though not catholic. He is erudite in the facts out of which he weaves his narrative, and sees them usually in just proportions. We were not pleased with the first volume, which portrayed the Puritan era of our history: the cold narrator showed so little sympathy with the spirit and aims of those noble *gentium conditores*, that the reader could not escape a suspicion of a narrow and partial estimate. And such it is: but as the work advances, and deals with events less exclusively composed of the religious element, his stern impartiality and indifference become securities for an authentic picture. The second volume of the second series has now been issued by the Messrs. HARPER, and condenses the history of the stormy period of Adams and Jefferson—a period full, not only of important historical events, but of angry partisanship and excited feeling, the contagion of which it is exceedingly difficult for the historian to escape. Yet Mr. Hildreth holds a firm hand upon his helm, in passing through these narrows. He evidently deals with intended fairness, and to adjust the prejudices of both sides. The spirit of the narrative keeps tune with the importance of the events; and in many respects, the present proves the most exciting and readable volume of the whole. We commend again the work to the attention of families desiring a complete and useful history of our country.

History of the Reformation in France, by Mrs. Marsh, the eloquent and accomplished authoress, has been issued from the press of Messrs. BLANCHARD & LEA of Philadelphia, in 2 vols. It is entitled, we perceive, the Romantic History of the Hugonots—and very justly deserves the epithet. The subject and the manner of treatment will both tend to make it an exceedingly interesting work. The Reformation put on its most heroic and gallant aspect in France. The peculiarly susceptible and energetic character of the French people was well adapted to the exciting influence of a new and glorious faith, professed in defiance of power, and assuming the sublimest aspects of truth. For a time, the Reformed religion won more rapid and splendid conquests in France than in any European country. It numbered among its adherents the noblest and best of the nation, and reached even the throne itself. Its stern and remorseless suppression; its gallant struggles for freedom and life; the heroism it brought into play, and the martyrs it won, form some of the most thrilling events of all modern history. These events are seized upon by Mrs. Marsh, not as a connected history, but as single instances of interest, and treated with a poet's fervor and power. It is a series of brilliant and touching narratives, of extraordinary instances of piety, heroism, and suffering, told with great power, and a kindling sympathy. It will not only add to the minuteness of the reader's knowledge of this interesting period, but convey some of the noblest lessons to the heart.

Scenery of the Nile.—The Messrs. HARPER have reproduced, in an elegant volume, an interesting and valuable work on Egypt, from the pen of the celebrated artist, Mr. W. H. Bartlett, whose graceful pencil has done so much, not only to ornament the centre-table, but to familiarize us with the picturesque and the grand in scenery, in almost all parts of the world. Mr. Bartlett's principal purpose was to sketch the monuments and wonders that crowd the banks of the Nile; though he has added to this an unambitious and perspicuous narrative, which imparts interest to his drawings, and gives a clear view of Egyptian manners and life. The drawings are upwards of fifty in number, embracing almost every renowned scene or relic, and taken, most of them, by the camera obscura. They are, therefore, accurate, gracefully composed, and elegantly engraved in wood. Such a collection has a high antiquarian and archæological value, which far surpasses that of the narrative. The publishers have issued it in a beautiful form, fitted for the holidays.

Memoir of Hewitson.—A brief and touching biography of a Scottish clergyman, who seems to have possessed the fervor and excellence of Martyn, or McCheyne, has been published by the Messrs. CARTER. His was a mild, trustful, lovely spirit, purified by much suffering, and heroic in enterprise for Christ's sake; and the history of his labors and touching records of his religious experience are valuable and impressive quite beyond the usual portraiture of religious character. His public relations brought him into connection with Chalmers, whose great heart and zealous piety are often finely exemplified in this book. Mr. H. was also an eye-witness and participant of Dr. Kalley's labors and persecutions in Madeira; and accompanied the Portuguese exiles to Trinidad. We hardly remember to have read so good and connected an account of that memorable period, as this biography furnishes. Its deeply spiritual character, and its valuable, suggestive relics of a pious mind, give it great value as a devotional work.

Lives of the Chief Justices.—Lord Campbell, the present Chief Justice of the English Queen's Bench, whose learned and interesting biography of the Chancellors of Great Britain has given him as high a position in literature as he held before in jurisprudence, has added a kind of supplement to that work, in a biography of the Chief Justices of England. It has been republished in 2 vols., by BLANCHARD & LEA. It has the same qualities of style, research, and ability, which have made its predecessor one of the most popular books of the day. It sketches boldly, narrates clearly and with energy and point, and mingles anecdote, gossip, law, and learning, in a lively thread of narrative. Some great characters have graced this high office, to whose greatness Lord Campbell does impartial and ungrudging justice. The work has enjoyed unusual favor at the hands of foreign critics, and occupies a prominent place in the historical literature of England.

The Insects of Autumn.—Mr. REDFIELD has completed, by the issue of a third volume, the original and beautiful series entitled, Espiodes of Insect Life. The third volume sketches, in the same lively way, the insects of autumn—the beetles, the crickets, the longlegs, the moths, &c., &c.; all of whom come up for description, eulogy, and favor, at the hands of this benevolent author. The facts of science are made the themes of pleasant discussion and illustration, extending to almost everything in morals, religion, and literature; with a vein of poesy enlivening the whole. The illustrations of the present volume, though not so plentiful as in the preceding, are of the same elegant and tasteful sort. The work, as now completed, is one of rare and beautiful qualities, which cannot fail to commend it to those who love the works of God, or follow with delight the researches of science.

A Commentary on Leviticus, from the pen of the well-known Scottish religious author, the Rev. Andrew A. Bonar, has appeared from the press of ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS, in one volume, 8vo. It is rather religious and practical, than hermeneutical; though it displays no small degree of learning and exegetical skill. Its chief aim is to detect the hidden religious meaning of the various rites, precepts, and ceremonies of this book, and to delineate their connection with the truths of the Gospel.

Under his treatment, the stately and elaborate ritual of the Mosaic economy becomes instinct with life and impressiveness. Every utensil is a preacher, and every rite a lesson. The truths needful for salvation are all beautifully proclaimed—all that mot the eye of the thoughtful Jew. Mr. Bonar shows great ingenuity in identifying these hidden truths, and discretion and judgment in applying them. The devotional tone of the work is delightful—excellently contrasting with the usual character of commentaries. And whether the reader is satisfied with his explanation or not, he cannot fail to derive much instruction and spiritual benefit from the religious application which he makes.

Family Devotion.—A collection of original prayers, for the use of Christian families, has been published by the Messrs. CARTER, which possesses some unusual excellences. It is very copious—having a separate petition for every morning and evening of the whole year, adapting the form to the changes of circumstance which time effects, yet preserving conspicuously those ever-present spiritual wants which are the same at all times. There is great variety of religious experience expressed in them, which will adapt them to the wants of different individuals, and different times. They were composed and contributed by one hundred and fifty clergymen of the Church of Scotland, embracing some of the best cultured minds and hearts in that country. They are exceedingly well composed—chaste in language, earnest in feeling, comprehensive in scope, and devoutly evangelical in character. We know of no collection of prayers so comprehensive and voluminous, and so well adapted to the wants of families, in all the moods of their religious experience; and we commend it to our readers, who may desire the aid of a safe and well-adapted form of prayer.

The Spectator Illustrated.—Messrs. THOMAS, COWPERTHWAITE & Co., of Philadelphia, have recently issued a new edition of the immortal Spectator, in four volumes, with numerous illustrative engravings. In many respects, it is a very fine edition—portable, readable, and good looking; and sold at a cheap rate, it is one that may be commended to families. The great literary merit of this work admits of no new illustration. It stands at the head of its class in our language. The essay originated with it, and no subsequent writer has exemplified so perfectly its best qualities of style, wit, grace, and wisdom. Its easy, pleasant humor, its profound insight, its admirable delineations of character, criticisims and moral teaching, and its perpetual variety, render it as attractive to the reader of our own day as to the eager reader of Queen Anne's time. For young readers it has special utility, as furnishing the finest specimens of English to be found in the whole range of literature.

Hand-books of Natural Philosophy.—One of the most lucid and philosophical digests of the leading principles of Natural Philosophy, adapted for the use of learners, is to be found in the finely printed volume of Messrs. BLANCHARD & LEA, bearing this title, and from the pen of Dr. Dionysius Lardner, whose scholarship and tact are well known. It consists of three parts—one treating of Mechanics—the properties of matter, force and motion, and machinery; the second, of hydrostatics, hydraulics, pneumatics and sound; the third, of optics. The principles of the science are enunciated with simplicity, conciseness, and perspicuity; the illustrations are very clearly told, and there are also a great many diagrams, ingeniously constructed, and of great utility. The work appears to us to be unusually full, clear and methodical, and therefore well adapted for use as an elementary treatise on this department of education.

An Exposition of the Apocalypse.—By Rev. Thomas Wickes. M. W. DODD. Mr. Wickes embraces not only the theory of symbolization, propounded by Mr. Lord, but also his explanations of the symbols, and confines himself to an explication of the prophecy of the Apocalypse, by means of them. The results he arrives at are considerably different from those usually entertained by commentators and Christian readers of the Bible. He is led by his rigid adherence to the symbolic theory, as defined by Mr. Lord, to believe in the Second Advent and personal earthly reign of Christ; in a Millennium consisting of at least three hundred and sixty-five thousand years, and in various other particulars of the literalist creed. We cannot say that Mr. Lord's ingenious theorizing receives much support in Mr. Wickes' interpretation and application of it. The history of the interpretation of this mysterious book would form a curious chapter. It has been subjected to the torture of innumerable theories, and suffered more by the attempts of commentators to throw light upon it, than any other portion of the Divine Word. Yet no one is satisfied with what has been done, and the true theory of the book remains to be found. We learn that Mr. BARNES will soon publish an exposition, which will, at least, have the merit of sobriety, learning, and good sense.

Miss Strickland's Queens of England.—The elaborate work of Miss Agnes Strickland, portraying the lives of all the Queens of England, has been republished in this country, in six volumes, by Messrs. BLANCHARD & LEA, of Philadelphia. When composed, it was a novel attempt in a line of literature that has since been successfully prosecuted, and with useful results. It is a combination of biography with history—taking a single branch of history, and amplifying it with the details and personal interest which belong to biography. A great charm is thus thrown about subjects, which, if seen only in the generalization of history, would have but little attraction. Miss Strickland was fortunate in the choice of her subject, and eminently skillful and happy in its management. The Queens of Great Britain have often been personages possessing great interest in themselves, and always important in their relations to the politics of their times, and the influence they often exerted. Yet but little is known of them. This work elaborately portrays them, in their private spheres as well as public relations—their characters and history, as well as their political influence. The centres of the courts of their times, and the leaders of fashionable and elegant life, their biography brings to view the inner life of the times, and involves much of the intrigue whose hidden force gives direction and impetus to outward political affairs. The work is graphically written, abounding in piquant sketches, agreeable gossip, and important disclosures, which, though they may be looked for in vain in history, are full of interest and significance, as interpreters of the morals, manners, opinions and civilization of the times. In interest to the general reader, it is hardly surpassed by anything of the kind in our whole literature; and in value to the considerate reader, it has not many superiors. It is a book, one of whose impressions will be to make the reader content with his lot, and to be thankful for the progress in religious knowledge and morals which distinguishes our own times.

Our Plate.—The speaking subject which we present with this number, needs no illustrative remarks. The early history and troubles of the great Discoverer are well known. The artist has given a characteristic expression to the features of Columbus, and made an effective group, which, in the hands of Mr. Sartain, makes a striking picture. There is a moral so closely interwoven with the web of Columbus' life, that the engraving may be, to a thoughtful mind, as forcible as a sermon.

The features of one of the most accomplished and esteemed ornaments of the American pulpit, which are presented in the other engraving, will be welcome to those who have been charmed by his graceful and engaging pen.

REV. GEORGE POTTS, D. D.

I've a Home in the Valley.

WRITTEN BY J. E. CARPENTER. COMPOSED BY STEPHEN GLOVER.

1. Come to the valley—the mountain may be The joy of the hunter, the home of the
2. Come to the valley—the mountain has not The many fair blossoms that grow round my

free; There's peace in the valley, there's calm and re-poso, Un - known on the hills where the
cot; The rivu-let gushing—yet si-lent-ly still, Me - an - d'ring in peace by the

stormy wind blows; All that's lovely and blessed in cre - a - tion is
foot of the hill; Oh! come while the val-ley is frag - rant and

8va.....

f *p*

there, There the bright flowers are flinging their sweets to the air, 'Tis the fairy-like home of the
green, And the dis - tance a - round adds its charms to the scene. The mountain's too bleak for a

Ritard. A Tempo.

bird and the bee, I've a cot in the val - ley, come share it with me! I've a
flow - 'ret like thee, I've a home in the val - ley, come share it with me! I've a

Ritard. A Tempo.

cot in the val-ley, come share it with me! I've a cot in the val-ley, come share it with
home in the val-ley, come share it with me! I've a home in the val-ley, come share it with

me!
me!

f *ff*

SUBMISSION TO PROVIDENCE.

BY REV. JACOB ABBOTT.

We little realize how few of the circumstances of life on which our welfare and happiness depend are within our control. Man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps. We should be willing now to submit to this direction. Be active, energetic, patient, persevering, and circumspect in all your plans and efforts. Leave nothing undone which it is in your power to do, to insure success. But when you have done all, calmly and quietly leave the event in his hands who most certainly will decide, whether you have the heart to acquiesce in his decision or not. Allow yourself to feel no solicitude and no anxiety. In circumstances of *danger*, or where you imagine there is danger, remember that restlessness and anxious concern are *insubmission*. You are upon the water in a dark and stormy night,—and you harass yourself and those around you by the indulgence and expression of your fears. You watch the skies,—you make ceaseless and utterly useless inquiries,—you listen to the moaning of the wind, and wish you had not embarked,—and in a word you allow your soul to work itself into a commotion which forms, within, the image and counterpart of the sea of surges which is roaring without, around you. Is this the spirit of submission? Is this a readiness to acquiesce in the Divine will concerning you? Can a Christian who has given himself to the Lord, to be disposed of soul and body, for time and for eternity by him, can a Christian thus allow his heart to rebel against the mighty hand that is over him, and call himself a Christian still?

Whenever anything occurs in the dealings of Divine Providence, whether it be losses, dangers, or difficulties, we must say to the rising feeling within, Hush, be still. We must calm the anxiety, dismiss the care, and throw the whole soul into an attitude of quiet repose, by bringing home fully to our minds the reflection that the pressure which we feel is the pressure of the mighty hand from above, against which it is most vain as well as wicked to struggle.

So in case of any impending calamity or danger, the hand may exert itself to avert it, but the heart must be still. A reverse of fortune is involving you in difficulties and embarrassments which hedge you up, day by day, more and more closely, and from which there is every day less and less hope of extrication. Or death is coming to sunder some of the dearest ties which entwine your heart: all efforts to relieve and save are vain, and you see the sufferer, whom you love, pining slowly away and sinking gradually and hopelessly towards the grave. In either of these cases you are not indeed to relax your exertions. What little lays in your power, you must faithfully do. But the activity of your movement without must not have a counterpart in restlessness and inquietness of spirit within. Here all must be calm, peaceful, resigned. We must feel that such questions are to be decided by a different voice from ours. This willingness to leave the responsibility where it properly belongs, will take off from your soul one half its burden, and make the other half easily borne.

Some persons say that such a doctrine as this is very easy to preach but very hard to practise; but this is a mistake. It is easy and delightful to practise. It is the contrary is hard. It is the spirit of insubmision and resistance which is hard. It is the kicking against the pricks which is hard. Whoever learns the lesson of submission to the will of God learns the secret of comfort and happiness. He enjoys everything good more, and suffers everything evil less, than another. In fact, there is a kind of pleasure in receiving a cup of trial and sorrow from the hand of one whom you love and adore, when you come thoroughly to feel that he has the right to do with you just as he pleases, and that he will only please to do what is right. Many souls in this frame of mind have *welcomed* disappointment and sorrow. They open their doors to trouble, and bid it come in, since it is sent from God.

The celebrated words of Kirk White are not mere poetry; they express feelings to which many hearts can respond:

"Come, Disappointment, come!
Not in thy terrors clad;
Come in thy meekest, saddest guise;
Thy chastening rod but terrifies

The restless and the bad:
But I recline
Beneath thy shrine,
And round my brow, resign'd, thy peaceful cypress twine

Though Fancy flies away
Before thy hollow tread,
Yet Meditation, in her cell,
Hears, with faint eye, the lingering knell,
That tells her hopes are dead;
And though the tear
By chance appear,
Yet she can smile, and say, My all was not laid here.

Come, Disappointment, come!
Though from Hope's summit hurl'd,
Still, rigid Nurse, thou art forgiven,
For thou severe wert sent from heaven
To wean me from the world:
To turn my eye
From vanity,
And point to scenes of bliss that never, never die

* * * * *

Come, Disappointment, come!
Thou art not stern to me;
Sad Monitress! I own thy sway,
A votary sad in early day,
I bend my knee to thee.
From sun to sun
My race will run,
I only bow, and say, My God, thy will be done!

This submission, however, which makes us willing to receive calmly and patiently whatever Divine Providence sends, does not prevent our feeling it. Some persons seem to confound resignation with insensibility, or at least they imagine that great grief shows want of resignation. But I suppose that resignation, after all, does not tend so much to diminish the *depth* as to change the *character* of sorrow. When we lose a friend, for example, by death or some unhappy alienation, we may *feel the loss* more or less, according to the circumstances of the case, without being resigned to it at all. On the other hand, there may be the most entire and happy acquiescence in the Divine will, under the pressure of a sorrow which entirely overwhelms the soul. We must not, therefore, infer, when we see a wife overwhelmed with grief at the loss of a husband, or a mother for a son,—we must must not infer from the depth of the sufferer's anguish that she is not resigned. She may be perfectly so. Resignation does not turn grief into gladness. It does not weaken sensibility, or stop tears. It takes away the repining, the restlessness, and the bitterness of grief,—but leaves the melting tenderness of the soul the same as before. Resignation does not destroy suffering,—it makes us willing to bear suffering. It takes away *resistance* to sorrow from the mind, not the sorrow itself. But in doing so it changes the whole character of the sorrow, not by diminishing its intensity, but by destroying its sting. It remains as great as before, but it ceases to be suffering.

Let us all acquiesce cordially and happily in the control of the mighty hand which is over us. That hand, most certainly is over us, and struggle as much as we may, we can never resist its power. We are now *where* we are, and *what* we are, not because ten years ago we planned and designed it, but because God has brought us on to our present position, in a way we knew not of. And where and what we shall be ten years hence, depends upon God's designs for us, not upon our own schemes and plans for ourselves. He will decide whether we are soon to be swallowed up in the vortices of sorrow and death which are whirling around us, or whether we shall float on a little longer. A thousand years hence we shall be where and what he pleases,—enjoying such means of happiness as he may prepare for us, or suffering the pains which his righteous retribution may provide for spirits which cannot bear his gentle sway. Let us learn soon the lesson, "Thy will be done." He who can say this always, everywhere, and under all circumstances, is safe and happy, let what will befall him. His soul is enveloped in a protection which no sharp arrow can pierce. He cannot be hurt; he cannot be wounded. His experience in life will admit of one change,—from *joyful* happiness in *glad* hours, to sad happiness in sorrow and tears. Whatever the change is, it will be peace and happiness still. Let us all learn then to say, "Thy will be done."

"AND GOD SAID LET THERE BE LIGHT."

"Let there be light"! Swift as the wings of thought,
Forth rushed the angels at Jehovah's voice,
To bid the earth, the sea, the stars rejoice,
And gild creation o'er;—yet light was not;—
Not in the caves of earth, and the dark sea,
Heaving, its billows groaned "'tis not in me."
Where, Light, thy dwelling?—Lo! the golden doors
Of Heaven are opened: Darkness, turn and flee!
Back, angels, speed thy to thy celestial shores;
See, from *the throne of God* the stream of glory pours!

DIES IRAE.

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

BY REV. OLIVER A. TAYLOR.

The celebrated Latin hymn, beginning with *Dies Iræ*, is known to all scholars. My object, in the following version of it, has been, in connection with the spirit, to retain, as far as possible, the exact rhythm of the original, so that both the one and the other could be sung to the same tune. Of course, like all poetry transferred from one language into another, it must be regarded as an imitation rather than a translation.

It was my primary intention also to give a critical history of the hymn itself; and I early began to make collections for this purpose, but since the Rev. Dr. Williams has gone so far into it, (though a volume might be written in continuance of the same,) I have concluded to omit it. It may be simply remarked, that it is supposed to have been written by Thomas de Celano, a Minorite monk, and a native of Italy, about A.D. 1250. Many versions have been made of it, into almost all languages. Of those in English, several may be seen in Williams's work. The last version into English that has met my eye, and probably the most successful one, preserving, like my own, the double rhyme, and beginning with, "Day shall dawn that has no morn," was first published in the Newark Advertiser, and is said to have been made by Dr. Abraham Coles, of that city. My own version, here published, was made several years since, and before I had seen any rendering of it into English verse, preserving the exact features of the original. In the first stanza, I have preferred to drop the heathen idea that the Sybils were capable of truly prophesying. Those who wish to retain it, may read the second line, "Sybils sung, and David's lyre." There are several various readings of parts of the hymn, of which no notice is taken; and one of the first stanza, dropping the idea respecting the Sybils and introducing that of the standard of the cross waving in triumph over the world, as the Saviour comes to judgment. This last may be expressed with a tolerable degree of exactness, thus:—

"Lo the day, that day of ire,
Burning with devouring fire,
Waves the banner of Messiah."

The closing stanza of the hymn, as will be seen is peculiar. In the original, the two closing lines are made to contain a prayer for the dead, thus:—

"Pie Jesu Domine,
Dona eis requiem."

I have so far varied from it as to have nothing shocking to the feelings of a Protestant Christian. Indeed, this is the only place in which there comes out anything peculiar to the Roman form of Christianity. All the rest of the hymn is of the purest doctrinal character, and has faith in Christ for its fundamental principle; thus showing that even in the dark ages there were those who had the light of life in great, if not in all, its purity. Those who wish to enter more at large into the subject of this hymn, may consult "Anthologie christlicher Gesänge aus der alten und mittlern Zeit, von August Jacob Rambach, 3 Bds. Altonæ in Leipzig, 1817," vol. 1, p. 32 seq.; and especially, Dr. William R. Williams's Misc., 2d ed., N. Y., 1850, p. 78.

DIES IRAE.

Lo, the day! that day of ire,
Sung by Zion's hallowed lyre,
Burning with devouring fire!

O! the terrors vast arising,
Of the Judge all scrutinizing,
On a cloud the world surprising.

Hear the trumpet loudly swelling,
Through earth's dark sepulchual dwelling,
Man before the throne compelling.

Death aghast, and wide creation,
See the dead of every nation,
Rise in Judgment-expectation.

Forth is brought the Book of Ages,
Flashing direly with presages,
All things blazoned on its pages!

Jesus on his throne of wonder,
Every veil is rent asunder,
Round him rolling vengeful thunder.

Ah me! shrink those, righteous being!
Heaven and earth prepare for fleeing!
Can I bear the eye all-seeing!

Yet, enthroned in sapphire-blazes,
Awful King, thy grace amazes,
Save me for its endless praises !

By thee once, in death extended,
Was a ruined world befriended !
On thee hang my hopes suspended.

For me thou didst bless the manger,
Bear the cross and brave its danger;
O! remember still the stranger!

Let compassion, kindly yearning,
The demands of justice spurning,
Blot the leaves against me burning !

Hear the pleas thy suppliant urges,
Trembling on destruction's verges—
'Neath him rolling fiery surges.

Must I from thy face be driven,
When vile Mary was forgiven,
And the thief assured of Heaven ?

Justly may thy vengeance lower;
Yet in mercy show thy power,
Let not endless flames devour !

In the last adjudication,
Grant my guilty soul a station
With the children of salvation.

From thy joys celestial never,
With the vile, my spirit sever,
In thy wrath to burn forever.

Joined with myriads now before thee,
Would thy guilty worm adore thee,
Hear his trembling voice implore thee !

Day of grief and wo surprising,
When to judgment all are rising,
Then,—in mercy veiled, each feature,—
Spare, O spare the guilty creature;
With thee, Lord and Saviour blessed !
Let him find eternal rest.

AMEN.

TWO STORIES FOR THE FIRESIDE.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

It was a cold winter night: the snow had been falling since daybreak, and the valley in which we dwell, was knee-deep. Throughout the day, we saw the white flakes sifted down upon the woods and fields: the bushes, at first so stiff and erect, began to droop and bend; the outstretched arms of the pines were loaded down; and in one place, where the wind seemed to have chosen its highway in passing through the valley, the snow was drifted over the fences and the stone walls. Now and then a sleigh dashed by, with its bells jingling sharply and merrily, and one or two foot dassengers, plodded down the road, but for the most part the villagers, like sensible people, kept in-doors.

We sat around our great fireplace, and the hickory logs on the hearth burned, and simmered, and puffed out their sappy steam, like a minature train of cars filled with salamanders. Year after year we draw our chairs around that hospitable hearth, and hope too for years to come. Somehow or other, on winter nights one always feels kindly and charitably disposed. He feels that all men re his brethren, and all women his sisters; and certainly this last fact, cannot but make the most cynical rejoice. When the fire blazes, and the sparks crackle up the chimney, we think of the thousands in towns and cities, sitting around their own firesides, in social friendship and mirth: nor only those within doors, but we sympathize deeply with those without. We see in thought, the solitary night passenger toiling wearily along the highway, stamping his feet, and beating his arms to keep himself warm: the roads are almost impassable with snow, and the bleak wind blows over the common, until he is nearly frozen: he passes by old barns where the cattle are warmly housed: the farmer is there with his lantern: cattage windows by the roadside are ruddy and bright, and a long streak of light streams out into the darkness: how cheerful and happy they must be within!—if he was only at home now!—but he will be soon: he turns up the well-known pathway; a light is held to the window, and in a moment wife and children are in his arms!—There is nothing like a winter night, for kindness and charity: If you ever want a favor done, and cannot catch your man after dinner,

take him by his fireside when the nights are dark and cold. He can refuse you nothing then.

But to return to ourselves: Uncle Tim sat in his old arm chair holding little Bess in his lap.—Reader, I wish you had the honor of Uncle Tim's acquaintance. I know you would like him. Everybody does. He is, I should guess, about sixty-five, and a hale, hearty old bachelor. His hair, what there is left of it, is white as snow, and his head is bald on top, like the fine old gentleman's on the stage, who always insists on paying everybody's debts. Portly, for he is accustomed to good dinners,—healthy, for he is accustomed to exercise,—jolly, for he is fond of mirth, and always kind-hearted, he is the pride of the village, and the god-father of half the little urchins in it. When he dies (this is in confidence) I shall come in for something handsome. My post obits are as good as gold Bess, his favorite, and our youngest, is a merry little maid of four or five; such a one as Coleridge thought of, when he wrote about

"A fairy thing with red round cheeks."

Kate and Ruth, a pair of beautiful girls, about sixteen and eighteen years of age, sat on Uncle Tim's left hand, knitting mittens for the coming charity fair; mother next, and I brought up the end of the wing in the corner. Bess held a little sea shell in her hand, which she had been playing with for the last half hour, teasing Uncle Tim the while to tell her a story, which he promised to do by-and-by. Taking the shell from the child, who by this time had grown tired of it, and was playing with a china lamb, her new year's present, I examined it minutely. It was hard, dark, and scaly on the outside, with knobs, and jagged horns like the crooked legs of an immense spider, but its portal was more beautiful than the rose tints of a summer morning. I held it to my ear, and it murmured sadly and solemnly like a distant sea. I thought of what it had encountered in the depths of ocean;—of the world of waters rolling over it, dark and green, flecked with white sailed ships;—of great monsters swimming around and above it;—of leagues of drifting sea weeds, and forests of coral with long white arms;—of old armaments gone to wreck, with cargoes of rich merchandise;—and of the tempest which tore it from its hold of the rocks, and washed it up on the sand. Perhaps it had been picked up, by a cabin boy, on his first voyage, as a present for his old mother, who prayed for his welfare, night and morning, with tears. Perhaps by some old "salt," for the children of his old sweetheart, who married a landsman, after the tidings came that he was lost in his China trip. Perhaps,—but there was no end to my speculations, until I was startled by a shout from Uncle Tim: "What ails the boy? Is he trying to be poetical, of dreaming with his eyes open? Dick, you villain, whats the matter with you?"

"Nothing," said I: "I was only thinking of Savage Landor's fine lines on a sea shell. Do you remember them, Uncle?"

"Can't say I do, Dick: suppose you repeat them for the benefit of the company."

"Listen.

"But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
From the Sun's palace porch, where, when unyoked,
His chariot wheel stands midway in the wave.
Shake one, and it awakens—then apply
Its polished lip to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs, as the ocean murmurs there,"

"Not bad, Dick," said my uncle," not bad though you mouth it too much. I have often listened to the murmurs of the sea shell myself, but never thought of accounting for them in that way; but since you have started it, let me follow with another quotation."

"Certainly," answered I, "but you had better send for the book; your memory is leaving you very fast: you have already forgotten to give me that check for fifty dollars, which you promised me only yesterday."

"Never mind the fifty now; this passage is worth a thousand. You may find it in "The Excursion," if I am not mistaken:

"I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth lipped shell,
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely, and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy, for, murmuring from within
Were head sonorous cadences, whereby,
To his belief, the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea,—
Even such a shell the Universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things—
Of ebb and flow, and ever during power,
And central peace subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation."

"By the by, Dick," continued my uncle, after we had expressed our admiration of this noble passage—"what did you ever do with the fairy poem that you began some five or six years ago? I remember that you were much elated with it at the time, though I told you you would never finish it, if you lived to be seventy: Was I right?"

"Certainly," answered I again, thinking of the check mentioned above: "Of course you were right: you always are: I did *not* finish it, and

what is still better, never intend to. There is not, to my knowledge, a line of it in existence.—A fairy poem after "The Midsummer Night's Dream," and "The Culprit Fay," not to mention Tom Hood's "Plea for the Midsummer Fairies,"! It would be absurd to think of it. But I'll tell you what, I'll turn it into a story, and tell it this evening if you like. It isn't eight o'clock yet."

"Oh do tell us a story," said Bess kissing me: "Do tell us a story," said Ruth, and so said all.

"Thank you," said I.—And after one or two deprecatory hems, I began:—

A FAIRY STORY ABOUT SEA SHELLS.

"It is generally the custom of story tellers, to give some account—too often a very long one—of the ancestors of their hero and heroine; and frequently their valets and chambermaids are traced back to roots of their genealogical trees, in a way that would do credit to the oldest heralds; but as my hero and heroine are fairies, and as I really know nothing of their relatives, never having seen one in all my life, I must beg to decline so doing —Indeed I am fearful that I could hardly prove to the satisfaction of the skeptical, that fairies ever existed at all; but as I am not talking at present to such uncomfortable people, but on the contrary to a ring of devout believers, I will not moot that point, but take it for granted, as many wiser folks have done before me, and get on to the beginning of my story, which I shall not reach at this rate, by the dog-days. Thus then for a beginning.—Once upon a time,—no matter when, a few paltry ages are of no great consequence, but—once upon a time there was a great deal of trouble in fairy land, caused, as you have all rightly surmised, by a lady.—And why not pray? Why should not the fairies, if they like, get into difficulties with the fair sex? They might hunt up, if they felt so inclined, a thousand precedents for their folly, among the wisest and greatest personages in history, sacred and profaue. Did not—to begin at the beginning—did not our blessed old grandmother Eve lose us the entail of Paradise by an over-fondness for apples, or pears? which, I believe, has never been satisfactorily settled. Did not the Sons of God see the daughters of men that they were fair? Did not the daughters of Noah teach him how to drink wine? (What a verdant old gentleman he must have been, to be sure; not a bit like Uncle Tim!) Did not Samson lose his long locks, upon which he prided himself, by going to sleep in the lap of Delilah, who, I make no doubt, was a very nice young lady? Did not King David love, and King Solomon adore their seven hundred and some odd charmers? Did not Mark Antony, and even the cold-blooded Cæsar confess, the personal attractions of Cleopatra—

> "The laughing Queen who caught the world's great hands?"

and lastly, to come to modern times, within our own recollection, did not Uncle Tim, being a hale old bachelor of sixty-five, pay very marked attentions to a young lady, (who wasn't a niece,) at a fashionable watering place: not to mention,—but I won't pursue this subject any farther, for you must all be satisfied by this time, that the fairies had no reason to be ashamed of their predeliction for the fair. If they had had any, in this instance, however, it would have availed them nothing; for the lady in question, not only relied upon her personal beauty, which was amazing, not to say overwhelming, but upon certain philtres which she was in the habit of administering to them in wine. Nor did she stop here; but as soon as she grew tired of their company, and had new offers,—and she was as successful, and capricious as most beauties, (our dear Kate for instance!) than she changed them into anything that she had a mind to, animate, or inanimate.—Indeed she was a great Sorceress; say some Circe, the Grecian witch herself, others one of the Sirens; but as both Circe, and the Sirens, were of the usual height and she only the miniature of a woman, I am inclined to doubt it, especially as I never knew any lady willing to lower herself in the eyes of gentlemen, which the fairies undoubtedly were. At any rate, as I said before, she was a great Enchantress, and Fairy-Land was half depopulated by her means. I have forgotten to mention that, among other attractions, she was very fond of the sea. Indeed she was hardly ever out of it, while the fairies, until she bewitched them, were hardly ever in it; "It may be a joke," said they, "and we have no doubt it is; but we are dry jokers," and dry they certainly were, if the flasks of wine, which they drained for her, were to be taken into consideration.

It was her custom to float up and down the smooth bays and horns of water, which skirted the edge of the Kingdom of Oberon; sometimes by day in the sunshine; sometimes by night under the mystical moon; singing melodious and enchanted songs, which seemed to imprison the reason of all who listened to them. Ulysses himself, had he been there, could not have refused to follow her. She not only sung her victims into her clutches, metaphorically speaking, but beckoned them on with hands whiter than snow-flakes, and sometimes sent little galleys filled with nymphs to bear them into her presence; once there, her manner changed, and she greeted them with an

air of maiden reserve, which, united with her surpassing beauty, so enamored them that they were willing to die for her, as most of them did at last. She then waved her wand, and her barge, into which they had entered, sank slowly through the parting waves, while the nymphs sang until they reached the bottom of the sea. Once there, they gave themselves up to a life of dissipation, of which those above knew nothing: sometimes, when she felt sure of her victim, she permitted him to visit his old friends on terra firma, and he spread glorious tidings of the fine life they led below. People who have been bit never like to confess it. To be sure there was some talk of perdition in the sequel; but she ruined them in such a queenly way, that everybody was anxious to embrace an opportunity of being ruined. Most of the fairies thought of nothing else. I am sorry to say I know one or two mortals in the the same predicament. As there are always two or more parties to every bargain, this course of things was sure to displease somebody. In this instance the formidable somebody consisted of all the ladies in fairy-land; for I did not deem it necessary to tell you that the gentlemen alone were fascinated by the Siren. Ladies never charm each other. If you doubt the truth of this axiom, ask your mistress her opinion of your pretty cousin, to whom she is (barely) civil, at your repeated desire. "If things go on at this rate, what are we to do for lovers?" was the natural inquiry of the forsaken fair ones. "She pretty forsooth! well, there is no accounting for tastes:—but that minx, and vixen, (they were losing their tempers,) that witch, that ugly old hag, (they had had lost their tempers,) is turning the heads of half the world. What shall we do? what shall we do?" This was the cry all day long, and at night, among other ladies similarly engaged, Queen Titania,—to whom I do not mean to introduce you—put the same question to King Oberon, as she gave him a lecture behind the curtains of their tent in the white lily.

It was discovered, when the returns of the census came to be taken, that the male population of fairy-land had diminished more than half, while there was a superabundance of the female, most of whom were unmarried; and not being willing to allow the gentlemen to commit bigamy, and not being able to get them upon any other terms, they must irrevocably become old maids a thing not to be thought of for a moment. What to do, nobody knew; but one night, which you all know is day among the fairies, King Oberon and Puck resolved to see what they could accomplish. As they designed their expedition to be kept a secret, they set out from court in the disguise and train of a troop of mountebanks and conjurors, who had been delighting that part of the country for some time, and left it after the manager and one or two of his principal "stars" had pocketed a large amonnt in the way of complimentary benefits. They were disguised as clowns: Puck chalked his face with the leaves of a daisy, and King Oberon with a lily, always a royal flower, and stained it with the juice of a whortleberry. Their caps were made of inverted morning-glories, and bells of silver dew jingled at the corners of their lappets. A pair of merrier Tom Fools were never seen, not even at Astley's in its best days. They both bore in their bosoms a migic herb, lately discovered, the least leaf of which, it was said, dropped into wine, was sufficient to overpower a giant. By this they hoped to overcome the Siren, and release their subjects, the bewitched and imprisoned fairies. As they had started from court at early twilight, they reached their place of destination as the moon was rising. With strict injunctions of secrecy, they bade their companions adieu, and turning a back summerset from their wagons, left them on the borders of the sea. It was a clear and beautiful night in June; such a night as novelists describe when they picture lovers walking in old manorial parks, pouring out the springtide of their affections, as they always do, in novels. The moon had lifted her horns above the threshold of the horizon, and a line of light ran from a point beneath her silver feet, and, widening to the feet of the fairies, made a pathway fit for the angels. The stars were out in the deep blue sky in clusters, and as clear and bright as if the atmosphere had been full of frost. The land wind blew out to sea, laden with odors from a forest of magnolia; the sea wind came over the land softly and freshly, like a benediction; and all the while the white lips of the surf kissed the grey old rocks, and murmured its eternal affection and loveliness. As they stood upon the beach, entranced by the beauty of the scene, a simple strain of melody came floating over the waves. It was so soft and low at first, that it seemed but the creation of fancy,—the voices of their thoughts wedded to the music of dreams.

The singers drew near the shore, riding from wave to wave in a bark no bigger than the shell of a nautilus. It was by no means, however, like the nautilus in shape, but was modeled after the old Roman galley, with a high prow and stern. Its outside was painted sea-green, its inside was silvered over with streaks of purple and pearl. A row of oars rose and fell on either side, and the water trickled down their broad blades like dew.

Its mast was a little reed, and the sail the silken leaf of some sea-plant; and where a figure should have been carved on the prow, a single pearl was inlaid, and glittered like a star. Oberon recognized in the rowers many of his subjects, who had been led away by enchantment; but they were too fallen to recognize him in turn: the life of a galley slave was more noble in their eyes than that of a king. Upon a golden deck, at the stern, in the midst of her nymphs, the Queen reclined, and waved her scarf to the gentlemen on shore. A more fascinating lady was hardly ever beheld; a smaller certainly never. You may imagine her size, when I tell you that the boat in which she sat, with her suite of nymphs and at least twenty rowers, was no bigger than this shell which I hold in my hand. She lolled upon a couch of sea flowers, while two of her nymphs were busy braiding her hair. Her robe was silver and emerald, woven of mist with a woof of moonbeams, and a girdle of pearls encircled her waist. Her features were surpassingly beautiful and languishing; but if I were to talk an hour, I could not do them justice, so I must leave them to your fertile imaginations; and while you are about it, you may as well have the goodness to suppose that she has reached the shore, and lavished her blandishments on Puck and Oberon, who have entered the galley, with the understanding that they are to see her home after a short sail, always in these matters a stereotyped arrangement. This done, the rowers plied their oars with measured strokes, and the nymphs began their suspended songs, while the dolphins, never so charmed since the days of Arion, came up to the surface, and followed in their wake. On, and on they went; now lifted high on the crest of a wave, now sinking low in its hollow; rising and falling on the heavy-plunging billows; sometimes the moon passed behind a rack of clouds, and they drifted blindly in the dark; but when she emerged, the sea was lighted around them, and they sailed merrily on, followed by the listening dolphins. About a league from the shore, they found themselves in a vast whirlpool, which hollowed down to a point its centre, like an immense tunnel. It was one of the many portals to the world of Ocean, and through it they descended into the Siren's realm. She waved her wand when they reached its centre, and they slowly sank: the stormy waters parted around them for a moment, and closed above their heads. Though it was night, and somewhat cloudy, the sea was not dark, as one would have supposed, but rather resembled an agitated atmosphere of emerald. Its surface was whitened with foam, and the moonlight fell around them like a shower of silver rain. They saw the smallest star above, and the roots of the continents below. Sometimes they found themselves entangled in rising islands of seaweed, which threatened to bear them to the surface; but at a sign from the Queen, the rowers leaped out upon its matted floor, and, lifting the boat upon their shoulders, bore it to an opening, through which they sank again. Sometimes a great monster floating above them, darkened the sea for leagues; and gleaming fish swam past, rubbing their sharp fins against the sides of the galley.

At last they reached the firm and solid land, and set out for the bower of the Siren. They had not gone far before they came to a mighty hollow, where the ancient Gods of the sea lay in the ruins of their majesty and dominion. There sat Neptune, with his long beard grown to his lap, and his three-forked trident shattered in his hands. Beside him, in the midst of the Nereiades and uncrowned Naiades, Amphitrite, with a bosom of sea-foam, motionless as a statue. Old Triton clasped his horn to his heart, and the River Gods were pillowed on their broken urns. With a few reflections on departed greatness, which I will not trouble you by repeating, the train passed on. The bottom of the sea stretched around them, with its hills and hollows covered with long grass, and gleaming with precious stones. Over these they passed, and through forests of sea-plants, whose long lank arms waved out on the varying currents; and over wastes of sand where shells were lying in thousands; and down steep rocks, and precipices, and over lawns of moss. Oberon and the Queen walked at the head of the train, and Puck, like an accomplished courtier, followed in their rear.

They reached the Siren's bower. It was covered with purple and rainbow blooms, and loaded down with precious fruit. Its floor was paved with silver sands, and studded with rose-tinted shells beautiful to behold; and the moon beams filled its alcoves, and touched its shades with the light of dreams.

Bidding them welcome, the Queen led them to a couch of moss, and clapped her hands, at which two slaves approached with salvers of fruit. While they were refreshing themselves after their night's adventure, another band of nymphs,—(that which accompanied them having departed)—entered the bower and began a strange and mystical dance. So light of foot were they, they semed to be floating in the air; and when they touched the mosses they were unbent, and the sands took no print from their flying feet. Some

formed themselves into a ring, and whirled around until the eye grew giddy with watching their mazy movements; and others danced apart in groups of twos and threes, with languishing eyes and floating arms. By and by, another party entered, and a more grotesque set of fellows were never beheld, not even at Venice in Carnival time, when all the world are playing the fool. One could not tell whether they were what they seemed, or maskers. Here a crab turned a summerset with an eel; there a long legged beetle waltzed with an oyster; grotesque fish, with their freckled skins full of unsightly knobs and horns, linked their fins, and promenaded round, while turtles gravely jolted about on stilts; nor were monsters wantiug,—men with heads of fish, and fish with heads of men, and some compounded of both, with an intermixture of weeds and shells. Oberon laughed heartily at their pranks, though he knew that they were all his own subjects, bewitched by the lady to whom he was paying his compliments, as sincere as most compliments no doubt; and Puck, not to lose his character of Fool, jumped from his couch, and began to caper in their midst. Taking one by the fin and another by the horn, he went through a series of evolutions that would have turned the brains (?) and made the fortune of all the dancing masters in Christendom. One moment he changed himself into a crab, the next into a fish, and anon into the Harlequin that he was at first. Nor did their merriment cease even here; at a given signal a band of singers and musicians entered, and ranged themselves before the King, as the chorus singers do at the Opera. Their instruments were all made of shells: some played upon wide mouthed trumpets and horns; some on kettle drums whose heads were made of bleached sea plants; and some on cymbals splintered from the inside of the pearl oyster: their songs were beautiful, but as everybody who reads poetry has read a thousand similar, I shall not repeat them here. I may mention however in passing, that one of the singers tried to excuse himself on the score of a cold (the primo basso, I fancy), and another on account of the orchestra not playing in tune; both of which excuses were voted down as being familiar for ages.

Some time had passed away in these amusements, with others too numerous to mention; till at last the Siren begged the honor of taking a glass of wine with the gentlemen, previous to retiring for the night. Of course they could not refuse, as this was an opportunity that they had long desired. Now they could test the virtue of their magic herbs, and, if they were what they had been represented by the simpler who gathered them, release the transformed fairies. One of the slaves who served them with fruit (it was my Lord Fern Seed, the ex-prime minister of Oberon) entered with a golden salver, containing a flask of wine and three glasses. As he was about to hand it to the Queen, whose eyes sparkled in anticipation of another triumph, Puck darted from his couch, and, kneeling at her feet, besought permission to serve her Highness, and his royal master, assuring her that the office of cupbearer was one to which he had been long accustomed, promising at the same time to show her a feat in legerdemain, to which those he had performed in the dance were not worthy of comparison. With the best grace that she could assume at so short a notice, she consented, and dismissed my Lord Fern Seed, who took himself off to the wine cellar, and soon forgot the slight she had put upon him, by finishiug his interrupted game of cribbage with Pea Plant, his former valet. Puck, who had not beeu among the conjurors for nothing, doffed his cap, and springing into the air, contrived to descend into the mouth of the flask, where he powdered his herbs in the twinkling of an eye, and mixed them with the wine, which was harmless itself, as all good wine is. In another moment he was out, and at her feet, with the salver in his hand, dancing a hornpipe of his own invention. He made no doubt that her Highness was convinced in her own mind that he had really descended into the flask; but it was a mistake, easily understood by those who were conversant with the science of optical delusion. He himself, before he understood the trick, lost five hundred soumarkees by it, from which he had not yet fully recovered, unless he considered the pleasure it gave him to have deceived one of her Highness's known penetration: *that* was beyond all calculation. Then he filled a couple of glasses, and gave one to the Siren, and the other to King Oberon. They arose, pledged healths with many compliments, and drained their glasses. The King however drained his in a different way from the lady; for while she was drinking hers, he threw his over his shoulder, and snatched her wand. The effects of the herb were in a moment apparent. She fell back upon her couch in a deadly stupor, scowling at the successful mountebank. All was confusion and dismay on the part of the nymphs, who would have fled, but that the King, waving the wand, rooted them to the ground. They shed many pitiful tears, and promised to amend their course of life for the future, but all in vain. Oberon was inexorable. Puck meantime, who had been searching in all the nooks and corners, found the Siren's book of enchantment, and learned the only charm that could release the imprisoned

fairies. Taking the wand from King Oberon, who pressed him affectionately to his heart, he pronounced it, touching the monsters around, and in a moment they resumed their natural shapes. The crabs, eels, beetles, toads, and other strange things which amused the Siren in the dance, were the flower of all Fairy Land, and now they crowded around their rightful sovereign, eager to kiss his hand, and atone for their folly. What to do with the Siren and her nymphs no one knew, till King, who had been turning over the enchanted leaves, came upon a passage which warned them to beware of the sea shells. If once confined therein by the King of the Fairies, release was hopeless. How they wept at this intelligence;—how the fairies collected thousands of shells and imprisoned them;—how the King and his rejoicing subjects, a countless number, arose from the sea, and came to land;—how they met an army in search of them;—how the gentlemen begged the pardon of their old sweethearts, who never thought of discarding them for their sins;—how queen Titania fainted in the arms of her attendants at the recital of her lieges' late peril;—how much more, which you can imagine came to pass, I will inform you, but I am too dry at present to do so: but before I finish I must beg you all not to doubt my story, as you can convince yourselves of the truth of a part of it by holding this shell to your ears: when you will hear one of the nymphs, or it may be the Siren herself, wailing in its depths. Mother, will you have the kindness to pass the shell that way, and Uncle Tim, will you have the kindness to pass the Madeira this; upon my honor I never was so dry in all my life."

"Dick," said my Uncle Tim, as I concluded, "you have made your story so long, that I have hardly time to tell mine; at any rate I must shorten it somewhat, as Bess is beginning to grow sleepy. Your story has one great fault; there is no conversation in it; how do you account for it?"

"Why," said I, "I was afraid I could hardly do it justice in that respect. You know everybody now-a-days, must use a sprinkling not to say a shower of boarding school French in their conversation; not having this requisite myself, and not supposing I could do without it, I banished dialogue *in toto;* but suppose you tell us your story and try your hand at an autograph."

"We'll wait till another time at least," said my uncle.

THE BIBLE CLASS.

BY MRS. ELIZA MERCEIN BARRY.

(On viewing a Daguerreotyped Bible Class, consisting of a group of twelve young ladies, between the ages of thirteen and sixteen, all of whom are professors of religion, and intimately connected.)

'Tis with strange feelings that I gaze
Upon this pictured shrine!
And feel 'tis well prophetic power
Cannot each fate divine.

Fair girls! not mine to raise the veil
Whose folds, in kindness, shroud
The joy, the grief of future years—
The sunshine and the cloud!

All now with girlhood's hopes are bright;
No baleful cloud hath spread
Its dark'ning shadow o'er the path,
These youthful feet must tread!

Yet not e'en Hope to flatter each
With skies all brilliance dares;
For woman's lot is suffering,
And woman's lot is theirs!

My heart is sad—but still one ray
Of brightness gilds the gloom;
'Tis from the Sun of Rightousness,
And lights beyond the tomb!

Each gentle heart in this sweet group
The Saviour's friendship knows,
And when deceived and wounded here,
In Him may find repose.

'Tis best! 'tis best! I know 'tis best,
That woman's tendril clasp
Should be unturned from earthly trust,
By adverse fortune's grasp—

Then Saviour! let these youthful ones
Enough of Marah know,
To keep them near the Living Fount,
Whence healing waters flow.

So though their currents in Life's stream
With severing flow may glide,
They'll blend again, and Heaven's calm sea
Find them still side by side.

DR. GUTZLAFF, THE MISSIONARY.

Charles Gutzlaff, the famous missionary in China, is a short, stout man, with a deep red face, a large mouth, sleepy eyes, pointed inward and downward like those of a Chinaman, vehement gesticulations, and a voice more loud than melodious. He has acquired, in his features and expression, something like the expression of the people among whom he lives. His whole manners, also, as well as his face, indicate the genuine son of Jao and Chun, so that the Chinese, when they encounter him in the street, salute him as their countryman.

Charles Gutzlaff was born in 1803, at Pyritz, a village of Pomerania. His zeal as an apostle was first manifested some fifteen years ago. He married an Englishwoman, who was animated with the same aspiration as himself, and who accompanied him on his voyages as a missionary. His extensive acquaintance with the Chinese and kindred languages, even then, made a deep impression on Robert Morrison, the founder of the Evangelical Mission in China, whom he joined in 1831, at Macao, and caused his acquaintance to be much sought by the merchants. In 1832 and 1833, he was employed as an interpreter on board ships engaged in smuggling opium, but turned this occupation, which in itself was not of a very saintly character, to his religious ends, by the dissemination of tracts and Bibles. A missionary journey to Japan, which he undertook in 1837, was without any result. After Morrison's death, Gutzlaff was appointed Chinese Secretary to the British Consulate at Canton, and, in 1840, founded a Christian Union of Chinese for the propagation of the Gospel among their countrymen. His present journey through Europe has a similar purpose—the foundation of missionary societies for the spread of Christianity in China.

His literary labors have had an almost incredible extent and variety. He himself gives the following enumeration of his writings:—"In Dutch I have written, a "History of our Mission, and of Distinguished Missionaries," and an "Appeal for Support of the Missionary Work;" in German, "Sketches of the Minor Prophets;" in Latin, the "Life of our Saviour;" in English, "Sketches of Chinese History," "China Opened," "Life of Kanghe," together with a great number of articles on the "Religion, History, Philosophy, Literature, and Laws of the Chinese;" in Siamese, a "Translation of the New Testament," with the Psalms, and an "English-Siamese Dictionary," "English Cambodian Dictionary," and "English-Laos Dictionary." These works I left to my successors to finish, but, with the exception of the "Siamese Dictionary," they have added nothing to them. In Cochin-Chinese, a "Complete Dictionary, Cochin-Chinese-English, and English-Cochin-Chinese;" this work is not yet printed. In Chinese, forty tracts, along with three editions of the "Life of our Saviour," a "Translation of the New Testament," the third edition of which I have carried through the press. Of the "Translations of the Old Testament," the Prophets, and the two first books of Moses, are completed. In this language I have also written the "Chinese Scientific Monthly Review," a "History of England," a "History of the Jews," a "Universal History and Geography," on "Commerce," a "Short Account of the British Empire and its Inhabitants," as well as a number of smaller articles. In Japanese, a "Translation of the New Testament," and of the first book of Moses, two tracts, and several scientific pamphlets. The only paper to which I now send communications is the "Hong Kong Gazette," the whole Chinese department of which I have undertaken. Till the year 1842, I wrote for the "Chinese Archives."

So vast a surface as these writings cover, requires a surprising facility of mind, and an indefatigable perseverance. When you see the man engaged in his missionary toils, you understand the whole at once. He arrives in a city, and hastens to the church which is prepared for his reception. After preaching for an hour with the greatest energy, he takes up his collection, and is gone. He speaks with such rapidity that it is hardly possible to follow him. Such rapidity is not favorable to excellence in the work. Of all his writings, only one work is known to me, that published in Munich, in 1847, under the title of "Gutzlaff's History of the Chinese Empire, from the Earliest Times to the Peace of Nankin." In our imperfect acquaintance with Chinese History, this compendium is not without value, but it displays no critical power, and is a mere external compilation, and poorly written. From it we learn as good as nothing of the peculiar customs and state of mental culture of the country. The whole resembles a Christian history of the world written in the eighteenth century, beginning with Adam and Eve, and leaving the Greeks and Romans out altogether, because they were without a Divine revelation.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SENSITIVE SPIRIT.

My earliest recollections are of a snug, modest-looking cottage, far away in the country, whose shady garden was full of the sweet breath of roses, and honeysuckle, and many other flowers. This house and this garden were, to my tiny apprehension, the sum and substance of all delight; and, truly, never was a scene more calculated to strike on the young soul in its bud of being, and to touch those mysterious chords yet unjarred by the world's rough hand. My father was an humble and unpretending country pastor, void of ambition, except as he could train the soul for heaven. Alike removed from envying the powerful or scorning the poor, he, with calm dignity of mien and tenderness of heart, pursued the duties of his sacred calling. It seems so far back, that I can scarcely say whether it be a recollection of this life or a dream of some other; but there we sit, on the evening of a summer's day, in our shady alcove, my father reading aloud, my mother at her work, little Edward and myself at their feet. We little ones are playing with some wild flowers, and form these into a variety of devices. Suddenly I break off, and look up in my father's face. He is not reading now. His eyes are resting on some object in the distance. His face wears a strange expression—a kind of faded, unearthly look. I did not know what this was then—I know it now. I am fascinated by this shadow on the beloved face, till I feel a strange pang at my heart, the first that has ever visited it. My father at last looks down, kindly pats my curly head, and says, "Why, how quiet we all are!" Upon this, I look at my mother, and see that her blue eyes are full of tears. She hurries into the house; my father follows: and I, finding my little brother fast asleep on his flowers, bury my face in my hands, and burst into a passion of weeping. I cannot tell why I wept, but a shadow had come into my gay, young heart; and, clasping little Edward in my arms, at last I sobbed myself to sleep also.

Yet another evening, and we sit in our humble parlor. We youngsters have had a merry day of it, for some little friends have been taking tea with us. The spirit of our exuberant glee has not yet died away, but we are quiet now, for it is the hour of prayer. Sally, our sole domestic, with her red arms, and red, good-humored face, tries to look demurely at us—which, in truth, she cannot accomplish—and, by various telegraphic nods and shakes of the head, secures our good behavior My mother plays on the piano, and we sing a hymn. We all join, in our way, Sally's rough voice setting off my mother's wonderfully. I wonder if the angels in heaven sing as sweetly as she. I believe, in my small mind, that my father thinks so, for sometimes he does not sing, but listens to her, and looks at her, in a kind of rapt, admiring way. The hymn over, we listen to a portion of the holy book—God's book—for that is the name by which we know it. Then my father prays, and we pray, in our simple manner, to the great Father above the blue sky. The religion of our dear home is neither morose nor sullen. All pleasant, simple delights are ours. Our merry laugh is not chidden, and we are early taught to minister to others. Thus it follows that we, unasked, give our weekly pence to the poor little boy whose father died last week, of whose desolate condition, and that of his mother, we hear our parents speak. We know very well, though none ever told us, that these same dear parents are ministering angels to the afflicted and distressed.

We do sometimes wonder where the money comes from that helps the poor; for when I, seized with an envious fit, ask why I cannot have gay apparel, like one of my little friends—why I must wear an old frock while she displays a new one—my father shakes his head, and says, "My dear Mary, I cannot afford finery for my children." Then a light breaks upon me, and I know that father is careful, and mother is careful, and that we must be careful too, that we may give to the poor. And now, after the lapse of some months, I observe again the old look on my father's face. He has a short cough, and seems tired with doing very little. His deep, dark eyes have a strange shadow about them, and there is a peculiar tenderness in his whole manner. Somehow, we children are more silent than we used to be. We do not feel so much inclined to be noisy and boisterous as heretofore. Days and weeks pass on The shadow deepens on the beloved face. We are now told that our father is very ill, and urged to be quiet. In these days, we do much as we like—wander about the field at the back of our house, and through the shady garden, but the spirit of gladness has left our young hearts, and we go hither and thither with a strange weight resting on us. Fatigued, we sit beneath the aged

elm. The happy birds sing in its branches. Far off, the cattle are lowing in the meadows, and sheep bleating on the hillside. The busy hum of haymakers comes to us, but it does not make us merry as once it did.

Then come times of deeper gloom. We all tread on tiptoe. We just step within our father's room. His breath is very short and quick, and his eyes are bright—oh, how bright! He places his hand upon our heads, and, in trembling accents, commits us to our Heavenly Father. We hear him say he is tired, and will sleep. All is hushed. He closes his eyes. We watch long to see him wake, but he is now a pure seraph in the presence of his God; and, through life's pilgrimage, he is henceforth to be to those who love him a memory, a dream of other days, and yet a burning and shining light, whose rays penetrate not the less because they are mild and benign.

For some time after this event all seems a blank. There is a sale at our house. Our cherished things are going to be taken from us. Then I understand that we are poor. My mother has a little, but not enough for our support: so she is fain to accept an offer that has been made her by a distant relative, who keeps a boarding-school for young ladies in a distant country. My mother is to assist in the school. She does not much like the scheme. She is telling all to a sympathizing friend. She speaks rather in a shuddering way of her relative, whom she describes as overbearing and tyrannical. Henceforth I look on this lady as a kind of dragon, and my state of mind towards her is not such as to insure her regard. I cannot now speak of the tokens of affection we receive from our loving friends. Now the children call with nosegays of wild flowers. Now my little brother has a rabbit giveu him; I a canary. Now cakes and sweetmeats are thrust into our hands from humble donors, with tears and blessings. Now my mother receives anonymous gifts, from a fifty dollar bill down to a pair of knitted stockings to travel in, accompanied by an ill-spelt, ill-written blessing and prayer, "that the Almighty will set his two eyes on the purty lady and her children, and make his honor's bed in Heaven, although he did not worshyp the blessed Vargin." My mother smiles through her tears, for she knows this is from old Judy, our Catholic neighbor, whom, in a fit of illness, she befriended, long ago. And so, after much loving leave-taking, we depart, and at length reach our destination.

And now we take a timid survey of our new abode. It is a gaunt brick building, large and stately, with "Miss ——'s School for Young Ladies" inscribed on a brass plate on the door. I hold my mother's hand, and feel that it trembles, as we are ushered into a stark, staring room, which, at this cool season of the year, is without fire. The door opens, and our relative appears. She imprints a fashionable kiss on my mother's pale cheek, and notices our presence by the words, "Fine children, but very countryfied, my dear cousin." We have tea in a small parlor, where is a fire, but I observe that my mother cannot eat; and, little Edward bursting into a fit of crying, with the words, "I do not like this house—I want to go home," we are all dissolved together, at which Miss —— frowns mentally, ejaculating, "No spirit, no energy—a bad beginning, truly." I wonder, in my simple soul, what this energy means, of which my mother has been said to be deficient. It cannot be that she has done wrong in letting those tears flow, which have filled her eyes so often during the day, for I have often seen people weep at our house in the olden time, when they have been relating their troubles, when my father's gentle eye would grow more kind, his voice more soft. He would then speak another language, which now I know to be the language of promise, breathed by the great Eternal himself iuto the ear of his suffering ones.

I pass over some weeks, during which my mother has been duly installed into her office of teacher—rising early, to give lessons before breakfast; afterwards walking out with the young people; then teaching all through the livelong day, till evening brings some repose. She always puts us to bed herself, and this is not a very hurried operation, for we clasp her round the neck, call her "dear mamma," and tell her how much we love her. She will then listen to our simple devotions, and tear herself away. Then we hear her in a room adjoining, pouring forth her soul iu song. She sings the old lays, but there is another tone mingling with them—one that affects the listener to tears; for, stealing out of bed and opening the door, I have met other listeners, whose gay, young faces showed that those saddened melodies had touched some mysterious chord, awaking it to sadness and tears.

My mother was greatly beloved by the young people. I soon found out that this fact was anything but pleasing in the eyes of the lady superior, who could not imagine how a person so devoid of energy, as she termed it, could possess so much influence. Nevertheless, this best of all influence—the influence of affection—was possessed in no common degree. With what zest and pleasure was every little office rendered—with what sweetmeats were we feasted—what bouquets were placed on my mother's table—what numerous presents of needle-work were made her

—how her wishes were anticipated—I know well. I know, too, how much my dear parent suffered in this house—how unequal her strength was to her labors—how the incessant small tyranny to which she was subjected ate out all the life of her spirit. Still she never complained; but I could hear her sometimes, in the silence of the night, weeping bitterly, and calling on her beloved dead, who, when on earth, had never allowed one shadow to cross her path which he could avert.

Thus four years were passed, during which my brother died. This second blow pierced me to the heart, but, strange to say, mamma bore it calmly. I wondered at her, till I noticed how very thin she had become—how very trembling and frightened with every little thing—and how attentive the young people were to her wishes. Then the old agony came over my heart, and I knew all.

About this time, a gentleman who had known and loved my father, dying, left my mother a legacy of five hundred dollars. This sum enabled her to take a house near our old home, and here, some two months after our return, she died, in the full assurance of faith. Our faithful old Sally was now married to an honest farmer, and from this good creature we received much kind attention.

* * * * *

I pass over some years, in which I experienced all the trials of a shabby-genteel life at a large school, where I was placed by the kindness of a distant friend. After trials and vicissitudes of no ordinary kind, I found myself, by the death of a distant relative, whose name I had never heard, entitled to what might be esteemed a large fortune. Wit hthis wealth, which to my young imagination seemed boundless, I retired to my native village, in the quiet shades to enjoy the peace for which I had long sighed.

A stranger hand writes that Mary —— resided for some time in the retreat she had chosen, the idolized of the poor, the friend of the afflicted, more like an angel than aught belonging to this lower sphere, yet showing that she was of the earth, by the look of tender melancholy which haunted her cheek, and said how surely, "early griefs a lengthened shadow fling." She died in her youthful bloom, and the bitter sobs and lamentations of the poor testified to her worth. Her money still remains for them in perpetuity. but the meek, dove-like eyes are darkened, and gone the voice whose music made many glad. So have we seen a stream suddenly dried up whose presence was only known by the verdure on its margin, scarcely known, scarcely cared for, except by the humble floweret, but, when gone its absence was deplored by the sterility where once were bloom and freshness.

"TO THE UNKNOWN GOD."

BY J. D. STRONG.

Thou dread Almighty Power,
Who wrap'st Thyself in mystery,
And work'st unseen in every flower,
Unveil Thyself to me!

I see Thee in the morning dew,
I hear Thee in the evening wind,
Thy glory in the cloud I view,
And in the storm sublime.

I feel Thee at the solemn hour,
When stars their vigils keep—
When the Moon's soft twilight power
Rests on a world asleep.

The lurid flash of winged light
Writes Thy dread name on high
The cloud's deep voice proclaims Thy might—
Thy presence fills the sky.

The forest's deep and darkling shade
Is all instinct with Thee,
And every bright and sunny glade
Proclaims Thy mystery.

Where'er I am, whate'er behold,
I feel Thy wond'rous power;
Thine unknown influence 'round my soul
Is present every hour.

Thou dread Almighty cause!
My spirit sighs for Thee;
Unfold Thy deep mysterious laws,
Reveal Thyself to me!

"A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOR EVER."

Beauty! what can be said of it? what is it? I look around, to see some object specially beautiful, on which to expend my panegyrics. There is the deep fathomless azure above me; there is the sea, the wild, open, careering ocean; there is that bright clear eye which ever lights my solitude; there is a fair girl, a beautiful boy; there are the stars looking down from heaven; there is beauty in the human countenance, beauty in looks, beauty in thoughts, beauty in actions. What shall I say? I am bewildered; beauty overwhelms me. I am dumb, who would emulate the oratory of an archangel. I am lost in the magnitude of my theme—in its supernal grandeur its surpassing loveliness, its overwhelming import.

Beauty is the spirit of nature peering faintly through the inspissated gloom of sin. Beauty is the shadow of God. Beauty is truth, a consistency between man and his maker. Beauty is the soul striving to make itself visible. Beauty is love's object always. Beauty is a nectar which intoxicates the soul. Beauty is the paradise of all time. Beauty is a congealed dream of heaven. Beauty is nature's memory of Eden. Beauty is the sculptured phantasm of innocence. Beauty is Fichté's "divine idea" dimly explaining itself. Beauty is an engraven word of God. Beauty is man's voucher of immortality. Beauty is visible music. Beauty, understood aright, is an idiosyncrasy of virtue. Beauty is the true meaning of poetry. But after all nothing is said; and a thinker, a sensitive mind, will extract more from the simple word itself than can be embodied in a hundred varnished phrases.

In all natural things can be discovered some faint trace of beauty. The Greeks called the word cosmos (the beautiful). There is beauty in the stars, pearls round the tiara of midnight; the stars, mysterious heaven-lights to serve the spirit's flight to paradise. Beauty sleeps on the calm dreary bosom of the ocean, or lives in the dance of its wild waves. It is fabled that Venus was born of the froth of the sea. The highest voice ever heard on this earth said withal, "Consider the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." A glance that into the deepest deep of beauty. The lilies of the field, dressed finer than earthly princes, springing up there in the humble furrow-field; a beautiful eye looking out on you from the great inner sea of beauty! How could the rude earth make these, if her essence, rugged as she looks and is, were not inwardly beauty. There is beauty in a faded leaf or a pebble; in the song of the waterfall, or the whispering zephyr; beauty everywhere.

Beauty is a deep, unfathomabe truth; it lies deeper than the eye can penetrate after it. Beauty is the deepest thing this earth can boast of, the most profound, the most mysterious. If men cannot comprehend its deep significance, its sweet, musical voice, its almost eternal meaning, yet will be found many that will sit enchained by that inarticulate stream of melody which ever flows from a thing of beauty. Beauty, its perception, its feeling, to bathe and revel in beauty, is the most complete human delight of which man is capable; and though some have been marred in this pure faculty of enjoyment, by rough contact with a host of unhandsome beings and circumstances, yet sometimes a ray of beauty will pierce to their benighted heart, and send a thrill of joy through their whole being. The man will sometimes catch a faint glimpse of that divinity, and then again be lost in the vortex of utilitarianism.

Besides animal beauty, there is an immaterial, intellectual and moral beauty, which will often entrance. We find it in actions, circumstances, and expressions. "Leonidas and his three hundred martyrs consume one day in dying, and the sun and moon come each and look at them once in the steep defile of Thermopylæ; Arnold Winkelreid. in the high Alps, under the shadow of an avalanche, gathers in his side a sheaf of Austrian spears, to break the line for his comrades;"* Rousseau breathes out his soul while gazing in calm contemplation on the glory of the sun; the dying words of Mirabeau were, "Sprinkle me with perfumes, crown me with flowers, that I may thus enter upon eternal sleep." The epitaph of Keats, who lies buried beside the form of the wild, youthful, misjudged Shelly, in the beautiful Protestant cemetery outside the walls of ancient Rome, is according to his desire—"Here lies one whose name was writ in water;" of Dante, "*Hic claudor Dantes patriis extorris*

*Emerson.

aboris." But to dip fairly into the beauties of expression, poetry would prove a vain attempt now.

Many and varied are the attempts which have been made to philosophize upon beauty; but, for the most part, unsatisfactory and conflicting theories only have resulted. Alison and Jeffreys thought they had explained all by saying that beauty resides only in a man's mind, is, in fact, nothing at all but a sentiment; so that a thing is beautiful or not, just as it is thought to be so. But there is a beauty in form independent of every man's conceits and fancies. I can imagine a form which would captivate the whole world by its transcendant beauty. The Venus de Medicis, and some other of the productions of ancient sculptors, may be taken as approaches to this. There are countenances to be met with in the world even now, which no man living would dare to call other than beautiful. There are things and situations in this world of ours, which the most obtuse and crotchety of us could not forbear terming beautiful. Numerous objections strike me on first entering upon this theory; and, after all, only one ingredient or constituent of beauty is explained by it. It is well worthy of investigation, however, as recognizing some fixed principle by which our appreciations of the beautiful are governed.

There is something singularly fine and poetic, and also suggestive of much truth, in the ancient philosophy of beauty. It taught "that the soul of man embodied here on earth, went roaming up and down in quest of that other world of its own out of which it came into this; but was soon stupefied by the light of the natural sun, and unable to see any other objects but those of this world, which are but shadows of real things. Therefore the Deity sends the glory of youth before the soul, that it may avail itself of the beautiful bodies as aids to its recollection of the celestial good and fair." A somewhat similar idea is thus beautifully expressed by Tupper:—

Verily the fancy may be false, yet it hath met me in my musings,
(As expounding the pleasantness of pleasure, yet noways extenuating license),
That even those yearnings after beauty in wayward wanton youth,
When, guileless of ulterior ends, it craveth but to look upon the lovely,
Seem like struggles of the soul, dimly remembering preexistence,
And feeling in its blindness for a long-lost God, to satisfy its longing.

The love of beauty is an instinct implanted in the soul. It craveth "but to look upon the lovely." They in whom this earnest love of the beautiful has been cultivated and developed, will find in beauty more than a toy to be played with It seems something more than mere tinsel and overcast ornament. It is the developed thought of God. It bears the impress of the Deity. Beauty is true *nature*—what nature would have been altogether, had not sin marred it. "Beauty should be the dowry of every man and woman as invariably as sensation; but it is rare." Why? Because what God had created the devil has mutilated. Beauty, in its universal sense, and applied not merely to things material, but to deeds and thoughts, is the connecting link between man and his Maker; it is that which typifies His supreme beauty and loveliness who created the earth once in purity.

All the most refined pleasures and enjoyments of human life may be summed up in these words, which are significant of ideas the grandest and most profound, yet withal the most undefinable and least understood in the vocabulary of humanity,—Truth, Beauty, and Love. These three we find singularly related and linked together; Love is the most beautiful of the affections, and the most truthful, truest to nature—it is never repented of. Beauty is everywhere loveable; love is essentially beautiful. Beauty cannot exist without truth: no truth but is beautiful. Beauty then is *Truth*, or rather its attribute; and in this is comprehended our philosophy of the beautiful. If it were not for the beauty of the creature, what true relationships could be found to its Creator? But in so far as it is beautiful mentally as well as physically, it truly and genuinely answers the purpose of its being. That which is beautiful agrees with the thought of God—God creates beauty only. Beauty is the shadow of God—anything that is not beautiful is a base counterfeit engrafted on that once fair creation by sin and Satan. Beauty is truth, for it is the sole manifestation of the God of truth. The just, the right, the good, is the beautiful; that is a fine remark of Emerson, that beauty ever steals in like air, and envelopes noble actions. There is an observation of Coleridge, too, which bears upon this point, carrying out the idea even to beauty of expression. It is, that whenever you find a sentence musically worded, of true rhythm and melody in the words, there is something deep and good in the meaning, too. Let us cultivate the beautiful, therefore, in its widest sense, and the love of it, that we may answer the end of life. To conclude in the words of one of the most earnest lovers of beauty:—

For love and beauty and delight
There is no death nor change; their might
Exceeds our organs, which endure
No light, being themselves obscure.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

BY REV. J. F. TUTTLE.

Among the many traditions of Morris County, (N. J.) are found some anecdotes worthy of preservation. Everything illustrating the character and habits of General Washington, especially his religious habits, is sought with avidity. The writer of this article supposes that the following fine anecdotes of Washington and his lady are published now for the first time. Hearing some intimations of such a tradition, much time and labor were devoted to authenticate and locate the incident in which Washington himself figures. From two sources, perfectly reliable, the writer learned that Washington was fond of singing Watts' Psalms, and that one Psalm—not specifying it—was a favorite with him. From a highly intelligent lady the more distinct information was gained, that an old lady, formerly a resident of Columbia, Morris County, was accustomed to relate this anecdote substanially as here given. It is incredible that a tradition so definite in its substance and localities, should have been manufactured. It wears, to say the least, a very plausible and truthful countenance.

A few miles west of Newark, is to be seen a fine range of high hills. From one particular spot, about one mile from the village of Springfield, is to be obtained one of the most charming views in our State. The eye wanders over neat villages and rich valleys, taking in the towns of Elizabethtown and Amboy, the cities of Newark and New York. The Passaic and Hackensack rivers, the Newark and New York bays, and the Narrows are so visible, that, with aid of a glass, a small boat may be seen at any point.

It is said that during the Revolutionary War a sentinel was usually stationed on this rock, especially while the army lay at Morristown.

The time when this anecdote occurred, is fixed by tradition, as connected with the last battle of Springfield, in 1780. The American cause wore a most unpromising aspect. The harvest was at hand, and the militiamen were constantly drawing off to gather in their grain, leaving the force of Washington inadequate to the emergency. There was a powder mill at Morristown, and the enemy, under the supposition that there were large stores there, were making repeated attempts to reach that place. The loss of this place and the stores would not be measured by their value in money, so much as the effect it would have to dispirit our countrymen. The venerable relicts of those times still bear witness to the panic which was beginning to seize on the minds of all classes. Some, discouraged by a protracted and distressing war, reproached Washington; some felt that the struggle was a hopeless one; and some, perhaps, were meditating a plan of reconciliation with the enemy. The currency was almost worthless; in one case a cow valued at thirty dollars, being barely sufficient to purchase a quart of wine, and in another, the price of a farm, taken in continental money, sunk to some ten dollars in silver. It was a dark day in the Jerseys.

At this time Washington spent much time at Morristown, and then, as ever, exhibited perfect calmness. There was something unearthly in the bearing of the man, something scarcely allied to the common infirmities of mankind. Whatever were their hopes and fears, the citizens and soldiers of this country admired him. To read the histories which have been written of Washington, we should suppose that because he was a great, a brave, a self-reliant and self-sustaining man, he was able to pursue a course so truly magnanimous in those perilous days.

The anecdote of Washington's being found frequently in prayer, is related by his chaplain, and is associated with Valley Forge; but this anecdote here related throws a most amiable light over his character, and shows him to have been a man of like passions and sympathies with ourselves. It proves that his calm and noble bearing was the offspring, not of mere human wisdom and bravery, but of reliance on God.

Tradition states that Washington frequently rode to the place west of Springfield, already described, for the purpose of reconnoitring the country below, and watching the movements of the enemy. About the time the last battle at

Springfield was fought, one morning he rode with some of his staff officers to this place, and after reconnoitring, he was observed to go to a retired place not far distant. He was there seen to kneel in a most reverent attitude, and to continue for some time in prayer. After rising from his knees, he seated himself on a rock, and seemed lost in thought. His whole appearance indicated the troubled feelings which were agitating him. At last he was heard to sing or repeat—tradition says he *sung*—the whole of the one hundred and second Psalm, second part, common metre, Watts' version. They are so appropriate to his condition and feeling, that had Watts been his bosom companion, he could not have better suited words to the occasion. Lest some may fail to recur to their Hymn Books, I will copy the Psalm entire.

1. Hear me, O God, nor hide thy face,
   But answer lest I die;
   Hast thou not built a throne of grace,
   To hear when sinners cry?

2. My days are wasted like the smoke
   Dissolving in the air;
   My strength is dried; my heart is broke,
   And sinking in despair.

3. My spirits flag like withering grass
   Burnt with excessive heat;
   In secret groans my minutes pass,
   And I forget to eat.

4. As on some lonely building's top
   The sparrow tells her moan;
   Far from the tents of joy and hope
   I sit and grieve alone.

5. My soul is like a wilderness,
   Where beasts of midnight howl;
   Where the sad raven finds her place,
   And where the screaming owl.

6. Dark dismal thoughts and boding fears
   Dwell in my troubled breast;
   While sharp reproaches wound mine ears,
   Nor give my spirits rest.

7. My cup is mingled with my woes,
   And tears are my repast;
   My daily bread like ashes grows
   Unpleasant to my taste.

8. Sense can afford no real joy
   To souls who feel thy frown;
   Lord, 'twas thy hand advanced me high,
   Thy hand hath cast me down.

9. My locks like withering leaves appear,
   And life's declining light
   Grows faint as evening shadows are,
   That vanish into night.

10. But thou for ever art the same
    O my eternal God!
    Ages to come shall know thy name,
    And spread thy works abroad.

11. Thou wilt arise and show thy face,
    Nor will my Lord delay
    Beyond the appointed hour of grace,
    That long expected day.

12. He hears his saints, he knows their cry,
    And by mysterious ways
    Redeems the prisoners doomed to die,
    And fills their tongues with praise.

By recurring to the history of the revolution, it will be found, that in 1780, Cornwallis was victorious at the South, and the treason of Arnold was laying its diabolical plans at the north. Taking these facts into account, the anecdote here recorded is one of the finest in the history of our own Washington. Let our children learn this Psalm, which was sung by the Father of his country in the hour of her darkest peril, and ever remember that at that hour, it was not human bravery which sustained him, but that his support and courage were drawn then, as at other times, from God.

ANECDOTE OF LADY WASHINGTON.

In conversing not long since with an aged lady of Morris County, I obtained an anecdote concerning Lady Washington, so entertaining and admirable, that it will form a good supplement to that about her noble husband.

There was residing in Morris County a Mrs. Troupe, the widow of a half-pay British captain. She was a frequent visitor at the house of a Mrs. T., and on one of these occasions, before she had passed the usual compliments, she exclaimed, "Well, what do you think, Mrs. T.? I have been to see Lady Washington!"

"Have you indeed!" said her friend. "Then tell me all about how you found her ladyship, how she appeared, and what she said."

"Well, I will honestly tell you," replied Mrs. Troupe, "that I never was so ashamed in all the days of my life. You see, Madame ———, and Madame ———, and Madame ———, and myself thought we would visit Lady Washington, and as she was said to be so grand a lady, we thought we must put on our best bibs and bands. So we dressed ourselves in our most elegant ruffles and silks, and so were introduced to her ladyship. And don't you think we found her *knitting, and with a speckled (check) apron on!* She received us very graciously and easily, but after the compliments were over, she resumed her knitting. There we were without a stitch of work, and *setting in state*, but General Washington's lady, with her own hands, was knitting stockings for her husband and herself.

"And that was not all. In the course of the afternoon she took occasion to say, in a manner that we could not be offended at, that at this time it was very important that American ladies should be patterns of industry to their countrywomen, because the separation from the mother country will dry up the sources whence many of our comforts have been derived. We must become independent, by our determination to do without what we cannot make for ourselves. Whilst our husbands and brothers are examples of patriotism, we must be patterns of industry."

According to Mrs. Troupe's story, Lady Washington gave her visitors some excellent advice, the meanwhile adding force to her words by her actions. In all this she proved herself more worthy to occupy her distinguished position, than she could have done by all the graceful and elegant accomplishments even of Josephine. In the relations she occupied, her knitting work and check apron were queenly ornaments, and we may be proud to know that such a woman as Martha Washington set such an admirable example to her countrywomen!

A SUMMER EVENING.

The winds are whispering with the waters,
There is a soul of melody abroad;
The moon, with the fair stars her daughters,
Is joining in the gladsome laud.
Their murmured music softly swells
In spreading circles all around,
And merrily ring the village bells,
Filling the valley with waves of sound.

The hills are fused into the sky—
Each hill a fading cloudland seems;
How quietly the daises lie
On Nature's bosom—full of dreams?
A voice is heard among the trees,
Like passion's whisper—low and deep;
And in the long wild fields the breeze
Breathes softly as a child asleep:
The holy queen of even throws
A silver glory on the sod;
And all the universe o'erflows
With the deep tenderness of God.

Shall there be none to bless thee? oh, blessed summer even!
Shall there be none to bless thee? that givest to our sight
Earth walking in the borrowed robes of heaven,
Clothing her hills and valleys with delight.
Yea, there are those shall bless thee well,
Wherever they wander—through field or lane,
By the bourne side, or down the dell,
Or ankle deep in the wavy grain;
Wherever they wander, sweet night of June,
With warm hands clasped and wild hearts beating—
Beating softly to one sweet tune,
Shall they not give thee gladsome greeting?
A deeper beauty such shall view
On thy fair face, than others ken,
Love can create all things anew,
And give back Paradise to men.

Oh, blessed summer night!—would that my blessing
Could glad thee as the moonlight or the dew,
But only those fresh hearts in splendor dressing
All things—can give the glory that they view.
Psalms to thy beauty—could I ever make them?
Blessings would change to curses whilst I spake them;
The flowers of song would wither as they grew:
Only that joy of feeling and expression.
Becomes the dowry and the sweet possession
Of the unselfish, beautiful, and true.

God give them joy of thee, oh, blessed night!
God give them joy of thee, that through the years
A thousand sorrows quench not thy delight;
As rainbows seen through storms, as smiles through tears,
Thy memory welling freshly up may be
Perennial in their hearts; then though no more
Thou canst have power to charm or comfort me,
Though drowning thy sweet songs, I hear the roar
Of mighty-voiced waters saying, "never more!"
And the whitherless wandering of the wayward sea
Drifts me away—yet courage, O, my soul!
Seek out a larger sphere wherein to think,
In self-destroying consonance, and sink
The sorrowing unit in the joyful whole.

MOTIVES.

There can be but one infallible Judge of motives. None but its Maker can see into the secret springs, and clearly comprehend the motions, of the mind. Nevertheless, the "will for the deed" is an old understanding among mankind, in virtue of that inward life, whose world and workings they know to extend so far beyond the visible. It is, indeed, the privilege, and, in some sense, a necessity, of human reason, to inquire after, at least, obvious motives, since the smallest acquaintance with character or history cannot be formed without taking them into account. Thus, in the biographies of notable men, in the histories of nations, and in the gossip which constitutes the current history of most neighborhoods, and is relished alike by the denizens of court and hamlet, nobody is satisfied with knowing merely what was done, for the demand invariably follows of Why they did do it? That query is often necessary to legal, and always to moral, justice. It must be, so to speak, a most mechanical and surface life, whose daily doings the beholder can fully explain, independent of any reference to inward feelings, unuttered memories, or concealed hopes. How many deeds and whole courses of action, chameleon-like, utterly change their complexions, according to the light of attributed motives! Through that medium, the patriot of one party becomes the heartless and designing knave of another; and the fanatical revolutionists of their own generation turn to fearless reformers with the next. Many an act, on the details of which most historians are agreed, is held up by one to the world's praise, and by another to universal censure. Henri Quatre, says the first, conformed to Catholicism rather than continue a civil war in his kingdom; while a second remarks of the same monarch, that he sacrificed his faith for a crown. When Frederick William of Prussia was just at the hottest of that persecution of his celebrated son, for which, together with his love of tall soldiers, he is best known to the world, the grand dispute amongst his favorite guards at Potsdam was, whether the kicks, cuffs, and imprisonments, which the old king bestowed so liberally on his heir apparent, were intended to prevent young Fritz turning an infidel, or arose from his father's fears that he might be a greater man than himself! On no subject are mankind more apt to differ, probably because there are few on which observation affords so much inferential, and so little direct evidence.

Approaching the innermost circles of private life, we find that the views entertained of motives exercise a still greater influence in determining our estimation of kindred, friends, or lovers.

There is a strange difference of opinion existing at times between the principals and the spectators of these particular affairs. Few, it has been said, can penetrate the motives of others in matters regarding themselves. Yet most people are wonderfully sharp-sighted where their neighbors are concerned; and the world—as every one of us is apt to call that fraction of society in which we live, and move, and have our associations—though generally not over-charitable, is rarely wrong in its conclusions.

There have been friendships that owed their growth solely to showers of flattery, and bitter enmities have spontaneously sprung up in the soil of envy. It was said of Goldsmith, that he could never hear a brother poet, or, indeed, any citizen of the world of letters, praised, without entertaining a temporary aversion to that individual; and a similar effect was always produced by the smallest sign of increasing literary consequence. A report that M—— had been taken particular notice of by such a nobleman of those patronizing times, or that his works had been admired in some segment of the fashionable circle, was sufficient to make the author of the "Deserted Village" find all manner of faults with him and his, till time, or his habitual good nature, wiped the circumstance out of Goldsmith's remembrance.

It was asserted of both the elder and younger Scaliger, that they never applauded any scholar with all their might, but one who was manifestly inferior to themselves; and of Madame de Maintenon, that she never honored any one with her special friendship, who was not, in some considerable point, beneath her. There is still a large class of characters, in all whose attachments a something to despise seems the indispensable ingredient. The perpetual triumph of being always "king of the company" has a binding attraction for such minds. It confers a kind of dictatorship to have the advantage of one's friends. Nothing else can explain the amount of patronage and befriending generally lavished on the most worthless members of families or societies, and the

half-grudge, half-surveillance, which, under the covert of mere mouth-honor, often surrounds great or successful abilities.

A strange motive to enmity is illustrated in the life of General Loudoun, one of the Scotch Jacobites, who, on the defeat of his party, entered the Austrian service, and rose to the rank of field-marshal in the wars of Maria Theresa. He had taken the town of Seidlitz from the Prussians. It was a great stroke in favor of the empress queen, and might have been rewarded with a coronet, but, in his haste to send her majesty the intelligence, Loudoun transmitted it through her husband, the Emperor Francis, who had a private interest in the matter, having long carried on a speculation of his own, in victualling not only his wife's troops, but those of her Prussian enemy. King Maria, as she was styled by her Hungarian subjects, had also some special reasons for allowing him to have neither hand nor voice in her concerns—a fact which the marshal had never learned, or forgotten; and her majesty was so indignant at receiving the news through such a channel, that, though she struck a medal to commemorate the taking of Seidlitz, Loudoun was rewarded only with her peculiar aversion throughout the remaining seventeen years of her reign, for which the good wishes of that imperial speculator in forage and flour afforded but poor consolation.

Matrimony would seem to be the result of the greatest variety of motives. Goethe said he married to attain popular respectability. John Wilkes, when suing his wife, who chanced to have been an heiress, for the remains of her property, declared that he had wedded at twenty-two, solely to please his friends; and Wycherly the poet, in his very last days, worshipped and endowed with all his worldly goods, as the English service hath it, a girl whom poverty had made unscrupulous, in order to be revenged on his relations.

Princes of old were in the habit of marrying to cement treaties, which were generally broken as soon after as possible; and simple citizens are still addicted to the same method of amending their fortunes and families. There was an original motive to double blessedness set forth in the advice of a veteran English sportsman. His niece was the heiress of broad lands, which happened to adjoin an estate belonging to a younger brother of the turf; and the senior gentleman, when dilating to her on the exploits they had performed together by wood and wold, wound up with the following sage counsel:—"Maria, take my advice, and marry young Beechwood, and you'll see this county hunted in style."

The numbers who, by their own account, have wedded to benefit society, in one shape or another, would furnish a strong argument against the accredited selfishness of mankind, could they only be believed. The general good of their country was the standing excuse of classic times, and philosophers have occasionally reproduced it in our own. Most people seem to think some apology necessary, but none are so ingenious in showing cause why they should enter the holy state, as those with whom it is the second experiment. The pleas of the widowed for casting off their weeds are generally prudent, and often singularly commendable. Domestic policy or parental affection supply the greater part of them: and the want of protectors and stepmothers felt by families of all sizes is truly marvellous, considering the usual consequences of their instalment.

The Russians have a story of a widow who was inconsolable for her loss, till the spirit of her departed husband appeared, with a request that she should marry without delay. But a Catholic peasant in the south of Ireland once pleaded a still higher motive for his second wedding. The bride was of a "Prodestand" family, and Pat averred that he "niver would hive put a ring on a woman's finger after his darlint Rose, if it hadn't been to save the soule of that craytber."

It is to be admired, as the speakers of old English would say, for what noble things men will give themselves credit in the way of motives, and how little resemblance their actions bear to them. Doings far more unlikely than those of the widowed peasant have, according to the actors, originated from the purest motives. Montaigne was accustomed to tell of a servant belonging to the Archbishop of Paris, who, being detected in privately selling his master's best wine, insisted that it was done out of pure love to his grace, lest the sight of so large a stock in his cellar might tempt him to drink more than was commendable for a bishop.

A guardian care of their neighbors' well being, somewhat similar, is declared by all the disturbers of our daily paths. Tale-bearers and remarkers of every variety have the best interests of their friends at heart: and what troublesome things some people can do from a sense of duty, is a matter of universal experience. Great public criminals, tyrants, and persecutors in old times, and the abusers of power in all ages, have, especially in the fall of their authority, laid claim to most exalted motives. Patriotism, philanthropy, and religion itself, have been quoted as their inspirers. The ill-famed Judge Jeffries said his judicial crimes were perpetrated to maintain the

majesty of the law. Robespierre affirmed that he had lived in defence of virtue and his country. But perhaps the most charitable interpretation that ever man gave to the motives of another, is to be found in the funeral sermon of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and father of George III. The preacher, after several judicious remarks on the virtues of the royal deceased, concludes, "That in the extreme to which these were carried, they appeared like vices; for so great was his generosity, that he ruined half the tradesmen in London; and so extraordinary his condescension, that he kept all sorts of bad company."

Divines and philosophers have had strong controversies concerning motives. Some have maintained that the ultimate end or intention was sufficient to condemn or justify any act. Others have employed their wisdom to prove that actions and their consequences were alone to be considered, without reference to end or motive; and, between these two extremes, the common sense of mankind has generally steered. A great dispute on this subject is said to have engaged the learned of Alexandria, about the accession of the emperor Julian, whom, says a biographer, "some of his subjects named the Apostate, and some the Philosopher." The controversy occupied not only the Christian Platonists, for whose numbers that city was so celebrated, but also the remnants of the Pagan wisdom, then shining its last under favor of the new emperor. Yet neither Christians nor Pagans could entirely agree with each other, and such a division of opinion had never been heard, even in Alexandria. Things were in this state, says the sage tradition, when there arrived in the capital of Egypt a Persian, whose fame had long preceded him. He had been one of the last of the Magi, dwelling at the base of Caucasus, till the Parthians laid watse his country, when he left it, and travelled over the world in search of knowledge, and, in both east and west, they called him Kosro the Wise. Scarce was the distinguished stranger fairly within their gates, when the chiefs of the controversial parties determined to hear his opinion on the matter in dispute; and a deputation, consisting of a Christian bishop, a Jewish rabbi, a Platonist teacher, and a priest of Isis, waited on the Persian one morning, when he sat in the portico of a long-deserted temple, which some forgotten Egyptian had built to Time, the instructor. The rabbi and the priest were strong for actions. The Platonist and the bishop were entirely motive men; but in the manner of those times, for even philosophy has its fashions, the four had agreed that each should propose a question to Kosro, as his own wisdom dictated. Accordingly, after some preparatory compliments, touching the extent of his fame and travels, the Platonist, who was always notable for circumlocution, open the business by inquiring what he considered the chief movers of mankind.

"Gain and vanity," replied Kosro.

"Which is stronger?" interposed the rabbi, in whom the faculty of beating about in argument was scarce less developed.

"Gain was the first," said the Persian. "Its worship succeeded the reign of Ormuz, which western poets call the golden age, and I know not when it was; but, in later ages, vanity has become the most powerful, for everywhere I have seen men do that for glory which they would not do for gain, and many even sacrifice gain to glory, as they think it."

"But, wise Kosro," demanded the priest, impatient with what he considered a needless digression, "tell us your opinion—Should men be judged by their motives or their actions?"

"Motives," said Kosro, "are the province of divine, and actions that of human, judgment. Nevertheless, because of the relation between them, it is well to take note of the former when they become visible in our light, yet not to search too narrowly after them, but take deeds for their value; seeing, first, that the inward labyrinth is beyond our exploring; secondly, that most men act from mingled motives; and, thirdly, that if, after the thought of a western poet, there were a crystal pane set in each man's bosom, it would mightily change the estimation of many."

And the Christian bishop made answer—"Kosro, thou hast seen the truth; man must at times perceive, but God alone can judge of, motives."

THE CONQUEST OF PERU.

(SEE PLATE.)

The Conquest of Peru, by Pizarro, was one of the most powerfully exciting of that series of acts in the bloody drama which illustrated the discovery of the New World. Balboa, Cortes, Pizarro, Desoto, have almost a spectral grimness in the associations of history, and their names stand for types of all that is brilliant in enterprise. remorseless in character, and bloody in deeds. Pizarro, to whose energy the conquest of Peru and the destruction of the interesting race of the Incas is due, was one of the naturally greatest of this succession of conquerors. Of low origin, illiterate, and beset by difficulties requiring the force of the loftiest genius to overcome, he rose to the highest pinnacle of honor and wealth, and added to his native country the fame and fortune of one of the richest of her American States.

Our plate introduces to us the first and most conspicuous of the victims of his lust of power and wrath. Ataliba—or, as his name is usually spelled, Atahualpa, became the reigning prince of the Incas soon after the advent of Pizarro.

When the Spaniards first arrived at Peru in the year 1526, Huana Capec, the twelfth Inca, ruled the country. He was not only a wise ruler, but was of a warlike disposition. He had conquered the province of Quito, and lived in the capital of that country. He seems to have liked the country which he had subdued; for, notwithstanding it was the law of the empire, that the Incas should not marry any but their own relations, who were descended from the same ancestor, he had married the daughter of the Prince of Quito, whom he had conquered.

He died in 1529, leaving the kingdom of Quito to his son, Atahualpa, whose mother was the princess of that kingdom, whom he had married. He left the rest of the kingdom to his eldest son, Huascar, whose mother was one of the royal race. Though the people respected the memory of Huana Capec very much, yet they thought it so wrong for him to have married any one but a princess of the Sun, that they encouraged the elder brother, Huascar, to try to take away from his brother, Atahualpa, the part of the kingdom which his father had left him. But the younger brother had at his command a large army, the most valuable soldiers in Peru; and with this he felt so strong, that he refused to obey the orders to give up his power, which Huascar sent him, and marched with his army to attack his brother.

Thus was a civil war begun, in Peru. Atahualpa, having the best army, defeated his brother. He tried to make his title sure, by murdering all the children of the Sun, the descendants of Mango Capec, whom he could find. He had taken his brother Huascar, prisoner; but he did not take away his life, because he knew that many of the people thought he was the rightful king, and he could make Huascar give out such orders as he pleased, which the people would obey. Thus did the quarrels of these two brothers open a way for the Spaniards to overrun and subdue the whole of their rich and powerful empire, which they never could have done, had the Peruvians continued united. This war was going on, when Pizarro arrived in St. Matthew's Bay. If he had reached the country a few years earlier, when Huana Capec, their father, had been at the head of the kingdom, that prince would undoubtedly have been able, and would have been wise enough, to drive the Spaniards away.

The brothers, however, were so much engaged in their wicked quarrels, that they did not mind the arrival of the Spaniards. Pizarro soon found out the state of the country, and resolved to take advantage of the disturbed state in which he found it. The brothers even invited him to take part in their affairs. Huascar, who was a prisoner to his brother, sent to Pizarro, to beg him to come and assist him to escape from the power of Atahualpa, and recover his rightful rule. Pizarro thought this opportunity was too good to be neglected. He marched directly forward, without waiting for the arrival of more troops from Panama. He was obliged to leave some of his people at St. Michael, to take care of the new town, so that his army was very small, consisting of only sixty-two horsemen and one hundred foot-soldiers. They advanced toward the town of Caxamalca, which was twelve days' march from St. Michael. Atahualpa was encamped at that place, with a considerable army. As they approached the Peruvian encampment, they were met by officers, sent out by Atahualpa, bearing

presents, and bringing kind messages from the Prince. Pizarro replied, that he came from a powerful Prince, who would help Atahualpa to conquer his enemies.

The Inca believed this report, and resolved to receive the new comers kindly. Pizarro was therefore allowed to enter into the heart of the country, with his small army. The road passed through such narrow and difficult places, that, if the Peruvians had been disposed, they might have fallen upon the Spaniards, and entirely destroyed them. They advanced, however, undisturbed, and took possession of a fort, which had been built to protect Caxamalca. They received new messages of friendship from the Inca, as they approached the fort. At Caxamalca, Pizarro took possession of a large court, in which was a house belonging to the Incas. Here, he arrayed his troops, in a safe order, and, having done this, he sent his two brothers to the camp of Atahualpa. He invited the Prince to visit him, in his quarters, that they might talk about the state of the country, and see what would be best to do, to restore it to peace.

The brothers were treated with great hospitality. Atahualpa promised to visit Pizarro, the next day. The messengers were feasted at tables, which were filled with gold and silver vessels; and the great abundance of gold and silver which they saw, exceeded anything which they had ever before seen or heard of.

On their return to Caxamalca, they gave to their countrymen such an account of the wealth of the Peruvian camp, that Pizarro, notwithstanding his professions of friendship, resolved to seize the monarch, and take possession of his treasures. He remembered how Cortes had seized Montezuma, and he thought that he should much more easily conquer the country, if the Prince were in his power. The conquerors of that time seemed to have no principle of justice or honesty; but thought they were right, to seize whatever they could get, and to break the most solemn promises, whenever they pleased.

Pizarro arranged all his army, in the most advantageous manner to do what he was so wickedly planning. His men were all ordered to keep within the square, and not to move, until they received his orders.

At an early hour, Atahualpa began to prepare for his visit. As he wished to make the most splendid appearance before these strangers, the preparations lasted a great while, and the day was far advanced, before he was ready to set out. And then, that everything might be kept in order, he made the procession move so slowly, that the Spaniards, impatient for the booty, were afraid he had become suspicious of them, and had concluded not to make the proposed visit. Their own guilty hearts probably made them think of this. Pizarro sent more messengers with friendly speeches, to hasten the unfortunate Inca to his doom. At last, he came near. He was preceded by four hundred men, all dressed alike, to clear the way before him. Then came the monarch, sitting on a sort of throne or couch, and almost entirely covered with plates of gold and silver, which were adorned with precious stones. He was also decorated with many colored plumes. Thus loaded with ornaments, he was carried on the shoulders of his principal attendants. Behind him, were several of his nobles, carried in the same manner. Bands of singers and dancers escorted this procession, and the whole plain was covered with troops, amounting to more than thirty thousand men.

As the Inca came near, Valverde, a priest, who was the chaplain of the expedition, came out to meet him. He showed him a crucifix, and tried to tell him about the Christian religion. He said, that the Spaniards had been sent by their master, a powerful Prince, to turn away the Peruvians from the worship of the Sun, to that of the true God. He said, that, if Atahualpa would give up his old, and believe in this new, religion, the Spaniards would protect him; but that, if he refused to do so, they would make war upon him. This speech was spoken by the priest to an interpreter, and by him to the Inca. The interpreter did not understand the language very well, and the poor Inca could hardly tell what it all meant.

He answered, however, that he did not understand the speech very well, but he did not see what right a strange priest had to come and talk in this way to him; that he should not leave the worship of the Sun, in which he had been brought up. He asked Valverde, where he had learnt this new religion, of which he spoke. Valverde reached to him the book, containing the prayers and service of the Roman Catholic Church, which he held in his hand. The Inca turned over its leaves, with wonder, and put it up to his ear. He then said, "This is silent, it tells me nothing;" and threw it, with scorn, upon the ground. The priest was shocked at this: he cried out "To arms, Christians; the Word of God is insulted; you must avenge this profanation on the impious dogs"

At the sight of this rich and shining procession, the men were so eager to seize upon it, that Pizarro could hardly make them wait, while the priest and the Inca were holding this conference. When Pizarro heard the exclamation of the priest,

he gave the order for his men to attack. They rushed at once upon the Peruvians, who were entirely unprepared for the cruel action. The horsemen, the cannon, and the whole apparatus, were so different from what they had ever seen, and the attack was so sudden, that they fled on every side. Pizarro, at the head of a chosen band, rushed forward, to seize the Inca. The men who surrounded their Prince tried to cover him with their bodies, yet Pizarro succeeded in reaching his throne, seized him by the arm, and dragged him to the ground, and then carried him, a prisoner, to his own quarters. At the sight of this, the men fled, with still greater haste, and the Spaniards followed them, killing great numbers of these poor creatures, who made no resistance. The slaughter did not cease until the end of the day. Four thousand Peruvians were killed, and not one Spaniard. Pizarro had a wound in one of his hands, which he received when he was trying to seize the Inca.

The Spaniards seized the gold and silver of the Peruvians. The quantity of these metals was greater than they could ever have imagined to see collected at once. They passed the night in the most extravagant joy.

The Inca was at first very sorrowful, at the slaughter of his troops, the loss of his treasures, and to find himself a prisoner. Pizarro thought he could carry on his plans better, if he kept possession of the Prince, and he would, on this account, have been sorry he should die. He therefore talked kindly to him, and tried to encourage him.

Atahualpa soon saw that gold was what the Spaniards most desired; he therefore told Pizarro, if he would set him at liberty, he would give him as much gold and silver as would cover the room where he was confined, to be piled up as high as he could reach. This room was twenty-two feet long and sixteen broad. Pizarro promised to give him his liberty, if he would do this, and the line was drawn at the proposed height.

Atahualpa was delighted with the hope of getting his liberty. He sent messengers to Cuzco, Quito, and the distant parts of the empire, to gather the treasures, which had been heaped up to adorn the temples of the gods, or the palaces of the Incas. Although he was a prisoner, the Peruvians did everything they could, to fulfill his orders Though the empire was still strong, and able to furnish powerful armies, yet the Peruvians feared to make any resistance to the Spaniards, lest, by so doing, they should put the life of the captive Prince in danger. The Spaniards, therefore, were able to stay at Caxamalca, without being disturbed at all. Pizarro sent out some small bodies of men, into different parts of the country, but they found themselves everywhere treated with great respect.

Almagro arrived, at this time, at St. Michael, bringing with him the reinforcement of men, for which Pizarro had been so long hoping. If this gave joy to Pizarro, it gave no less sorrow to the unhappy Inca. He saw that his enemies were growing stronger; and, as he did not know where they came from, he could not tell how many more he might expect. His trouble was increased, by hearing that the Spaniards, on their way to Cuzco, had been to see his brother Huascar, in the place where he was kept confined. Huascar had told them his story, and had promised them if they would release him from his prison, and restore him to the authority which had been given him by his father, he would give them a much greater quantity of gold than had been promised by his brother. Atahualpa heard of this proposal of his brother; and, thinking that if the Spaniards took his part, he should not be so likely to be relieved from his troubles, he sent and ordered Huascar to be killed. His orders were obeyed.

The Indians brought in, every day, to Caxamalca, immense quantities of treasure. Nearly the whole of what had been promised was collected, and Atahualpa told Pizarro, that it was only because it took so long to bring it from the distant parts of the empire, that it had not all arrived. But the soldiers became so impatient, when they saw such immense piles of gold, that Pizarro found it was impossible to restrain them. They took out some curious articles, as presents to the Emperor, and then the whole mass was melted down. A fifth part was put aside, for the Emperor, and a certain portion for the soldiers who had just arrived with Almagro, and there then remained one million five hundred and twenty-eight pesos for Pizarro and his followers. They divided the treasure, with religious ceremonies, calling upon God to witness the ..ction. By this division, above eight thousand pesos, which are said to have been, at that time, worth not less than thirty-five thousand and five hundred dollars, fell to the share of each horseman, and half that sum to each foot-soldier. Pizarro, and the other officers, had shares larger, in proportion to the rank they held.

Though Pizarro had resolved to put his prisoner to death, he did not dare to do it, without some pretence of justice. He ordered a court, of which Almagro and himself, with two assistants, were judges. He kept up all the forms of a trial in Spain, and had all the regular officers appointed.

It was alleged before this court, that Atahualpa had deprived his brother of the command of the empire, and had put him to death; that he was an idolator, and had ordered men to be sacrificed, in worship; that he had several wives; that he had wasted the public treasures, which, since the country was conquered, belonged to the Spaniards; and that he had tried to stir up his subjects to fight against the Spaniards. The mock trial ended, by pronouncing Atahualpa guilty, and condemning him to be burned alive. Atahualpa tried to escape his fate; he begged that he might be sent to Spain, to be tried by a king, who would have some pity on his misfortunes. But Pizarro knew no pity. He hurried the unhappy monarch to his execution. Valverde, the priest, pretended to console him. He told him, if he would become a Christian, his death should be made a less cruel one. The dread of being burned to death made the Prince consent to be baptized, and he was strangled, instead of being burned alive.

THE REV. N. S. S. BEMAN, D.D

BY HON. GEORGE R. DAVIS.

Dr. Beman was called to the pastoral charge of the First Presbyterian Church, of the city of Troy, some twenty-eight years since, and has occupied that position during all that period, and still does, with distinguished ability, eminent success, and marked usefulness. He is a graduate of Middlebury College, and left that institution with the highest reputation for ripe scholarship; and very few men in this country possess, in so high a degree, the elements to entitle them to fill so broad a space in the public eye, as this distinguished divine.

Dr. B. is no ordinary man; he possesses one of those rare and commanding intellects, that scarcely can fail of marking the age in which they live, and of leaving the impress of their greatness upon it. He is one of those master spirits, that are not compelled to follow the beaten track of knowledge, and have not the firmness, the originality of thought, and courage, to explore any new and trackless course, but is one who has the energy, the independent daring, and the intellectual power to strike out a way of his own, if he believed the old track led to error of opinion, or of doctrine, and the ability to vindicate and maintain that way against a world of polemics in arms; but, instead of seeking enlarged fame, and "the bubble reputation," by ambitious aspirations in his profession, through the agency of those busy, bustling efforts that characterize many minds, of altogether smaller calibre, he has contented himself to remain in his present quiet position, and give the powers of his great mind, with all it rich and varied stores of learning, and knowledge, and deep reflection, to his church and people, and to fill a space quite too contracted for his own fame and merits, as a profoundly learned, eloquent, and able theologian.

Dr. B.'s intellectual greatness is highly and fully appreciated by those who well know him, but not to the broad extent he so richly deserves; and for no other reason than the fact, that he has not been ambitious of blazoning it abroad, and keeping himself before the public eye as a newly discovered "bright particular star," but has filled his place in his church, and confined his effort mostly to that sphere. He has not, as many minds far his inferior in intellectual strength have done, published every effort of their minds, and scattered them broadcast through the land, to woo and win fame and distinction, if not by the *quality*, at least by their *quantity*. It is rare he consents to the publication of the production of his mind; and when he does, you may be sure he will not be ashamed to meet it anywhere; and hence a knowledge of his intellectual greatness is mostly confined to the restricted circle of his hearers, and his fame necessarily less broad and expansive than a different course would have given it.

Dr. B. possesses a mind of expansive and comprehensive compass, and an intellect of great and commanding power, and one that is capable of mastering any subject, and overcoming all opposing obstacles, and reaching the truth he aims at, against all the subtilties of the schoolmen and sophists that lay across his pathway; he finds no

mists and darkness to obscure his progress after truth, that he cannot penetrate, and discover its light amid sorrounding murkiness.

He is a man of great energy and decision of character, equal to any and every emergency, and is not one who shrinks from danger and difficulty, or succumbs to popular error, for the want of courage, ability, and firmness to meet and combat it.

As a theologian, he is profoundly learned—as a writer, clear, perspicuous and strong—as a reasoner, powerful, logical and resistless—as an orator, cool, collected, commanding and attractive—his language is always the best, and classically pure, and admirably adapted to convey the idea he wishes to impress upon his hearers—he studies no ornament, nor has he any occasion to dress up his efforts with dazzling and fanciful drapery, to hide the weakness of thought, for thought, deep thought, is the animating soul of all his mental efforts; and he moves directly forward, with a giant's tread, to the principle or proposition he wishes to demonstrate, with a chain of logical deduction that leads captive his hearers, and is almost certain of producing the conviction he aims at.

> "The judgment and the passions at a stroke
> Convinces and moves; repels with wondrous force
> The skeptic's rebel reason; and informs
> The meanest intellect with instant light."

His manner in the pulpit, as a sermonizer, is solemn, impressive, and dignified.

> "At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
> His looks adorn the venerable place;
> Truth from his lips prevails with double sway,
> And fools, who come to scoff, remain to pray."

Dr. B. has long held the *Presidency* of "*The Rensselaer Institute,*" in the city of Troy, an institute that stands high, and ranks among the best schools of learning in the country, for a thorough practical knowledge in the useful branches of science. It is due to its *President* to say, that his distinguished reputation for learning has contributed greatly in giving it character, and his active and energetic exertions in making it useful.

Dr. B. annually delivers a course of lectures on literature, ethics, and other branches of science, for which he will not receive any remuneration; all he desires is to see it flourish, and is amply paid, in his estimation, in a consciousness that its advantages are felt and realized, in the number of well educated scholars that yearly graduate, and go out to diffuse the light of knowledge and the blessings of a sound education among the people. He is a devoted friend and patron of education.

He once a year avails himself of the occasion of a thanksgiving sermon to unbend himself and level the "dread artillery" of his mind against what he deems public errors and prevailing vices, and flings the whole power of his gigantic intellect into a discourse; and on these occasions his house is sure to be crowded, expecting a rich treat, and he does not disappoint expectation; and wo betide the government, its officers, its measures, or prevailing vices; if he assails them, they are sure to meet no mercy at his hands. It is then that he feels at home and untrammelled, and he lets his genius loose, to wanton over the acts, policy, and measures he dislikes, and the vices he abhors; then it is that the keenness of his withering sarcasms is felt, and his stinging wit strikes to the quick. He enters into no compromises with wrongs, errors, or measures he condemns, but assails them with a bold and fearless severity, and a biting and scorching invective, that draws blood and blisters its agents and actors. It is only on occasions like this that he feels a freedom to indulge in the largest liberty, and to cut and flog his victims with a mercilessness that makes them writhe under the torturings of his inflictions.

It is not alone as a theologian that he is distinguished; his active and vigorous mind has ranged through the whole circle of the sciences. He is well posted up in all the measures of government, its domestic as well as its foreign policy, and is at home on all subjects. Is it political economy? He is not a stranger to its principles. Is it law? He is familiar with Blackstone. Is it medicine or surgery? He has studied its best authors. Is it philosophy? He is at home in its sublime discoveries. Is it a question of national policy?

> "Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
> You would say, it had been all-in-all his study.
> Turn him to any cause of policy,
> The gordian knot of it he will unloose,
> Familiar as his garter."

Transfer him from the pulpit he has so long adorned and dignified, to the halls of the national legislature, and he would be there with his armor on, and fully armed for the conflict with the ablest of its champions and statesmen, and would be found a foeman "all soldiership," not "mere prattle without practice."

Dr. B. belongs to the *Dwight* and *Webster* class of minds, and, like those great men, would be found a fortress, against which a small artillery would aim its feeble shots in vain, nothing short

of a whole park of heavy ordnance could shake its walls and impregnable defences. Like the latter able statesman, he requires a powerful onset to bring him out, and put him upon his highest mettle; then the giant energies of his mind will be developed, and his great power exhibited in all its strength and mastery, and his herculean blows felt by the foeman who provoked them.

Dr. B. is emphatically a great man, and an ornament to the church of which he is "so bright and shining a light." If ambition for political distinction had been "his ruling passion," and he had launched his bark upon that stormy sea, he could not have failed, by his own commanding intellect and acquirements, to have risen to the highest honors in the gift of his country, and "touched the highest point" his ambition had aimed at, and been "the observed of all observers," and that, too, without the aid of those petty means and miserable shifts, that some little minds resort to, "to be the thing they are not." He has all the elements to win success and secure distinction in that career, and stand up a giant figure among the towering great men of the nation, and is entitled to occupy that lofty position; and would have had some claim to the distinction that has been so unjustly and inappropriately, if not impiously, awarded to Mr. Webster, of "the godlike."

Dr. B., however, preferred an office less honorable in the world's eye, but one clustering with brighter and richer honors in another and better world, and sacrificed, if sacrifice is a proper term, "the empty nothingness" of earth's barren honors, to that crown of glory and priceless inheritance reserved for those who "fear and serve the Lord," and has thus far fulfilled his high and noble destiny, and won imperishable renown as the champion of the cross, a renown that earth cannot give or take away, "that is incorruptible, undefiled, and fadeth not away," and that the rust of this world cannot tarnish. And who dare say he did not choose wisely?

In the General Assembly of the Presbyterians in Philadelphia, in 1837, that resulted in the division and excision of a large number of churches and sixty thousand communicants from the assembly, Dr. Beman was a delegate from his church, and was the leading champion of the New School in that body, and came in conflict with the ablest of the old school leaders, and to him was assigned the post of honor, as well as of danger, to lead the onset—a position he sustained with distinguished and signally pre-eminent ability, as has been awarded him, not by his devoted and faithful followers alone, but by some of the ablest and best judges in this country, who were present at this war of ecclesiastical giants, as indifferent spectators.

A distinguished member of Congress from our State, himself a good judge of forensic talent, was present; and in giving an account to the writer of that great conflict, remarked, "that he had listened to the greatest orators of the nation, in the Senate and House — to Webster, Clay, Wright, and a host of others, in their ablest efforts, and never did he witness an effort that came up to the one made by Dr. Beman, to whom up to that time he was an entire stranger." He pronounced him one of the greatest orators it had ever been his lot to listen to. He was pressed hard, said he to the writer, but he came out of the conflict, though not successful against organized superior numbers, yet most triumphantly victorious in the power and weight of the argument.

It is no more than simple justice to say, that Dr. Beman stands at the head of the clergy in the city of Troy, if not of the State and nation; and although, from social and church partiality, some might dispute this position, but put the question to the unbiassed suffrages of the people of his home, without distinction of sect or party, and the verdict would vindicate his claim to that elevated position, by a majority most decisive.

Dr. B. is beloved by his church and people, and highly respected by all denominations in the city, as well as by the citizens generally. The city is justly proud of possessing such a master mind, and well she may be.

The writer of this imperfect sketch is not of Dr. B.'s church, but of another and different order; and therefore he can speak of him without sectarian prejudice or social partiality, and do him that justice he so richly merits, without a misguided judgment, or under influences to give an improper bias to his opinion.

A SUMMER SKETCH.

BY HORACE DRESSER, LL. D.

The sultry air scarce moves the summmer leaves ;
The clouds piled up on high, in rugged range
And blackened front, wall up the western sky;
The fields athirst and parched with intense heat
That long since drank the rivulet all dry,
Look dead and make the husbandman feel sad ;
The Indian corn rolls up its spires to die,
And drooping hangs its tapering tassels low ;
The herds have huddled close beneath the shade
Of tower or tree or fence or craggy cliff ;
And man, with thirst that spurns to be allayed,
Finds not a nook for wonted rest and ease.
The night comes on, and darkness thickens round—
A time when torrid sunbeams cease to dart,
And make the fainting plants and flowers to curl,
And wither on the arid tracts of earth.
The heated atmosphere begins to move—
The clouds, upheaved, in dark disorder roll
Athwart the heaven—presage of coming shower :
But see—the zigzag lightning's lurid flash
Gleams forth and shines along the dark expanse,
Still streaked and tinged with sunset's golden light.
The wild winds bustle round, and rage and roar,
While on their wings the storm-cloud comes apace,
And curtains all things o'er with veil of night.
Now hark !—a sound is heard among the clouds
Surcharged with fire, the awful thunder's voice,
Reverberating through their changeful forms—
The rain hath come ! I hear the rattling drops
As on my roof they fall, and down the eaves
Descend in torrent flow—a gladsome sound !
Mark how the flash lights up the darkened air,
And brings to view the fields, the scattered trees,
And all that in the open day appears.
How sudden Night's obscuring veil again
Enwraps and hides the landscape from my sight,
In thicker darkness, till another gleam
Bursts forth, illuming but a moment's time.
The rain is o'er ; the pluvial visitant
Hath sped away on errand merciful,
To water and refresh the lands abroad.
A bland and cooling breeze hath risen up,
That gently fans and soothes my fevered brow—
The sky all studded thick with stars appears—
The pathway of the Storm-Cloud's dreadful power,
And seat of gods, as olden fable tells.

THE ARAB STEED.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

My beautiful barb is swift and fleet,
With the speed of thought in his flying feet ;
His eyes are large, and full of fire,
His nostrils blown with royal ire ;
He pricks his ears at the lightest sound,
Snuffs the air, and paws the ground,
And champs his bit with a foamy mouth,
Looking away to the fiery South !

I leap on his back without saddle or rein ;
One pat on his neck, one hand in his mane,
We're off to the desert so brave and grand,
Outspeeding the pillars of rolling sand.
In dust the drivers and camels fall,
And the Simoom covers and buries all,
But away in its van we fly like light,
Where the groves are green and the fountains bright.

THE WORLD IS FULL OF BEAUTY.

There is a voice within me,
And 'tis so sweet a voice,
That its soft lispings win me,
Till tears start to mine eyes :
Deep from my soul it springeth,
Like hidden melody ;
And evermore it singeth
This song of songs to me :
" This world is full of beauty,
As other worlds above ;
And if we did our duty,
It might be full of love !"

Were truth an utter'd language,
Angels might talk with men,
And God-illumined earth should see
The golden age again ;
For the leaf-tongues of the forest—
The flower-lips of the sod—
The birds that hymn their raptures
Into the ear of God—
And the sweet wind that bringeth
The music of the sea,
Have each a voice that singeth
This song of songs to me :—
" This world is full of beauty,
As other worlds above ;
And if we did our duty,
It might be full of love."

The Lakes of New York.—According to a recent survey, the lakes of our country are the largest in the world; and we have reason to believe some of them at least are among the most beautiful. Washington Irving said, on his return from Europe, that he saw but one lake in that country that surpassed in beauty those of his own native land.

Amongst the cluster of lakes situated in the interior of New York, that of Cayuga stands pre-eminent. It is unquestionably as fine a sheet of water as can be found in any part of the world. This lake is of the same size as Lake Leman, Switzerland, and bears many points of resemblance to it. If the scenery of Leman is more bold and rugged, that of *Cayuga* is more quiet and beautiful. If *Leman* mirrors in its bright waters the snowy summits of the Alps, Cayuga reflects from every point of its glassy surface green fields, and flowery meads, and landscapes of unsurpassed loveliness. If the sun rises in beauty upon Leman, it sets in splendor and glory upon Cayuga. Indeed the varied beauty and magnificence of the sunsets upon this lake are unrivaled. Sometimes the sun lays himself down in the clear waters, and stretcees off into the distance for miles, a vast pillar of fire, as if to bathe before retiring to rest. Sometimes, upon his going down, successive shadows of gold, crimson, and purple come floating over the waves like sparks from a fairy land. Sometimes the traces of his blood-red setting are reflected from the gorgeous clouds piled upon each other in beautiful magnificence, and seem in the placid waters like islands of floating gold. And then the scene changes; sometimes it is surpassing grand and glorious, and sometimes it is inimitably beautiful.

The villages upon this lake are in keeping with the lake itself. Indeed we have seldom seen a more beautiful village than than of Aurora, situated about midway between Cayuga Bridge and Ithaca. It is a real gem. Its tasteful walks and grounds, enclosed with hedges and variegated with flowers; its gardens, with beautiful summer-houses, cultivated to its very edge; its snow-white cottages, its houses of Gothic structure, its stately mansions with Corinthian pillars, its academy situated upon an eminence, and embowered with shrubbery, and its chaste, beautiful church, with a well proportioned spire, rising up amidst and above the surrounding trees, present a picture of rare beauty, and evince a high state of cultivation and refinement among the people.

Aurora is one of the oldest villages in Western New York. It was considerable of a place when Syracuse and Auburn were in a wilderness state. Its academy is one of the oldest endowed institutions of the kind in the State, and more than fifty years ago, a newspaper was issued from this place, called the Aurora Gazette, which received quite an extensive circulation.

This village being a little off from the great thoroughfares, (though easy of access,) and of course devoid of the noise and bustle and business of larger towns, presents peculiar attractions to gentlemen who are fond of tranquillity and retirement.

It is also a most appropriate place for an institution of learning, and unquestionably accounts, in part at least, for the high reputation which Cayuga Academy has so justly and extensively enjoyed. In short, whether we consider the situation of the place itself, its fine lake prospect, its rich and varied scenery, its salubrious air, or the morality and refinement of the people, we must say that the academy of Aurora presents strong claims to a wise and generous patronage.

Our Portrait.—We present a fine head of the Rev. Dr. Potts, the eloquent and accomplished pastor of the Presbyterian Church on University Place, New York, confident of its pleasing his numerous friends and admirers. The curiosity to witness the features of men, with whose names we may be familiar, is one which it is both right and useful to gratify. The present forms one of a series of portraits we have in preparation of some of the most eminent living divines of this country. In most instances they will be accompanied by some article from the pen of the person represented.

The Boston Shakspeare.—One of the most elegant, as well as practically valuable and tasteful editions of the poet of poets, on many accounts, and by many degrees, is that issued from the Boston house of Phillips, Sampson & Co. Its claim to public favor consists in, first and best, its admirable typography. A large, clear type on a well proportioned page, and beautifully clear paper, invites the reader's eye as to a species of intellectual banquet not often enjoyed in American-made books. So essential is a good typography to an agreeable or even intelligent perusal of such a work, that it may be regarded as an excellence which no outward embellishments, or multitudes of pictures, or curious amount of annotation, could compensate for. In this respect we know of no edition of Shakspeare in this country at all comparable with this. Its embellishments have the praise of being at once elegant and in fine taste and keeping. They are finely executed line engravings on steel, comprising the copies of the ideal portraits of the most conspicuous of Shakspeare's characters, from the pencils of some of the most eminent artists who have tried their hand in this inviting field. They are executed with grace, and form a deligbtful series of imaginative portraits. The Notes are brief but useful — sufficiently full for the reader's benefit, a due illustration of the text, and a proper knowledge of the times, without encumbering the page with a mass of critical lore which more properly belongs to a volume of archæology. They are mainly selected from the best critical editions, and embody a great amount of learning in an unostentatious way. The edition, we are very free to say, surpasses in some of the qualities which we deem essential to a good one, any other issue of the immortal Bard we have ever seen, of American origin. It does credit to the taste as well as the enterprise of the publishers; and though so large and elegant, is sold at an unexpectedly reasonable rate. That they will find their remuneration in the approval of the public, admits of as little doubt as that they richly deserve it.

Messrs. Gould & Lincoln, of Boston, have added to their excellent list of standard and thoughtful works, a fine reprint of the abridged edition of Kitto's Cyclopedia of Biblical Literature, in one large octavo volume. It is about one-half the size of the original work, and was executed under the direct supervision of the learned editor, with a view to render it more portable and accessible to the general reader. The elisions consist mainly of those discussions which, however suggestive to the scholar, have but little value to the general Bible reader—so that the work, for such purposes, is really better for the abridgment. As it is, it has no comparison on the score of scholarship, comprehensiveness, and fullness of illustration, with any other dictionary of the Bible in the language. It is of incalculable value to the Bible reader, shedding light upon many a dark passage, and making the Word its own interpreter.

J. M. ORR N.Y.

O Sing to Me.

SUNG BY MISS CATHERINE HAYES. MUSIC BY G. A. OSBORNE.

mf

1. O sing, O sing to me a - gain, With plain - tive voice that well - loved strain; It brings . . . back childhood's hours, Its sun - ny fields and bowers When the heart was free from pain. O
2. Friends of my youth, friends past and gone, Scenes of bright days, . . . long, long flown, Though you . . . . can ne'er be mine, While mem'ry's light doth shine, Your joys are all my own. O

p

f

sing, sing, &c. sing that strain a - gain, ... And all my ear - ly

joys re - - store; O sing, sing to me that strain, that

Cres.

strain, And let me be the child a - gain; O sing, O sing to me a- -

p Rallentando.

f p Rallentando.

gain . . . that strain. . . . . .

pp

A GREEN OLD AGE.

BY REV. DR. HAWES, HARTFORD.

There are two events before us, which no skill or power of men can avoid. They are old age and death. All of us are advancing towards them by a steady and irresistible progress. By night and by day, we are traveling on through the successive stages of life; nor can we stop a single moment on the road that is conducting us and all mankind down the scale of years, to the affecting termination of our earthly being in the grave and eternity.

We may indeed be cut off in the midst of our days, and thus be snatched away from the infirmities and trials of declining years; but if life is spared, we shall all very soon reach the period of old age; and when arrived at that period, the next step brings us to death and the house appointed for all the living.

But though these events cannot be avoided, much may be done to mitigate or remove the evils connected with them, and to render ourselves useful and happy even down to old age and death. Plants and trees are necessarily deprived of their fruitfulness by age, and are left to decay, or are cut down as useless encumbrances of the ground. The same is true of animals. They grow, come to maturity, decay, and die. The same also is true of multitudes of men, who, more resembling vegetables or animals than rational beings, live only for the present moment; and having spent their little hour of being and enjoyment in this passing scene, decay like the leaves of autumn, and fall, soon to be forgotten, as if they had never been.

But it need not be so with us. There is such a thing as bringing forth fruit in old age. There are those who are like the palm-tree, that is always green—to the cedars of Lebanon, that are always flourishing; they are said to be planted in the house of the Lord, and, as a consequence, they flourish in the courts of God. Nature may decay, but grace thrives still, putting forth fresh blossoms and bearing fruits even amid the storms and frosts of the winter of life.

The beauty, the dignity, and the happiness of a fruitful old age should make the attainment of it an object of the warmest desire and the most unwearied exertion to every living man. There is not a more interesting object on earth than an *old disciple*, who has been bringing forth fruit to the glory of his Saviour during a long life, and who, when about to be removed to a purer and brighter clime, is still seen putting forth fresh blossoms and bearing fruits of righteousness.

He stands forth as a monument of the loving-kindness and faithfulness of God—of the excellence and worth of religion; reflecting in his own bright virtues the image of his Redeemer, giving evidence in his life to all around, that he is an heir of heaven, and guiding, by his example, his fellow-travelers in the way to the paradise above. His hoary head is a crown of glory, being found in the way of righteousness. As he draws nearer the world of light, his countenance gathers brightness, as did that of Moses when he had been conversing with God on the Mount; and though his earthly comforts may be torn from him by the rude hand of time or the rough blasts of adversity, his all-sufficient, his ever-abiding happiness still remains. He still stands, like the glory of the forest, stript indeed of his summer foliage, but discovering more clearly to every observing eye his solid strength and substantial texture. How charming, my brethren, to see grace thrive when nature decays; the mind soar when the body bows; the venerable saint waiting, like good old Simeon, for his departure; or, like Paul, the aged, uttering, with tremulous but affecting accents, the language of holy confidence —"I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge, shall give me at his appearing." O, compared with such a sight, how does all the pride of greatness, all the pomp and pageantry of earth, sink into insignificance and nothing! How is God glorified; how is religion honored; how are the faith and the hopes of surviving Christians strengthened and confirmed by such a life, by such a death of an aged servant of Christ! How consoling must be the reflection of such an one on the past; how delightful his meditations on the present; how cheering, how glorious his anticipations of the future! When he looks back and remembers the way on which the Lord his God has led him, how many refreshing recollections will be called to mind; how many seasons of communion with God; how

many tokens of his loving-kindness and tender merey; how many days and years of pious service performed for his divine Master and the happiness of his fellow-men! All these come home as a reviving cordial to his spirit, now that he is retiring from the field of action, laden with the honors of victory, and about to receive the plaudits of the great Lord whom he has served. God, his almighty Saviour and friend, comes forth to sustain him by his gracious presence, now when heart and flesh are failing; and while he feels underneath him the everlasting arms, and daily refreshes his spirit at those living fountains that are provided for pilgrims in this dry and thirsty land, the prospects that open before him of heavenly blessedness fill him with joy unspeakable and full of glory—his journey almost ended; his trials almost over; heaven just at hand; himself ripe for glory, and about to take possession of the promised inheritance, to become a pillar in the temple of God, to go no more out for ever. He dies; and a heavenly light cheers his departing moments. His friends look on, as he takes his upward flight, and are quickened and comforted by the remembrance of his virtues, by the sight of his triumphs, by the assurance that he is gone to be eternally present with the Lord.

Such is the dignity, such the happiness of a green old age. Having borne the heat and burden of the day as faithful servants of Christ, they are privileged to retire from the field of action, bearing the honors of victory, and rejoicing in hope of eternal glory. Death has to them lost its sting, and the grave its terrors. They are ripe for the last change, and are ripe for heaven. As they come to the evening of their days, laden with the fruits of righteousness, God comes forth to acknowledge them as his own; he pours around them the refreshings of his presence; gives them foretastes of the promised rest, now so near at hand, and enables them to sing, as they enter the dark valley,—The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want; I know in whom I have believed; I am in a strait betwixt two. O to be able to meet death in such a frame; how sustaining to the soul, how honorable to religion, how glorifying to the God of salvation!

THE VANITY OF HUMAN THINGS.

Alas! that earthly cares should hide
The scatter'd blessing far and wide
  Which God himself hath given—
That man o'er man should hold control,
And darken round each longing soul
  The very light of heaven!

What the vain glitter of an hour,
The masquerade of borrow'd power,
  Or all that wealth may claim?
Can mortal bosom ever fill,
Unmix'd with human care or ill,
  With the eternal flame?

All human praise may o'er me pass;
But as the night-wind on the grass
  That fades upon a tomb,
The glare of beauteous things that rise
Beneath the span of summer skies,
  Resolves itself in gloom!

When earthly vanities have pass'd,
O may my weary soul at last
  Resolve itself in God!
Nor fame nor praise intrude to break
A ripple on the tranquil lake
  Of life in that abode,

Where roll the tides of human praise,—
The sound and stir of passing days,
  Unseen, unfelt, unknown—
Unheard amid th' eternal hymn
Where rising clouds of incense dim
  The everlasting throne.

In vain, in vain my longing eye
Doth watch all day the summer sky,
  Some form all strange to see;
For sights and scenes eye hath not seen,
For path where foot hath never been,
  I'll search the troubled sea;

Or follow in the tempest's path,
Or follow anything that hath
  Some rage in its career;
Or wait me till the sullen tomb
Becomes at last the very womb
  Of dreams and spectres drear.

Yet through the shades of death shall rise
Th' eternal lights of Paradise
  Upon my weary gaze;
And scenes which pencil never traced,
And melody which never graced
  The pomp of human ways;

And flowers all beautiful will grow,
And summer winds will o'er me blow
  The air I will not breathe;
They'll linger near me when I'm dead,
They'll bind upon my lowly head
  The unforbidden wreath.

TWO STORIES FOR THE FIRE-SIDE.

II.—THE WHITE LAMB.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

"ONCE in a far country, for which you might search all the geographies of the world in vain, there lived a poor woman who had a little daughter named Agnes. That she was poor, and had a child, was by no means wonderful, for poor people are common to all parts of the earth; and so, for the matter of that are children too, for which the good God cannot be enough thanked.—

But this poor woman and child were not altogether like the thousands who surrounded her, as I shall show you in the course of my little story. For the mother was exceeding goodly, and the child was exceeding fair; and goodly too, as far as a child could be. Not that children cannot be as good, ay, and better than most grown people, but in that country they were very bad and ignorant.

It is true that there were schools and academies there, and great colleges time-honored and world-renowned; but somehow or other the people were no better, but on the contrary rather worse for all these blessings. Whether they neglected good, or good neglected them, is not for us to inquire now, but certain it is that the greater part of them grew up in ignorance and vice. Now they need not have grown up in vice unless they had preferred it to virtue, though they could hardly have escaped a life of ignorance. There were many priests there to teach them the folly of sin in this world, and its eternal punishment in the next. They were very energetic in picturing the misery of sinners; but in spite of all they could say and do, they preached to thin and careless congregations, in consequence of which many of their salaries were unpaid from one year's end to another.

Most of the men spent their Sabbaths in bull-baiting and dog-fighting; most of the women in gadding from house to house with budgets of scandal, while the children ran off to the woods to snare birds and gather berries, and oftentimes to fight out a match made up the day before. Black eyes were by no means uncommon, with a plenty more in perspective when those were healed.

This was the life of the mass of people, though I am happy to say there were many exceptions in men, women, and children, who went to the chapel, as all good Christians should, and lived up to the precepts of the Good Book, as all good Christians do; among whom was the mother and child that I began to tell you about.

And not only did the good woman go to church on the Sabbath, and on all the appointed holidays and feasts, but she endeavored to make her life a perpetual sabbath unto the Lord. But the child, because she was of a tender age, could not always accompany her; nor understand why she must always clasp her hands, and kneel down in the pew, when the vicar did the same in his little pulpit. But she was a good child for all that, as the story will show, and loved her mother with an exceeding love.

When she was about three years of age, her mother died. Her death however was by no means unexpected. The only wonder was that she had lived so long, she was so thin and sickly. Her husband had been dead a little over a year. He left her nothing but his child and poverty, a common legacy among the poorer sort of people in that country. After his death, she toiled late and early to maintain herself and babe. Many a dawn she rose before the sun, and the sun arose there very early. Many a night she saw the moon set, and it sets very late at certain seasons of the year; but her labors were never done: the labors of the poor never are until Death comes When Death came to her, she rested from her work, and her work followed her.

It was a fine day in spring when they buried her. The fresh green earth was full of dew; the soft blue sky without a cloud. It was a day to make one certain of immortality. Few and unconcerned were those who bore her to the grave; they would rather have gone to a merry-making; were neighbors and nothing more: the dead woman left no friends, or relatives, only her child.

When they reached the churchyard, they found the old sexton beside the grave, leaning on his spade, ready to fill it again at the shortest notice. The vicar put on his bands, and read the funeral service. "Dust to dust—ashes to ashes, but the spirit to God who gave it." The coffin was low-

ered into its narrow house and the earth thrown upon it, while the minister of Christ exhorted the people around.

Little Agnes being left to herself by those who had charge of her, strayed down the winding paths, and was soon hidden among the grave-stones, which were very thick, for the dead of ages were buried in that little churchyard. At first she wondered why she had been brought there, but the sky was so blue above her, and the earth so beautitul around, that she soon forgot it. The shadow of Death, which falls heavily on the hearts of men, passes like a light mist over the soul of a child.

Large butterflies with crimson and golden wings were flying to and fro in the air, and the wild bee pursued its honey-making in the buttercups. She sat down in the long grass, and began to weave the blue violets, as she had seen the basket maker weave his rushes. Not a month before, a little girl of her own age was laid with many tears in the mound at her feet; but the dew hung there as brightly as in the deep meadows and the sunshine filled the place like the smile of God. Nature mourns not like man for the dead whom she has gathered to her bosom in peace.

By and by little Agnes began to grow drowsy, and in spite of all she could do to keep awake, she found her eyes closing and her head nodding on her breast: so she repeated the prayer that her good mother had taught her to say before going to bed, and committed herself to the care of her Heavenly Father, and in a moment was fast asleep, and walking in a dream with the Angels.

In the meantime the good vicar, having finished his exhortation, and the people having departed, began to wonder at her absence, and search for her down the path which he remembered to have seen her take. Looking right and left among the grave-stones, and calling "Agnes," with a sweet low voice, he came to the spot where she had fallen asleep. She was sleeping still, and beside her stood a little lamb, innocent and beautiful. Its fleece was whiter than driven snow, and glistened in the sunlight like gold. There was a golden collar around its neck, with an inscription in an unknown tongue; and its eyes were exceeding tender and beautiful. There were no folds in that country, and how it could have come there was a mystery which the vicar could not explain; nor could the child when she awoke. She only remembered to have seen it in her dream, following a Shepherd in the pastures of Paradise.

As the vicar stood lost in amazement, it drew near him, and looked up in his face with its tender and beautiful eyes, and then at the child, and then in his face again, as much as to say—Here is a poor motherless one; she has no friends in the wide world; who will take care of her, if you do not? Indeed he fancied that it did say so; and that a voice softer than silence whispered to him "Feed my Lambs." His heart was touched with pity, and he lifted her up in his arms and bore her to the vicarage.

It was not long before the news spread through the neighboring towns, and many of their dwellers came to see the White Lamb, and the young child, who grew daily more beautiful aud good. The pious seemed to grow better the moment they beheld the loving pair; aud the wicked who had sat for years under the droppings of the sanctuary, or mocked at the goodness of Heaven afar off, grew thoughtful and penitent, and were soon numbered among the people of God.

The lamb and child were seldom separated. Little Agnes was very unhappy when parted from it, and it seemed equally unhappy in its turn when parted from her. Sometimes they used to sit for hours together; she poring over the vicar's autique missal, which by this she had learned to read, and the lamb at her feet, looking up in her face with its tender and beautiful eyes. Sometimes, in the warm summer days, they went off together to the woods and lanes; sometimes to the meadows where the daises grew in tufted grass; and little Ages was won t to b raid them in a wreath around her brow. She said one day, on returning, that she would soon wear a wreath of stars. As regularly as the Sabbath came, they went to the chapel together, side by side. The sexton made a path for them, as they walked up the broad aisle which was now crowded with earnest and devout listeners. Their accustomed place was on the cushioned seat that ran around the altar. When the choir sang their anthems, the voice of the child was heard above the deep bass singers, and the full-toned organ; yet it was softer and sweeter than that of a dove. When the vicar read the morning and evening service, her reponses fell on the hearts of all like dew, and a halo seemed to encircle her as she listened to the words of life.

The people began to consider it a miracle. Cock-fighting and bull-baiting fell into disrepute: drinking and gaming, to which the greater part of them had been bred from childhood, lost all *caste* as amusements, and other vices decliued in proportion. It was evident that a great change was going ou in the hearts and habits of all. Profane oaths and light jests, which even the gentry condescended to indulge in (as they did in other

things better left to their inferiors,) were banished from all society, even that of traveling tinkers, time out mind a coarse set of fellows. Feuds handed down from father to son were dropped at once, and old enemies met with kind greetings, and parted friends. Everybody seemed to prosper, and nobody was the worse for it. Beggars began to lay aside their tatters, and wear good substantial garments. There was no longer any need to beg, for work was plentiful. Cottage windows, once stuffed with old hats, rejoiced in the possession of new panes of glass; and new cottages were being builded everywhere, and everyhody declared it was the work of the White Lamb.

Spring melted into summer, and summer was now on the verge of autumn. The fields were full of harvesters, reaping and hinding up yellow sheaves, and barns were open all day, and boys might be seen within, storing up fruit for the winter. Every day added some new grace to the child; but those who were experienced in such matters, mostly mothers who had lost children, said she was dying. Her bloom was too unearthly; her eye too spiritual to last. She was no longer able to run to the woods and fields: a walk to the little summer house at the end of the vicar's garden, only a stone's throw from the door, was sufficient to make her very weary. Nor could she visit the chapel unless carried thither, which was a scource of great grief to all the villagers.

Day by day she grew more lovely and feeble; and the lamb grew more fond of her: they could not for a moment separate them. It clung to her days, as she sat in her little chair leaning on pillows; and nights, it crept to her feet as she lay upon her couch dreaming of the angels. Its white fleece seemed to grow more white, and its eyes more tender and beautiful. And it often looked at the fading child, aud at the far blue sky shining through the lattice, and its glance seemed to say—Heaven is waiting for this little slip of earth, and it must soon go.

Autumn came at last, and the child was dying. It was morning, and she lay on her couch, with half the village around her. Her eyes were fixed upon the sky, and her arms were entwined about the lamb, who lay with its head in her bosom. The vicar knelt down, and prayed. He could not bear to lose the light of his household, though he knew that the Angels were waiting for her on the threshhold of Heaven. When he arose she slept. Ages have passed since then, and she still sleeps; and will till the Heavens and the Earth have passed away.

The next day was the Sabhath, and they bore her to the little churchyard where her mother was buried in the spring. Their graves were dug side by side. All the children and maidens, dressed in white, followed her bier; and half the mothers in the village wept as if she had been their own child; and the lamb, looking whiter than ever, walked in their midst:—But when the services were over, and the coffiu lowered into the grave, it looked once at the far blue sky, and then turned away, and walked dowu the path which little Agnes had taken at her mother's funeral. No one dared to stop it; but all watched it with breathless attention until it disappeared among the grave-stones. Some of the boldest then, the vicar among the rest, followed to where it seemed to disappear, but could find no further traces; nobody was ever able to account for it, but everybody helieved it to have heen a miracle, manifested for their salvation, notwithstanding a wise philosopher who wrote a large folio to prove that it never existed at all. Its memory is still preserved with veneration in that country, and from that day to this, the people have continued goodly and pious. And so ends the story of the "White Lamb."

"And so," said I, "ends the story of the night. Bess is already asleep, and Ruth and Kate begin to yawn. Uncle Tim, who would be a romancer if he could see, as we do, the effects of his romance? But I won't moralize. Good night."

"MY PEACE I GIVE UNTO YOU."

BY A. R. WOLFE.

Transcendent goodness! What are now the storms
That shake this fragile tenement of life?
What the conflicting elements of strife,
That blend the varied forms
Of disappointment, sorrow, and distress,—
Making man's earthly home a wilderness?
Rude blasts, ye ne'er disturb the tranquil spirit,
That has, when troubles rise, *such* words to bless,—
Such heavenly peace to cheer it.

THE CLAIMS OF SACRED MUSIC.

BY REV. EDWIN F. HATFIELD, D.D.

Music has no human father. It claims to have descended from the skies. Man has invented, it is true, ways and means of rendering music more expressive. To Jubal, the sixth in descent from Cain, is accorded, by the inspired record the high honor of having been "the father of all such as handle the harp and organ." But who was the father of *song?* From whose prolific mind proceeded first the enchanting *ode?*

The origin of music is coeval with the human race. It is to be found in the very elements of the human soul. Man is the creature of thought and feeling. He came from the Creator's hands with a heart susceptible of an almost endless variety of emotions, and with the faculty of giving expression to them, so that each emotion might be distinctly known. These emotions may be perceived by the *eye*, in the diversified aspect of the features of the face, or in the position and posture of the whole or a part of the frame. It is the *ear*, however, which most readily perceives, in the accents of the voice, the state and changes of the heart within. All animals to whom God has given the system of respiration, or in whom the lungs and larnyx are found fully developed, are possessed of the faculty of *voice*. By various modifications of these organs, by the expansion or contraction of the *lungs*, the increasing or the diminishing of the length of the *larynx*, or wind-pipe, and the action of the *epiglot*, or covering of the wind-pipe, a great variety of *tones* may be produced. These tones, by constant and uniform association, become the well-keown *signs* of a particular emotion or feeling of the heart. Joy and grief, love and hate, hope and fear, peace and rage, contempt and pity, all have their peculiar tones—tones as universally understood, as any thing whatever pertaining to man. These tones have no provincial meaning: they are nature's language, common to man in every clime and age; and many of them not peculiar to him, but serving as the medium of thought even in the brute creation. These sounds can never fall upon the ear so as to be perceived, without exciting within the human soul the idea of a particular emotion.

> There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
> Some chord, in unison with what we hear,
> Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies."

These varied tones of nature are the original elements of music. A combination of these tones after some order, more or less prolonged, is the germ of music,—a germ that existed in the first thing that had breath, as soon as it began to breathe.

To arrange these tones in an orderly manner, so as to reduce music to a science, must have been the work of time. And yet scarcely any time could have elapsed after the creation, before the atmosphere was filled with the sweetest music. No sooner had the *lark* sprung forth at its Maker's word, than it soared aloft, and poured its sweetest strains upon the air. Every bird became a warbler, ready-taught to join the choir of nature—the vesper-hymn, at the first going down of the sun—the first vocal symphony in the anthem of "Creation." Thus ended the fifth day of the Creator's work. And when, on the sixth, obedient to its Lord, the dust of the earth assumed the human form, and, receiving the breath of God, became a living soul, the first accents that fell upon the human ear were of the sweetest music, and the first promptings of man's exulting bosom must have been to join the universal choir. As he gazed on the paradise that spread itself over the earth, and, lifting up his eyes to the firmanent beheld the glories of the azure heavens, his soul must have kindled with adoring love and gratitude to God. And this must have been a feeling too sacred, deep and overpowering, for the tame and spiritless enunciation of mere words. The lofty *song*, in all its grandeur and sublimity, can alone unburden such a heart.

Thus the first human pair, before the close of the very day of their creation, must have joined in devout and joyous ascriptions of praise to their bounteous Lord. The first music of the human voice must have been a *holy* exercise. *Sacred song* is as ancient as the creation. It holds the precedence over every other. It is the eldest born of all the daughters of music.

But *man* was not the first to cultivate the sacred art. It was not on earth alone that sweet voices were heard, as the Creator "spake and it was done." "The *morning-stars* sang together, and all the *sons of God* shouted for joy." Why may not that angelic chorus have been heard in

Eden, and its blissful notes prolonged by human tongues?

"In heav'n the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tun'd the lyre;
Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd,
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heav'n could hold."

In that day, when even the Creator himself walked and talked with his earth-born children, the intercourse of the angelic race with the holy inhabitants of Eden may have been vastly more familiar than is usually conjectured. Milton, in his immortal poem, has taken up the thought, and presented us with the beautiful idea of Adam and Eve catching their accents of praise from angel-lips and harps. Adam, as an introduction to their evening-worship, thus addresses his beloved spouse:

"How often, from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket, have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive to each other's note,
Singing their great Creator! Oft, in bands,
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds,
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heav'n!"

It was reserved, doubtless, for a later period, to introduce much of what is now regarded as essential to music. From *the love of order*, which in some degree is natural to man, would proceed a measured *division of time* in the enunciation of each note, and thus *rhythm* would become united with melody. Language, too, as one of the modes in which feeling is expressed, would soon be connected with the tone, and, uttered in a measured division of time, would give rise to the idea of *harmony*. Then followed, perhaps, the union of two or more voices, producing, in perfect accordance, sounds so kindred as readily to flow together and gratify the ear. In process of time, new combinations of sound would be produced and scientifically arranged; harmony would become more various, extensive, and perfect; language more rhythmical, or better adapted to the purpose of song; instruments invented to aid the voice: and thus music would become more and more *a perfect expression of the soul.*

Let me advert to some of the uses of sacred music. Not to speak of its effects upon the *health*, which are most beneficial, and upon the *animal spirits*, which are of the the happiest kind, I would simply refer to its effect upon the *heart*. "Pure and simple music," says Plato, "is the sister of bodily exercise; as exercise imparts health to the body, so music imparts self-government to the soul." Martin Luther, than whom none, scarcely, have been, in modern days, more efficient patrons of sacred music, says, "The youth must always be accustomed to this art; for it makes men kind and virtuous." Mr. Woodbridge, editor of the "Annals of Education," relates, that "the effect of introducing music into one of the villages of German Switzerland, upon the entire moral character of the people, was immediate and striking. They relinquished drinking, riot, and debauchery, and all disreputable amusements, to join in musical recreation. And villages before noted for nothing but ill, became distinguished for sobriety, order, and purity."

Music has ever been regarded as a most appropriate vehicle of *praise*. The exercise of the art, therefore, is adapted to awaken that feeling of the soul with which it is so intimately associated in the pious bosom. The association of certain feelings with their peculiar tones is so intimate, that we can scarcely hear the latter, without having the former stirred up. The plaintive cry awakens pity and compassion. The lover of the dance can seldom hear the strains of the viol, without an inclination to move with corresponding step. The veteran soldier hears the bugle-call, or the rolling of the drum, and at once his bosom beats for the tented field. Who has not heard of the wondrous effects of the Tyrolese song or Marseillaise Hymn? Who has not felt a patriot's blood grow warm, while "*Hail Columbia!*" was poured forth from a thousand hearts? So, too, the lovers of sacred song are often stirred to rapture, when the lofty and solemn tones of the noble organ, or the full burst of praise from the great congregation, fall upon their ears. Then, if ever, the Christian feels that he can pour out all his soul to God.

But the influence of sacred music in the *family circle* is no less delightful. Who can help but recognize the lineaments of peace and joy in that scene so graphically drawn by the Scottish bard?

"The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big Ha' Bible, ance his father's pride:
Of strains, that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And '*Let us worship God!*' he says with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise,
They tone their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
Perhaps *Dundee's* wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy o' the name."

How is the soul drawn upward by such a picture! How much more when we take our seat

by that "ingle," and not only hear the very strains themselves, but mingle our voice with that ofthe good old sire and his *bairns!* Soul-stirring scene! Oft may its power be experienced!

We have seen an audience carried, as it were, upon a mighty wave, as some noble anthem has thundered forth the grandeur of our God, or whispered to the soul the melting notes of Calvary. Yea, when that favorite of Martin Luther and of the whole church, good "*Old Hundred*," has fallen on our ears from the lips of thousands beneath the sacred dome, and we ourselves have mingled in the song, it has seemed, indeed, as if

> "Our souls, on wings sublime,
> Rose from the vanities of time,
> And drew the parting veil to see
> The glories of eternity."

Sacr d music, practised by the Christian, makes him happier, better. Wheu performed in secret, it dispels the gloom of depression, quiets the sea of turbulence, and prepares the soul to come iuto the presence of its Maker with a livelier, holier joy. In the family circle it checks the wildness of the young, melts away the barriers of passion, and unites the kindred group in heavenly devotion. But it is chiefly in the great congregation that its full power is felt, or would be felt, if our congregations, having taken time and pains to learn this sacred science, would pour forth their swelling tides of harmony in the song of praise. "Methinks," said Baxter, "when we are singing the praises of God in great assemblies, with joyful and fervent spirits, I have the liveliest foretaste of heaven upon earth; and I could almost wish that our voices were loud enough to reach through all the world, and to heaven itself."

Thus the practice of sacred music is admirably fitted to prepare the soul for the enjoyments of the world of glory. When John was favored with a glimpse of the upper sanctuary, he found them all engaged in chanting that noble anthem, "*Holy! holy! holy! Lord God Almighty!*" and this is no sooner ended, than they take up the strain, "*Thou art worthy, O Lord!*" These chants ended, they take their harps and sing a new song: "*Thou art worthy, for thou wast slain!*" "And I beheld," says John, "and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the beasts and the elders; and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, saying with a loud voice, '*Worthy is the Lamb!*' and every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, '*Blessing, and honor, and glory!*' After this I beheld, and lo! a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, and cried with a loud voice, '*Salvation to our God!*' whereupon all the angels swell again the mighty chorus, '*Blessing, and glory, and wisdom!*'" And yet again he listens. And now the martyr-host appear. "And they sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb; '*Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty!*'" "And after these things I heard," he says, "a great voice of much people in heaven, saying, '*Alleluia! Salvation and glory, and honor, and power!*' And a voice came out of the throne, saying, 'Praise our God all ye his servants! and ye that fear him, both small and great!'" After this expressive solo follows another chorus—the "HALELUJAH CHORUS,"—"the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderiugs, saying, '*Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!*'"

Thus, anthem after anthem, and chorus after chorus, peals from the upper temple. There all is praise, and none are silent.

> "Seraphs, with elevated strains,
> Circle the throne around;
> And move and charm the starry plains,
> With an immortal sound."

With them we hope to dwell—with them to praise. And how can we consent to forego even here the bliss of heaven? Why does not every blood-bought soul catch something of that inspiring theme that fills all heaven with joy? why not now learn and exercise that holy art which fills angelic hosts and ransomed saints with rapture? Has he the soul of a saint, who has no sympathy with the saints in bliss, no desire to anticipate their joy? I wonder not that the devotees of Mammon and of Mars, of Thespis and of Bacchus, are deaf to the praises and dead to the allurements of sacred song. Yes,

> "Let those refuse to sing,
> Who never knew our God;
> But fav'rites of the heav'nly King
> Should speak their joys abroad.'

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

BY REV. P. C. HEADLEY.

(SEE PLATE.)

These beautiful isles extend from near Lake Ontario to within a few miles of Ogdensburg—the most varied and romantic scenery lying between Clayton and Alexandria Bay; an area of about twelve miles in length and from three to eight in width.

Their size varies from a single rock shaded with shrubbery to extensive farms and forests. They break the St. Lawrence into many channels, affording a panorama of singular picturesqueness and often sublimity.

On Selkirk Island, Bill Johnson, the hero of the Patriot War, and the hunted outlaw of an empire and republic for years, has his home and fortress —now a hale old man of seventy. His daughter Kate lives quietly with her husband at Clayton. She was the hero's companion and friend in prison—and sought his solitude among the islands while fleeing from pursuit, to convey food to her lawless and fearless father.

Near Wells Island he and his band of disguised banditti burned the Sir Robert Peel, whose colors he has yet in concealment.

To see these *lions* and have pleasant sails, the tourist will stop at Clayton, or French Creek as it was formerly called.

But the best views and finest fishing are had at Alexandria Bay, where oarsmen and excellent skiffs are always ready, and a convenient hotel stands on a summit of rock, washed by the waters of the noble river.

It was to accompany friends, and see more of the marvelously beautiful St. Lawrence, that I came to its shore for the third time at Alexandria Bay, on the morning of the 9th. The day before, we were overtaken by a storm at Plessis, six miles distant, and which would have been a solitary rendezvous for the night, had we not made the acquaintance of J. Clarke, Esq., whose hospitality, and musical family, lent wings to the hours of the severest storm of the season.

A neat church stands on a summit of naked rock, which has a most singular aspect, and a preacher is engaged to supply the pulpit. At Alexandria Bay we found a very pleasant and finished edifice erected by Dr. Bethune during the past year. He visited the Islands about three years since, and becoming interested in the people, destitute of the Gospel, returned home to raise the means for building a sanctuary, and sustaining a clergyman there. The effort was successful, and now a neat and ample structure, with a bell, lifts its shining spire near the *light-house* of the harbor—a point of moral radiation amid a scattered multitude of perishing immortals. It is called the "Church of the Thousand Islands." The faithful minister is a Mr. Dubois, whose parish extends several miles over the bosom of the St. Lawrence. It must be pleasing to Dr. Bethune to know that as the reward of his benevolent activity, every Sunday morning, from the tower of his beautiful stone temple, soon to be consecrated to Almighty God, there rings out upon the stillness of reposing life, and echoes among the green isles of this noble river, the invitation of the "church-going bell." Then from the hill-sides and across the waters come the peasant, the man of business, and the fisherman, to hear the tidings of a full and free salvation. And who shall estimate the widening and mighty influence for good, going forth from so obscure a centre of missionary effort, on the boundary line between an empire and a republic, controlling well nigh the religious resources and commerce of the world.

As the clouds vanished from the sky, and along the shore were heard only the sobbings of the retiring tempest, we entered our light boats for an excursion down the channel of the river. Duclon is a fine oarsman, and for my barge I felt no fear, though we were tossed roughly at times over the waves. Pointing to Wells Island on our left, he remarked, "There where you see the ruins of a house and those old poplars, I lived till a young man. There was no clearing in sight, and no store within twenty miles. We went out to the nearest village once a year. And where you notice a green spot on the side-hill, are buried my grandfather, parents, and brother." While he was discoursing thus, my thoughts were on the sad problem of human life. At the same time, from the hum of the city and the solitude of a forest-island, souls having passed the brief history of their probation, disappear and are forgotten, to think and feel in rapture or wo for ever! What a leveler is Death! and what equal-

ity will succeed the wide distinctions here, at the Judgment! I was beguiling the moment with these reflections, when Duclon suggested the propriety of striking for a distant island as a resting place for gathering our little party and *taking tea*. Throwing out my trolling lines, he was soon upon the surface where recently he had caught 33 large fish in an hour. Three glittering spoons were in the wake of the boat, but no indications of success. Resuming conversation with my sensible guide, I asked him if often there were accidents in these waters. "Sometimes," he answered, "but there need not be, if the passengers would regard *orders*; for it *stands to reason*, that we who have always been on the water, should know best how to manage the fishing."—

Here I was interrupted by a sudden tension of one line, and then another; until nearly a dozen fine fellows were at my feet; their large black eyes staring reproachfully upon their captor.

Landing upon a delightful but nameless island, we awaited the arrival of Simpson's boat, bringing Mrs. B—— and Mrs. H——, with each a prisoner from the translucent tide. After a substantial pic-nic, we were again floating among the islands, which grew more verdant as the sun went down, and around whose beach the purple waters laid their limpid undulations.

And then the moon arose full and clear, and threw over the scene her sheen—silent, magical, and tranquillizing as a pleasant dream.

There were occasionally the light dip of distant oars, and echoes from the mainland; while the red eye of the lighthouse, blazing upon the bosom of the bay, reminded one that we need and are under the gaze of a Sleepless Watcher of time's unresting deep.

But now we reach the "Lake of the Islands," formed by two long islands, Wells and La Rue, their extremities so nearly touching, that the entrance and egress are scarcely broad enough for a steamer to pass. Yet these straits separate English from American soil; and our skiff's prow was in her Majesty's domain, while the stern was under the protection of the "Stars and Stripes." The lake is five miles in length, and studded with islands, presenting on its lonely bosom views exceedingly picturesque and romantic. This, and many of the most attractive spots on the St. Lawrence, cannot be seen from the steamers, which keep the channel of the river; and none have really appreciated the beauty and sublimity here, whose observation has been confined to a hurried transit over the path of travel.

I date this letter from "Brainard's Island," on which we have taken a late breakfast. It lies on the border of the "Fiddler's Elbow," so called, I am told, from the shape of the curve described by the steamboats, and their motion in the centre of the 1692 *islands*, which I find by a work on Canada to be the number counted by the first voyagers, several years ago. How were these islands formed, is the unanswered question. How deep the scars of both physical and moral revolutions on this fallen sphere!

"PEACE, BE STILL."

BY A. R. WOLFE.

Thro' stormy night and dark,
I saw a fragile bark
Glide out upon the bosom of the sea,
Urged by a noble crew
Of loving hearts and true,
Who still kept struggling on laboriously,
While armed with lightning's scath,
The storm-cloud fought the path,
And fierce winds heaped their wrath
On Galilee.

Calmly the Master slept,
While on the tempest swept,
And onward went the mustering of the waves,
A wild and savage horde,
That snuffed their prey, and roared,
And gathered round to drag them to their graves.
Why, in this fearful hour,
When death's dark minions lower,
Sleeps that Supernal Power,
That speaks and saves?

"Is there no care to thee,
Master Divine, that we
Should perish so ingloriously here?"—
He rose, and darkness fled
The halo round his head,
And hope again smiles out in clouds of fear:
"Oh trembling ones and pale,
Why should your courage fail;
Why doubt and terror fill
Your faint hearts? "*Peace, be still*
The Master's near."

"*Peace.*" As the soothing word,
Each haughty billow heard,
Down sank he to the bosom of the deep;
And softly lay his head
Upon his easy bed,
As never from repose again to leap:
So, on its mother's breast,
The fretted child doth rest,
Close hugs its Parent nest,
And sobs to sleep.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

BY REV. A. D. GRIDLEY.

Among the thoughts which are wont to arise in the mind of the sick, is the fear of death. This fear has respect to the pain of dying, the sundering of domestic and social ties, the giving up of all earthly joys, pursuits, and hopes, the darkness and corruption of the grave, and the awful revelations of the judgment and eternity. Such thoughts will force themselves into the mind of the sick man, and often disturb his peace. In view of one and all of these considerations, he shrinks back from death; he dreads to look into the darkness before him, and either tries to banish from his mind all thoughts of dying, by the contemplation of vain and frivolous things, or sinks into despair.

"The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury and imprisonment can lay on man,
Is paradise to what we fear of death."

"Light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun." This aversion to death is, in a great degree, natural to man, and cannot wholly be expelled even from the breast of the devoutest Christian. And yet, there is reason to believe that many persons suffer from imaginary fears on this subject: they are all their life-time subject to a self-imposed bondage, and in the hour of sickness especially, find their tranquillity disturbed, their resolution weakened, and their hopes beclouded.

It is a settled principle among physiologists, I believe, that in order to a person's experiencing pain, those nerves which ordinarily convey the sensation of touch must possess their natural sensibility. When, for example, a limb is paralyzed, and thus the tenderness of these nerves destroyed, one may puncture the part affected without producing any pain. Now, it is the nature of disease to diminish the sensibility of the nervous system, so that when, at the last, death itself intervenes, the pain of dissolution is comparatively slight.

Since men ordinarily struggle when in distress of any kind, many infer that death is necessarily painful, because most persons struggle in the hour of its approach. But this conclusion is not sound, because struggling is a mere muscular action, and often takes place when the subject is totally unconscious of it. Decapitate an animal, and the body will struggle for a considerable time though the head, which is the seat of consciousness, is entirely separated from it. "Very commonly convulsions occur in cases of apoplexy, and when severe injury has been done to the brain, long after consciousness has been suspended. Within a certain period after death, those struggles and contortions of the countenance which are associated in the mind with the most excruciating pain, can be excited by the application of galvanism." We have the testimony of persons recovered at the eleventh hour, that while their friends stood about them pitying their sufferings, their existence was a mere blank. Montaigne, when stunned by a fall from his horse, tore open his clothes and exhibited other signs of distress, but it afterwards appeared that he was senseless at the time, and knew of what he had experienced and done only as informed by his friends.

Many suppose death to be intensely distressful, because they have endured extreme pain without dying, and infer that life could not be entirely destroyed without causing them to suffer still greater pain. But like causes produce like effects only in the same circumstances. Hence, if disease benumbs the nervous sensibility as it advances, it is not to be supposed that its progress will bring increasing pain. Those who die from fevers, and most other diseases, suffer their greatest distress, hours, days, and even weeks, before the event of dissolution. "Those who faint from the loss of a little blood, or on any other occasion, have already experienced all the pain they ever would, did they not again revive." Persons who have been recovered after drowning have described their sensations immediately before they became unconscious, as but little painful; and yet, had they never been restored, they would have suffered no more. Fontenelle, the poet, in allusion to his increasing infirmities shortly before death, wittily remarked that he "was about to decamp, and had sent his heavy baggage on before." So, in sober fact, it often is—the most distressing part of dissolution is over before the hour of death comes. The cases in which dying is exceedingly painful, are

those generally in which life is taken away without a previous destruction of the nervous system. But in a great majority of instances, the pains of dissolution are overrated. In respect to death from consumption, an elegant writer has remarked: "Consumptive patients are sometimes in a dying state for several days; they appear at such times to suffer little, but to languish for complete dissolution; nay, I have known them to express great uneasiness when they have been recalled from the commencement of insensibility, by the cries of their friends, or the efforts of the attendants to produce pain. In observing persons in this situation, I have always been impressed with an idea that the approach of actual death produces a sensation similar to that of falling asleep. The disturbance of respiration is the only apparent source of weariness to the dying; and sensibility seems to be impaired in exact proportion to the decrease of that function. Besides, both the impressions of present objects, and those recalled by memory, are influenced by the extreme debility of the patient, whose wish is for absolute rest. I could never see the close of life, under these circumstances, without recalling those beautiful lines of Spenser:

"Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,
Ease after war, death after life, doth greatly please."

And what is commonly true of this disease, is so, likewise, in many others. "If I had strength enough to hold a pen," said William Hunter, "I would write how easy and delightful it is to die." "If this be dying," said the niece of John Newton, "it is a pleasant thing to die." And this excellent man himself tells us that he watched his dying wife some hours with a candle in his hand, and when he was sure she had breathed her last, which could not at once be determined, she died so imperceptibly, he knelt down and thanked the Lord for her peaceful dismission. "If this be dying, it is the easiest thing imaginable," said Lady Glenorchy. "I thought that dying had been more difficult," said Louis XIV. Testimony of this kind might be collected sufficient to cover many pages. A writer in the Foreign Quarterly Review (Dec. 1849,) gives an interesting account of the death of the son of Edmund Burke, a part of which I will here quote: "Hearing his parents sobbing in another room, at the prospect of an event they knew to be inevitable, he rose from his bed, joined his illustrious father, and endeavored to engage him in a cheerful conversation. Burke continued silent, choked with grief. His son again made an effort to console him. "I am under no terror," he said; "I feel myself better and in spirits, and yet my heart flutters, I know not why. Pray talk to me, sir! talk of religion, talk of morality; talk, if you will, of indifferent subjects." Here a noise attracted his notice, and he exclaimed, "Does it rain?—No, it is the rustling of the wind through the trees." The whistling of the wind, and the waving of the trees, brought Milton's majestic lines to his mind, and he repeated them with uncommon grace and effect:

His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines;
With every plant, in sign of worship, wave!

A second time he took up the sublime and melodious strain, and, accompanying the action to the word, waved his own hand in token of worship, and sunk into the arms of his father—a corpse. Not a sensation told him that in an instant he would stand in the presence of the Creator to whom his body was bent in homage, and whose praises still resounded from his lips. But commonly the hand of death is felt for one brief moment before the work is done."

From considerations and facts like the foregoing, there is plainly no foundation for the popular belief that the extinction of life is uniformly painful; for, except in cases of sudden and violent death, sensibility lessens as disease advances. Doubtless, most men suffer severer pain in some of the various sicknesses to which they are subject, and in some surgical operations, than they will in "the article of death."

We read that the venerable Thomas Fuller, having considered the various ways in which life is destroyed, came to this short and decisive conclusion:—"None please me." "But away with these thoughts," the good man adds, "the mark must not choose what arrow shall be shot against it." It is not permitted us to decide by what manner of death we will die, and it is well we are not. But there is this consolation, that as a general rule, the fear of dying is more distressing than the reality.

Moreover, in the pains and weariness of our sickness, and in our forebodings of the dying hour, it is well for us who hope in Christ to remember that in his death he drank of a far bitterer cup than we can expect to taste. No mode of destroying life is so cruel as that of crucifixion. Those who die in other ways may endure sharper pains, but no agonies are at once so terrific and so long as those of the cross. The driving of spikes through the hands and feet was undoubtedly more painful, but to this must be added the rankling of the nails, the fever which ensued, and an intolerable thirst, and then the pain caused in his wounds by every attempt to

writhe under his sufferings, and all this prolonged until death released him from his agonies. His life was destroyed by violence, in the vigor of his manhood and in perfect health, with his nervous energies unimpaired: consequently, it was a most painful death. Let us be thankful that it is not appointed us to follow him in the mode of his dying, and that He was willing to submit to such sufferings in order that He might extract the sting from death in our behalf, and give us victory over the grave!

It was remarked at the beginning of this essay, that many persons fear death because of the loathsomeness of the grave, and of other unpleasant associations connected with it. For example, some, having heard of instances in which it was supposed other persons had been interred before actual death, fear lest it may be so eventually with them. But a careful investigation of this matter has convinced men of science that such cases are exceedingly rare. There are certain well known signs of death which are almost indubitable, and corpses are seldom buried until some of these signs have been developed. Because some bodies, on being exhumed, have been found with their position somewhat changed, it has been hastily inferred that life was not extinct when they were buried. But it is well known that often, in the natural progress of decomposition, the muscular fibres of one side or portion of the body relax sooner than the others, and cause the body to be drawn slightly out of its original position. Moreover, such changes in the position of a corpse are often chargeable to the mistakes or carelessness of pall-bearers in carrying the coffin or in depositing it in the tomb. No one, then, we think, should harrass his mind with apprehensions on this point.

Again, many persons are troubled with the thought that their bodies will become "the food of worms." They might be troubled, justly perhaps, were there any ground for such apprehensions. But the most eminent physicians tell us that there is nothing in the nature of the human body to indicate that worms prey upon the buried corpse. If properly interred, it decays, and literally returns to the dust from which it was taken. In confirmation of this, it is well known that when bodies long buried are afterwards exhumed, they are commonly found with the features perfect, though on exposure to the air they crumble in pieces. The fact that we read in scripture: "Though after my skin, *worms destroy this body*," &c., (Job 19: 26,) is no proof that this is a fact. Job, in this case, merely refers incidentally to a notion prevalent in his day, and does not assume to announce a physiological truth on the authority of Divine inspiration. It is the same as if he had said: Though, as men commonly suppose, worms infest and destroy this body, yet, &c. The same superstition is referred to in the familiar line of the poet:

> "The deep, damp vault, the mattock and the worm."

Since, then, the notion has no foundation in fact, let us banish this and all other imaginary fears from our minds. To die is a solemn and momentous thing enough, without its being invested with unreal terrors. Especially, if we are the followers of Christ, and thus partakers of the benefits of his sufferings, what reason have we for fear? If death were more dreadful than we know it to be, it would be unchristian in us to tremble and shrink back at the thought of its approach. God has promised that He will never leave or forsake his children; that He will be their refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble; that He will strengthen them on the bed of languishing; that He will be their guide even unto death; and that when they walk through the valley of the shadow of death, He will be with them, and his rod and staff shall comfort them. Has God forsaken you, dear reader, in the trials you have been called to encounter in days past? Does he not support you now? You cannot be so thankless as to say nay. Then why distrust Him for the future? Do not grieve Him by your ingratitude, and by your distrust of his faithfulness. Cast away your doubts and fears. Entrust yourself, soul and body, and all your interests, in his good hands, for the present and for the future, and be happy in Him. And whenever death comes, it will be less painful than you have feared, and in addition to this, you will find the Saviour by the side of your dying pillow, and He will accompany you in every step of your way through the Dark Valley.

THE FEAST OF THE LORD.

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO.

One of the wildest of imaginable storms was raving over the Atlantic. For days the clouds had been gathering darkness until not a speck of blue sky was to be seen, either to the east or to the west, in the north or in the south; and at last, the tempest burst over the great waters, and on a home-bound ship.

The seamen, and the captain of the vessel, and more than all, the passengers, had watched the clouds with increasing nervous anxiety, and the latter in an undisguised and real terror, when the wind rose so furiously, with fierce prophesyings of hurricane.

The ship was crowded with passengers: only a few on board were emigrants, and they were of the better class—the great majority were pilgrims to the shrine of a new world, or returning pleasure-seekers, who had been wandering 'mid the glories of the old. There were men and women, and children, a motley group of them: beautiful, young, dreaming girls, eager and ambitious youths, gray-haired priests, politicians, merchants, lawyers, doctors, and a poet;—French, and German, and English, and American people; an essentially mixed company.

It was curious to observe that company while the ship went smoothly and quietly on her way—more curious still, to watch them while the awful storm was rising; but dreadful indeed to behold them when that storm had burst. There had been a degree of acting amid the multitude, almost equal to that which would have been required of them, had they really been performing on a stage in a theatric entertainment: there was no more of this seen when real danger presented itself. They formed, those passengers, in *that* crisis, a startling picture for the world's view; but there were none but God and the angels near to *look* upon the scene; all the rest who knew of it were features of it.

It was no time, when the ship rocked to and fro there in its helplessness, in the midst of the great ocean—it was no time for mortal vanity to show itself, and vanity had vanished. It was no place for pride, there beyond all human help, when the spirit of God was moving upon the waters, and pride was not—yes, pride *was* there; for some, upheld by no Christian faith, would not tremble when the voice of the Lord went echoing over the deep. It was a place of prayer; but alas! *what* prayers! Utterances of mortal agony, and anguish of fear, and despair that went out; mere utterances, mere ravings, from hearts which knew not God, from hearts which found him not! It was a place also for humble and confiding hope, and that was not wanting; a place for Christian courage, it was there; a place for sacrifice and offering, and sacrifice and offering were ready.

The third day of the storm had been one of torturing suspense; all conversation ceased among the people. They sate the most of them, and for the most part of the time, pale and trembling, thinking every crash of wind against the vessel to be the signal of instant doom. But very few of them had spoken of their probable destiny; it seemed a thought that utterance would fill with fresh horror, and so they watched. On the evening of that day, the captain, who had held little converse with his passengers since the opening of the storm, came into the cabin. Three hundred people were gathered there, in such an agony of terror as may God save you from ever knowing. His presence, as soon as it was known, produced the most solemn silence among the multitude;—had it not, his voice, which was faint and trembling, could scarcely have been heard. "It's my opinion," he said, "and the opinion of my men, that if the storm continues an hour longer, we shall be in eternity before the time is up. The ship has held out remarkably well. I have never been out in such a storm before. God have mercy on you!"

He closed the door after him as he went out, and immediately, ere the silence which followed that terrible confirmation of their fears could be broken, another voice was heard speaking, and an old man was seen to rise from a far corner of the cabin, where he had quietly remained nearly all the day.

"My friends," he said, "it has been the business of my life to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ. I have, many times before this, invited those who love our Lord to the supper of his body and his blood. I invite you to-night. Whosoever *will*, let him freely come. Passengers

bound towards Eternity! we will this night partake—oh, let it be with godly fear and with child-like faith—the bread and the wine, to the refreshment of our souls! We will consecrate ourselves anew. Let us bow down before the high God, believing that, inasmuch, as we confess him here, he will not be ashamed of us when we appear before him at the judgment."

The table was at once spread, and the bread and wine were blessed; then the speaker's voice broke yet more strongly, and clearly, in that silence which, since his solemn proposition was made, had been marred by no cry, or groan of fear, and he read that sublime and thrilling hymn, beginning with,—

"Lo, God is here!"

Then he said, "Come near, all ye who believe that the Lord Jesus died for you. Come! all who are longing for his everlasting salvation! Come! in meekness, in reverence, and in faith, and so ye may be sure that ye will not eat and drink to everlasting damnation!"

That was a House of God then—it was consecrated by the holy name which the Apostle of holiness had called upon—it was consecrated by the Divine presence, for God *was* there. There was a general movement to obey that call. Souls which had been tossed for years on the ocean of doubt, which, but for this providence, had been lost upon the shoals of unbelief, had grace to say, then, in all sincerity; "I believe; Lord help mine unbelief." Careless sons and daughters of the world were effectually awakened; and the scoffers scoffed no more. There were few who held themselves aloof from that celebration of the Last Supper, but few who could resist the call that had been made, as they verily believed, for the last time. It was their satanic pride, their unaccountable pride, that held them back. They were not willing, even in a last and dire extremity, to confess Christ *before men!* They would not *be* converted in the eleventh hour; they had resisted unto death, striving against God! But they did not at least doubt then. They *knew* what they had never known before. They knew that the voice of God was in that tempest, and the voice had a terrific message for them. They knew that the hand of God was lifted to destroy them; and with a brutal courage, a blasphemous daring, they exclaimed,

"Strike! thou art strongest."

When all, who would, had partaken, the preacher's voice (which was distinctly audible, because his listeners and he were so in earnest in that hour) exclaimed "That there are many here, who have, to-night, partaken for the first time of these sacred emblems, I cannot doubt. God bless you, friends, who have now entered into covenant with him. If we are saved in this dread journey over the waters, you will have occasion to rejoice always over the vow you have this night made. I believe that if you have cried unto him, who is abundantly able and willing to save, that he has, in this sacrament, anointed you with the oil of his salvation. The time allotted to us in this world is, doubtless, just drawing to its close; we cannot but believe it, who listen to that voice without, who feel the tossing of this frail bark. Beloved friends, don't therefore tremble, and turn pale; our Father is near; He is here; we have only to taste one other drop of that cup which our Saviour drank to the dregs, and he will accept us! Let us kneel down here, and await the summons which shall lead us hence. Let our prayers precede us; in such silence as befits us let us wait. Let our thoughts tend not earthward now. We are all, doubtless, bound by many tender ties to life. Let us commend our beloved ones to his fatherly protection, who loves them better than we know how to love. Lord Jesus, we bow before thee."

More than an hour passed on, and still that congregation waited on their knees in silent prayer, waited for the summons of their Maker. Only an occasional sob, bursting from some heart to whom the things of earth were yet inestimably precious, or a groan from an unfortunate, who had not yet made peace with God, disturbed the solemn silence. There were no cries of fear, for fear was awed before the majesty of faith. But while they knelt there, the wind had assumed a softer tone, it raved not so savagely around the vessel. It seemed also to have caught the spirit of reverence, and the ship began to rock less terribly: but not one mortal there dared to gather hope from this—all felt that there was but a resting pause in the storm, that with its next burst, a grave and an eternity would be opened for them.

The door of the cabin opened, and again the captain stood before the people who had entrusted themselves to his guidance over the great deep: but he could at first find no words wherewith to communicate the tidings he brought; he stood amazed, awe-struck, before the silent kneeling company. In a moment he conquered his emotion, and exclaimed with a strong, glad voice

"Your prayers have saved us! angels have been with me! the wind has gone down, the sun is rising. It is a *time* for thanksgiving, glory to God!"

Eyes that had not wept in all those days and

nights of terror, filled to overflowing then—thoughts of kindred and of home, which the souls that leaned most trustingly on God had put far from them when they imagined the death-doom near, came rushing back, filling the heart with a weight of thankfulness and joy, hard to bear in calmness. The multitude had grown quiet and subdued, while the shadow of the eternal land fell down so closely over them; but they were not calm and quiet when the Pilot guided them away from that land, out from that shadow: oh the thought of safety, of Life! it was more completely overpowering than that of death had been!

And a stranger effect than the mere falling of tears, than the almost maniac expressions of joy to which some gave utterance, was produced by this "great salvation! for in the morning of deliverance, when the sunlight streamed through the cabin windows, it beheld a still greater multitude sharing a holy sacrament, in remembrance of Him who had proved so mighty to save, and young children were brought to the aged preacher, by parents who would thus early dedicate them to God, and some whose brows the "wing of time had shaded," also then and there assumed the cross.

They are scattered now, those voyagers, over the wide earth; but, must they not bear with them a memory, which will work *always* in *them*; and in others, through them, work mightily, for good? They who on that night assumed the cross of faith, must they not bear it with them, wheresoever they may go? And in bearing it worthily, they must and will proclaim themselves the missionaries of the high and holy, of the meek and lowly One. Otherwise they have partaken of that body, and that blood, and assumed that sacred symbol in an extremity of weakness and unworthiness, which shall increase their condemnation?

That Feast of the Lord upon the Waters was a feast of extremest sorrow and extremest need. So was it at its institution on the night of Betrayal. The sorrow and the need are indeed as abiding features of it, as its awful significance.

It is essentially the Supper of sorrow: but joy is borne of it into the starving soul. It may be taken in heart-tears, but its effect, its impression, its reality, is Peace. Do you not know it already? The dead have learned it, when in their last moments they prayed for the angel to delay only till they could obey the sacrament call "Come unto me;"—the proudest have learned it when they have been subdued to pray; the most worldly-minded have proved it, when they have paused to think. We must all learn it—and it will be well, if we do not have the lesson, to con it as the Thief upon the cross learned it, when the sacrament was presented before him in its most awful form, when he partook it in the most dire extremity, compelled to confess after all his waywardness and sin, compelled to turn to the cross for guidance, ere he could go onward to the supper of the Lamb.

LET US LOVE EACH OTHER.

Oh! why so oft does anger burn within the human breast?
Why are the gentle and the weak by violence oppress?
Why are our hearts so envious of good that others win?
Why are we prone to follow still the ways that lead to sin?
Why are our hopes so frivolous, so selfish, and so vain,
As if we thought upon this earth for ever to remain?

The heart that yields to anger wars against the God above,
And him by whom the weak are crush'd their Guardian will reprove;
The envious heart doth nurse the worm that gnaws within the breast,
The follower of evil things shall find no place of rest;
And he whose hopes are bent on earth, from earth will soon be riven,
And find that he has forfeited a bright abode in heaven!

Oh! let us love each other then, for we have hated long!
Let us forego the frowning brow, the insult, and the wrong;
Encourage still the wav'ring, take the feeble by the hand,
While wanderers through *the* desert to the blessed promised land;
And our God, who is a God of love, will guide us in the way,
And in time of death or peril, prove our all-sufficient stay.

HORSEBACK RAMBLES AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF VIRGINIA.

BY ELEANOR J——.

Would you like to take a ride this glorious summer evening, my dear Annie, when the sun is flooding everything with his fullest tide of beauty, and nature is in the very hey-day of her loveliness? Come then, I will take you on my steed, as your spirit-presence will be no additional weight, and as I myself ride lightly, we will have *such* a canter! Could anything be more delicious than this gentle motion?—and then we have nothing to interrupt our view, but, with veil thrown back and cap slightly raised, how delightfully these mountain breezes sweep over our brows! I take for granted, you see, that your spirit has all bodily belongings.

Do look at that forest before us, draping so luxuriantly yon sloping hill-side—you see there is between us and it that blue mist like the bloom on grapes, which so few artists successfully transfer to their canvass; how it darkens and enriches the noble forms of those beeches, chestnuts, pines, and oaks, which are beautiful enough already with their broad boughs, many-formed foliage, and deep shades. And how it fades as we draw nearer the base of the hill, like many another sweet, airy illusion, for, as Coleridge somewhere says,

"The beautiful vanishes and returneth not."

Ah—here we come to the clear brook with its shaded banks and gravelly bed, where "Gyp" always shows his good nature by wanting a drink in the shadiest spot;—but there is no drink for you this time, my good "Gyp," for the rains have been so long withheld from the mountain springs that the brook is almost dry; so on we must go, over this rocky hill and down the deep ravine beyond, where we will find water. Not so fast though, for uncle Ned, who is driving the carriage so carefully, has promised to keep a good look-out upon us from his box, and see that no accident happens; and so we must even keep in sight of him, lest our friends in the carriage should grow uneasy; for I could not be prevailed upon to take a seat with them, having the horrors of sick-headache too distinctly before my view, and with true woman's wilfulness, insisted on the saddle,—esteeming the want of other escort than the carriage as no hinderance whatever. Sure enough, "Gyp," here is the water—and now for the ascent—a long way up, but, to reward us at the top, there is spread out before us a rich summer landscape. Here is an open grain field, from which they are carrying the heavy harvest of ripe sheaves; and there are two little negroes (why is it that they always remind one of monkeys?) "*minding the gap*," as they tell us. Happy little urchins,—with their wooly heads, rolling eyes, and bare ebony arms and legs, which their scant covering displays to the best advantage; there they can lie under the shade, and rejoice in the Italian lazaroni's delight, *dolci far niente*. There are a dozen of the unclean animals before us, which the dark little imps have warded from "*the gap*," (and which, by the way, furnish the best hams in the world, not excepting the celebrated Westphalia, because they are allowed to grow older than elsewhere, and enjoy the happiness of running wild in the fields and woods.) Suppose we give them a run—how they can scamper!—and now they have turned off into that bit of woods, and, thinking they are safe, have wheeled about to face the enemy. Did you ever see a more whimsical picture of swinish determination than they present as they stand so steadily gazing at us? What can they be thinking of? Something deep, no doubt.

Now we mount the brow of another hill, and I am sure, Annie, you never saw a grander sight than that chain of dark blue mountains, stretching round two-thirds of the horizon, and embracing "a most living landscape." Some are sharply pointed, "like an encampment of giants' tents," as Southey says: others are curved in a perfect line of beauty—the deep gorges between, where one melts into another, are almost black in their depth of blue, and from base to summit, they are clothed in the heaviest, richest foliage. How shall we express in glowing enough terms our admiration of their glory, magnificence, and sublimity. We can truly say with Randolph, as when gazing on a like scene, he turned to his servant and said, "John, if ever you hear a man

say 'There is no God,' *tell him he lies!*" Or with Napoleon, who, when sailing under a brilliant, star-lit sky, posed some of his skeptical officers, as he pointed upwards, and asked—"*Gentlemen, who made all these?*" Who but God could pile together those mountains in such seemingly wild confusion, yet such inimitable and unchanging order—who else could deck them in such a garniture of light and shade—who else could crown them with such sun-bright clouds—who else could veil them with such blue, such golden, such silver mists? Oh, for the utterance of a poet to give voice to that beauty,

> "Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the blue sky, and all that we beheld
> From this green earth."

Well, well, Annie, we must content ourselves with the thought, that we can see, can perhaps even feel, all a poet could, and certainly can luxuriate in his descriptions. What ecstasies Southey goes into about Skiddaw and Helvelyn! —(by the way, have you read his correspondence? It is a most agreeable book for a lazy summer afternoon, notwithstanding all the critics say about its prosiness and prolixity.) And Christopher North, in his dreamy, delicious sketches of Westmoreland scenery, how he glorifies those mountains; and yet I cannot think they are more worthy than our magnificent Alleghanies. But the wand of the poet has touched them, and they are "consecrate in song." *We* only need "the spiritualizing mists" of poetry about ours to make them just as beautiful.

I wonder what you think, "Gyp," my gallant "bay," not "grey;"—no doubt, that it is very stupid to stand here at the top of a hill, gazing at the mountains,—you would vastly prefer to turn into that oat-field on our left, and satiate some other sense than sight. Well, one cannot live on heights for ever,—so down, down, down we go, till we come to the river brink. Are you afraid to cross the water, Annie? You need not be, your spirit robes need fear no wetting; and I shall gather up my flowing train. Carefully now, good "Gyp,"—lift your feet and place them well,—there, you have done it finely;—fording a river is not such a frightful thing, after all. Ah —here we are in a pretty grove of paw-paws. Why is it that Americans so neglect to cultivate them for shrubbery? Clumps of them, with their rich, laurel-shaped leaves, would look beautiful arising from a smoothly shaven lawn, and then the fruit is considered very palatable by many. See!—there is a most tropical looking bunch, clustered on the stem after the fashion of the plantain, and somewhat of the same shape and color, only more rounded and of a lighter green. Perhaps it is admired and cultivated in England as many plants are, which *we* look upon as "outside barbarians," wild things not worth cultivating; for there all great estates have what they call "American plantations,"—that is, most carefully cultivated groves of American trees. A lady encountered a mullen there in a green house, which was much admired for its wooly leaves and stately spike of yellow flowers.

N'import, we will learn in time—many of the travelers now across "the water" will bring new ideas home with them, and perhaps one not the least in importance will be a more proper appreciation of our own products and resources.

But while we have been speculating upon the beauties of future lawns and shrubberies, "Gyp" has been quietly pursuing his way, and has brought us out of the deep shade of several groups of woods, and see—what a graceful sweep of the road brings in sight! How near the mountains are; it seems as if we might almost touch them. What appeared to us some miles back only deep shades, now that the mysterious veil of distance is withdrawn, prove to be the wide gaps between pyramidal mountains, and the dark shades are the most distant spurs of the same great ridge. How exceedingly beautiful they all are,—and what a variety of shades we perceive now, which blended in the distance to one harmonious deep blue. Those brown or golden spots are the dead pines. It always makes me sorry to see a tree die. It seems like so many years' labor lost—so many summer suns and dews all gone for nothing! This same disease in pines is caused, it is said, by a worm at the heart, and extends through the great forests of North and South Carolina, all the way indeed to Florida.

But we must turn away from the mountains, and away from the sparkling, glancing river, for another curve in our road brings us to the termination of our ride, and to the house of the friends whom we are going to visit. How prettily it is situated, and see what taste has done, in sparing so fine a clump of trees beside it. As it nestles almost under the mountain's brow, we might call it a cottage, for, in modern parlance, that means a comfortable two-story house, with high ceilings and pleasant verandahs; and judging of the high ceilings by those large windows, and those pretty white columns, and the trees, and clustering roses,—surely, this is a cottage.

There come our friends too, with true Virginia hospitality and cordiality, to meet us, not waiting on the portico in quiet lady-like repose of manner, but coming to welcome us as we alight,

and conduct us up the broad gravel walk, set thick on each side with jessamine and roses, and the queenly dahlia. And now, "Gyp," committing you to the care of the dark-faced servants, whose white teeth glisten a welcome not less eager than their master and young mistresses,—and your spirit, Annie, to any chance cloud, purple or amber-colored, whichever you prefer, to carry you whither you list, I will enter the house, not turning again, lest another glance at the grassy, shady orchard, sloping down to the curving, rippling river, and the grand mountain outline and background beyond, should tempt me away to spend the night with mountain mists, at the eminent risk of cold-catching; for I am not so fortunate as to be like the ladies of romance, who can go through rain and mists without sore throats, and with hair that never uncurls, and dresses that never soil.

HOME.

Home, the home of childhood and of youth, how dear must it ever be to the heart of manhood! Years may have elapsed since we looked upon its venerable form, or crossed its threshold, worn by the tread of generations, but it can never fade from our memory, or be displaced from our recollection by any other we have since learned to call our home.

The love of home, like the love of country, is confined to no class; it is not to be bounded by the landmarks of nobility, or limited in its universal sovereignty by the restraints of rank. The lordly mansion and the splendid palace may have little of home to *bless* their magnificence, while the lowly hut reposing beneath their shade may make good a title to the endearing name. The traveler may have gazed on many a sunny landscape and many a noble shore. The heaving forest or the waving prairie may have spread their loveliness before him, majestic rivers may have courted his admiration, or the soft murmurings of some blue lake have wooed him to repose—but these, though they may charm for awhile, cannot win his heart from home. He may have wandered beneath the glowing sky of Italy, or climbed the rocky heights, grand in their towering ruggedness, of Switzerland. His footsteps may have echoed amid the ruins of Greece, or trod in paths hallowed by the feet of Him who trod earth, with no home in which to lay His head. But the glories of Italian scenery, the mournful associations of lovely Greece, or the still more tender recollections of holy Palestine, may not tempt him to do more than linger for a moment by the way, and then press on to that less favored, it may be, but far dearer, land where is his home.

The sailor, as in the lonely night-watch he paces the deck of his gallant vessel, bounding along over some distant sea, while the moaning wind whistles through the cordage, dreams it is the voice of spirits, whispering of home—the home he quitted so readily, but which he now longs for as the tempest-driven bird for the nest it has too rashly forsaken. Many a strange vicissitude has he undergone since he left that peaceful spot; at one time the scented gales of Araby have flung their fragrance around him, as his bark glided gracefully through the rippling waters of the blue Mediterranean; at another, the rude blast of the tempest has struck his reeling ship, and sent her leaping and quivering over the mountain waves of the boundless Atlantic. But, alike in sunshine and in storm, the silken zephyr could not woo, nor the roaring hurricane drive from his breast the sweet hope of one day revisiting the home now so far away.

The thought of home is that which infuses its greatest vigor into the arm of the warrior, rendering him on the battle-field indifferent to the tramp of the war-horse, the flash of the bayonet, or the roar of the cannon; and which, on the bed of sickness, breathes consolation into his wounds, and robs them of half their pain, by reminding him of their reward.

It matters not whether that home be in the dim recesses of snow-crowned Norway, or in the beaming plains of laughing France—under the burning sun of Africa's scorched up deserts, or by some glistening stream in forest glade of dear old England—by Niagara's foaming precipice, or Geneva's peaceful lake—home is everywhere home. "Home, sweet, sweet home," is the song in which all nations may join, for truly "there is no place like home."

A SOLILOQUY.

FROM THE DIARY OF A CLERGYMAN.

Life! pictures of life! what are they? Life has no pictures. It cannot be painted; it refuses to be transferred to canvass; it *will* be the same indescribable and *unpaintable* thing, all art and poetry notwithstanding. It is too much of a reality to suffer coloring. The original will not "sit" to the artist; and his highest skill cannot equal its strange, yet familiar—extraordinary, yet common features. Alas! alas! what have I seen, what heard, what felt? O earth, earth, shall it be always thus? Pain, sin, sorrow—sorrow, sin, pain always? One multiform, manifold, ever-changing, everlasting cycle of joy, grief, laughter, madness, death! A serio-comic dance of wild liberty and rattling chains, of men "great of flesh" and ghastly skeletons, of bloated vanity and broken-hearted virtue, of chariots and war-horses, of hearses and coffins for the dead, of marriages and deaths, bells pealing in the morning and tolling at night—and all this accompanied by the horrid harmony of merry laughter, hysteric screams, psalms of gratitude, groans of agony, shouts of despair, and songs of drunkards! O earth, earth, prolific mother! sometimes thou puttest on such beautiful smiles, that I cannot avoid loving thee, but, when I think of thy *history*, I feel an involuntary shudder! Why?—thou art guilty of millions of infanticides, thou art choked with the blood of thy children, thou art laden with corpses uncounted, and thou ploddest in grave-clothes thy way through the measureless vault of the heavens! Thou art a great hearse, a grave-yard, a network of vaults for the dead, a huge urn; and whither art thou traveling with thy terrible load, august yet terrific mother? Thousands of nations, and tens of thousands of generations, have been committed to thy keeping, thou grim jailer! Many a proud king lies securely bound in thy cells, thy dungeons are crowded with despots and slaves, the one harmless and the other unharmed now; and thou art rich in cities—the wealth of empires lies fast locked in thy granite safes, and all that nations have toiled for thou claimest as thine own. Imperious and insatiable! shall it be *always* thus? Is there no goal to this weary race—no intermission, no rest, not even a halting-place, or "station," by the way? Humanity is tired of this monotony. Man cries for change, his heart aches for something new, he groans for relief, and, as in the days of old, asks a sign from heaven. Shall no sign be given him?

But is he not surrounded with signs? Are not miracles every-day phenomena? Is not creation a miracle? Are not the seasons miracles, and night and day, and sun, moon, and stars? Is he not himself a miracle to himself? Miracles are mysteries; and is not every man a mystery to himself? Every man is a publication, a prophetic roll, a book, whose leaves are the heart, the sentiments, the feelings, the senses, and the soul! I see, every day and hour of my rapid journey, great sights and signs from heaven. I have not time critically to examine them all. I pass through them, and they pass by me, with a velocity which prohibits close analysis; but this swiftness is itself one of the signs for which I foolishly call. Like a child with too many toys, I seek relief by crying for more, as if an increase to the causes of the difficulty would diminish its intensity.

It cannot be the design of the omnipotent and merciful Creator that matters are to remain for ever in this state. The earth gives no answer to my questions; but I imagine an audible groan from its heart, as if burdened with its dreadful load, anxious to give up its charge, to cast out its dead, and to enjoy the redemption which the *true Book* says awaits it. When that period arrives, what if it shall be discovered that this globe of sepulchres is the most prolific life-world in the universe? that death, the enemy, is working—not willingly, but by constraint—*with* Him who is the Life, and whose purpose is to subdue all things to himself? that the distresses, perplexities, woes, agonies, and mortality of the present, are but mysterious *creating processes*, all uniformly and steadily tending to a gloriously finished creation? that we are, consequently, present at, and witnesses of, and take part in, this elaboration of an eternal and wonderful idea—of compelling all temporary evil to minister to the erection of a magnificent system of everlasting good? and that we shall be able to say hereafter,

we were present at the moral creation, saw some of the divine acts in that stupendous work, and had some slight share, though then we knew it not, in the accomplishment of his infinitely wise designs? It will be something to say hereafter, that we remember certain stages in the creating process; that what we considered a terrible waste of life was but the transition to a higher kind of life; that the sorrows of our great family were but the seeds of immortal joy; and that, whilst laying our dead in the earth, we were actually accumulating stores of deathless vitality. Certainly there is some connection between sowing in tears and reaping in joy; and possibly that connection is closer than any one imagines. It strikes me that the processes of creation and redemption are going on simultaneously; or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say, that the process of redemption is a creation, a making all things new out of the old materials, subjecting all things to one design, compelling death to be the nursery, instead of the grave, of life, and making this earth the groundwork on which the grandest of all problems shall be solved, namely, the subjugation of error and sin into everlasting subordination to truth and holiness. I have faith enough both in the wisdom and love of the Redeemer to believe all this. "As sin hath abounded, grace has superabounded," may be taken as a principle capable of most extensive application. The question as to the introduction of evil into our world does not trouble me. I infer, from the paucity of information respecting it, that an ampler revelation would have been no blessing. God's kindness is manifested by his silence as well as by his voice; and while his benign supremacy is undisturbed by the introduction of sin, a hearty concurrence with his system of recovery is more profitable employment than curious speculation about the origin of evil. It is little satisfaction to a sufferer to remember distinctly how and where he caught an infectious disease; but it is much to have the assurance of an able physician that, on condition of strict attention to his prescriptions, the disease will speedily be conquered; and, whilst it is sadly true that I am a daily sufferer in consequence of sin, I think it can hardly be questioned that my powers of enjoyment, both present and prospective, are far greater than they would have been had I not "known sin." This, however, is not a *necessary* result of evil, notwithstanding the mysterious connection between contrasts, but the effect of divine arrangements in the gospel of Jesus Christ. The doctrine of necessity ought not to be pressed into the service of humanity. It obviously rests upon its own merits. To drag it out of its legitimate province, is to open the floodgates of heresy. Whatever God hath decreed is, of course, necessary, for that very reason; but our knowledge of his decree extends not beyond that "which is written;" and the assumption of necessity where no doctrine is declared, is utterly unwarrantable. In this case, namely, the probable good to which existence may be given by the intervention of evil in our part of the divine dominions, it is obvious that it cannot be necessary in the same way that acting causes necessarily produce corresponding effects; but that good may spring out of greater good overruling evil, may be firmly held as an article of faith, supposing a declaratory revelation to that effect. Now, we have such a revelation; and it accords at once with our best wishes for the world of men, and with our duty, firmly to believe, and earnestly to hope for the blessings which that revelation promises.

This, then, is precisely the position in which we stand respecting this suffering family of mankind. We should know nothing beyond the fact that the earth is a great burial ground, but for a divine revelation. We should suffer and witness sorrows innumerable from the beginning to the end of the year, without an intimation regarding either their commencement or their close; we should plod on through the gloom, sad in spirit and wretched at heart, without the least idea of a brilliant sun about to rise on the thick darkness; we should guess, speculate, philosophize, and dream, about causes and effects, means and ends, without any assured principle of interpretation, or settled axiom to which opinions might be referred, or by which the value of theories might be determined; and we should wonder that the Being whose power and wisdom were equal to the tremendous work of making and peopling a great world, should leave it to be the prey of demons and the arena of conflict to a thousand generations of men; but we should never, without a divine revelation, grasp the thought that all the past is only a few steps in the procession of the Eternal towards a magnificent and most glorious end, when the mystery of God shall be finished, and the regenerated earth become the most splendid world in the star-thronged universe.

Yet, that this is the case, and that such will be the issue, I no more doubt, than I do the existence of the sun at mid-day. Why should I? "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" Faith is knowledge. "By faith we *know*." And if there be a God—the affirmative of which is infinitely more rational than the negative—it is morally certain

that he will accomplish his original purpose, and that he will not leave a world, upon which he has expended so much care and attention—a world which has literally cost him so much—until he shall have effected his first design regarding it, to the very letter. Of him it shall never be said, "He began to build, and was not able to finish." It is certain that we are nearer the consummation than were our fathers; and it is highly probable that, as we approach the end, the rapidity of events will be amazingly accelerated. Already, to speak with reverence, the comparatively slow movements of Divine Providence seem drawing to a close, and the indications of a rapid winding-up of the multitudinous affairs of nations and of time are neither few nor unimportant. No, earth, earth, it will NOT *be always thus!*

SUNSET IN BAFFIN'S BAY.

BY MISS J. F. BESSAC.

Calm lay the sea, and far away,
Like marble piles, the pure snow slept,
And heaven was bright with such a day
As in the arms of night ne'er wept.
A veil 'tis true was lightly thrown
Of rainbow hues upon its brow,
But through the parted folds it shone
With beams of dazzling splendor now.
I said the sea lay calm, and bright,
And cold, for there the iceberg's form
Reared high its head amid the light,
As it were not the child of storm.
It was the *noon* of *night*—but far
In the clear North the *red sun* glowed;
It was *no night* of *moon*, and *star*,
For sunbright splendors o'er it flowed—
And feudal towers whose banners fling
Their folds upon the silent air,
Rose proudly—Did the trumpet ring,
To call the banner'd hosts from far?
Or did yon mountain raise its voice
Of thunder to arouse the world?

Look where its floods of lava-flame
Are from its icy ramparts hurl'd!
How gorgeous in the purple light
Arise those pillar'd domes to heaven,
And burnish'd spires throw forth the light
In orient richness given.
Doth no tall palm its fanlike leaves
Spread o'er it in the golden ray?
Doth there the dark-eyed Bayadere
Move in the dance away?
Those glorious lands, those storied piles,
Those towers of high ancestral fame,
Those relics of the glorious past
Need but the prestige of a name.
The mirage lifts; mount, dome and tower,
All vanish in the rising beam,
And lava flood, and banner-fold,
Fade from the changing scene.
The iceberg, and the mountain snow,
And the wild sea, remain;
The Arctic day, without a night,
Is on its march again.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

Guardian angels, guardian angels!
They are with us night and day,
Dropping flowers of love the brightest
As they watch us on our way.
In our sorrows, in our troubles,
They with care around us throng,
Ever guarding us from danger,
Ever shielding us from wrong.

Guardian angels, guardian angels!
Are a source of comfort here,
They prepare our every blessing,
Bring us all we hold most dear—
Turn aside those ills and trials
Which our spirits could not brook;
But for them, we all should stumble—
Fall at every step we took.

Guardian angels, guardian angels!
Still your benedictions pour,
On our hearts the joys of truth,
The light of virtue ever shower;
Teach us how we may our blessings
Ever cherish, still increase,
And grant that every flower we pluck
May be a flower of love—of peace—
Guardian angels!

ROBERT BROWNING.

Charles Lamb in one of his essays once divided men into two classes, those who borrow, and those who lend: following his example, we are disposed to be as narrow in our classification of poets, whom we divide into those who are original and those who are not; the word orginal, however, by no means fully or correctly explains our meaning. Many poets are strikingly original in thought, whose mode of embodiment is as old as the hills. The common sense of mankind is disseminated from stereotyped plates, and so is more than half of all the different branches of English literature. There is no marked or radical difference in the style of Pope, Grey, Cowper, Wordsworth, and Southey:—difference there certainly is in expression, in the length and turning of periods, and a thousand minor points, but they all leave the same impression on the mind of the generality of readers, as far as their style is concerned. Not so however with Tennyson, Miss Barrett (now Mrs. Browning), and Robert Browning himself. The peculiarities and excellencies of the two former are mostly understood and appreciated, but the latter is comparatively unknown, especially in America, where his works have only been reprinted during the past year. We should not be surprised if he never attained general popularity anywhere: he is not a stereotype man, but bold and original, not to say *bizarre* in everything that he attempts. He evidently holds critics in utter contempt. He does not write for them nor for the world: he wants a "fit audience though few."

His plays are puzzles to the mass of readers: devoid of what is generaly considered plot and action and delineation of character, they seem, and to a certain extent are, obscure; but the obscurity lies as much in the reader as the poet: he needs a metaphysician to understand him thoroughly: he delineated the motives and working of the minds of his various characters without any reference to anything else, or anything tangible or earthly: he places himself in their different situations, and thinks as they would; thinks metaphysically, deeply, passionately, but not actively: he never acts: there is no plot in any of his plays that would for a moment be tolerated on the stage: his characters are not men but minds, they wear no clay around them: "Paracelsus," one of his earliest efforts, is a conversational, we can hardly call it a dramatic poem, in which he endeavors to depicture the struggles of a noble but restless nature, smitten with a thirst of knowledge, but scorning from the first human love. His bursts of exultation and confidence as to the divinity of his mission—his account of the growth of his desires, and the certainty of their success—his after depression and fear, uncertainty and disappointment, are finely but abstractly drawn: Paracelsus is perhaps too much of a logician, but we must remember that he is a student and dreamer.

The following passage is not over poetically expressed, but philosophically true:—

> "Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
> From outward things, whate'er you may believe:
> There is an inmost centre in us all
> Where truth abides in fullness; and around
> Wall upon wall the gross flesh hems it in,
> This perfect clear perception—which is truth:
> A baffling and perverting carnal mesh
> Blinds it, and makes all error, and *To know*
> Rather consists in opening out a way
> Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape,
> Than in effecting entry for a light
> Supposed to be without.

The lines below must have been written in the full flush and pride of youth:—

> "Make no more giants, God!
> But elevate the race at once! We ask
> Just to put forth our strength, our human strength,
> All starting fairly, all equipped alike,
> Gifted alike, all eagle-eyed, true-hearted—
> See if we cannot beat thy angels yet!"

"Pippa Passes" is one of the finest efforts of the modern muse: the idea of the play is poetical and beautifully executed—Pippa, a poor ophan girl whose life is spent in the drudgery of a silk mill, has a holiday, and goes through Azolo, singing snatches of old songs and hymns. In different parts of the town, different characters have met for good or evil, and just at the turning point Pippa passes in the street singing something applicable their needs and desires—exerting as it were a mesmeric influence over those around her. The lines quoted below have been pronounced the greatest instance of imagination in Browning's works, "their fine audacity carrying us back to the elder period of the English drama."

> "Buried in woods we lay, you recollect,
> Swift ran the searching tempest overhead,

And ever and anon some bright white shaft
Burst through the pine tree roof—burnt here and there
As if God's Messenger through the close wood-screen,
Plunged and replunged his weapon at a venture,
Feeling for guilty thee and me."

From a conversation between some poor girls we select the following passages, whose pathos and country-feeling have always made them favorites with us:—

FIRST GIRL.

"Spring's come, and summer's coming, I would wear
A long low gown—down to the hands and feet—
With plaits here, close about the throat, all day:
And all nights lie, the long cool nights in bed—
And have new milk to drink—apples to eat,
Deuzans and junctings, leather-coats—ah I should say
This is away in the fields miles!

THIRD GIRL.

Say at once
You'd be at home—she'd always be at home!—
Now comes the glory of the farm among
The cherry-orchards, and how April snowed
White blossoms on her, as she ran: why, foul!—
They've rubbed out the chalk-marks of how tall you were,
Twisted your starling's neck—broken his cage,
Made a dung-hill of your garden—

FIRST GIRL.

They destroy
My garden since I left them?—well—perhaps!
I would have done so, so I hope they have!—
A fig-tree curled out of our cottage wall—
They called it mine, I have forgotten why,
It must have been there long ere I was born:
Cric--cric—I think I hear the wasps o'erhead,
Pricking the papers strung to flutter there
And keep off birds in fruit time—long coarse papers,
And the wasps eat them, prick them through and through.

"Colombe's Birth-day" and "The Blot on the Scutcheon" are our favorites of all the plays. The first is full of chivalrous sweetness and subdued passion, the growth of which is equal to anything in Shakspeare. The last is full of love and sorrow, and contains the only flesh and blood characters that Browning has yet given the world. Dickens considered it the finest poem of the century. We know not where to find more sweetness, more intensity of love, more of the feelings of youth and first grief, than is scattered through its simple and pathetic scenes. We never read it without tears.

The minor poems—"Dramatic Lyrics" he calls them—are, perhaps, the most peculiar and *bizarre* of all Browning's writings. They are for the most part lyrical in expression, but always dramatic in principle, and the utterances of so many imaginary persons, rather than the author's. Some of the mare singular enough—"The last Duchess" has been pronounced by one of the first dramatic poets of the age, to be the finest piece of dramatic acting of the century—the story, and peculiarities of the story teller, are developed without any apparent effort: in this respect Browning stands unrivaled, and may challenge comparison with the old masters of the stage.

"Count Gismond" is a fine piece of narrative verse, exquisitely managed. "The Soliloquy in the Spanish Cloister" is very characteristic of the author. "Artemi's Prologueizes" reads like a translation from the Greek tragedians: the blank verse is sounding, stately, and simple. "The Bishop orders his tomb at St. Praxed's Church" is fully equal to the "St. Simeon Stylites" of Tennyson, though differently treated: "Porphyria's Lover," "How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix," "The Italian in England," "The Englishman in Italy," "The Flight of the Duchess"—and "Saul" are all fine, and characteristic poems.

"The Pied Piper of Hamelin" is a specimen of Browning's *diablerie* and humor. The following is a good specimen of its style and versification:—

"RATS.

"They fought the dogs, and killed the cats.
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats."

"Meeting at Midnight," with which we must close our extracts, has many of the characteristics of Tennyson, and gives the feeling of "the place and hour."

I.

The grey sea, and the long black land;
And the yellow half moon large and low;
And the startled little waves that toss
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed in the slushy sand.

II.

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;
Three fields to cross till a farm appears:
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, thro' its joys and fears,
Than the two hearts beating each to each!

EARTH'S OLDEST SON.

BY REV. DR. CHEEVER.

The youth of the world was the season of man's greatest age; perhaps also it was the season of man's greatest wickedness. Three things we know with certainty, amidst all the darkness that hangs over the life of the antediluvians; they lived to a great age, they rose to a great height of depravity, and, except Enoch, they all died. The assurance of a very long life would be to any man either a great temptation to sin, or a great means of holiness; most likely the former. *Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil.* The character written for our instruction of the race of man in the world before the flood, *that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually,* corresponds unerringly with the inspired declaration by the mouth of Solomon. The sentence of death, deferred for so many ages, was almost unknown, and came at length to be utterly discredited; they thought not of it; nay, so hardy and secure had long centuries of vigorous existence made them, that, as long as Adam lived, they might have dreamed of indefinite centuries yet to come, the limit of man's life, in all probability, not having been made the subject of precise revelation. For more than seven antediluvian generations no death is recorded in the scriptures. There may have been mortal diseases, and even the crime of Cain may have been not unfrequently repeated, for *the earth was filled with violence.*

But, for aught we know, the funeral of Adam was the first which his posterity attended for nearly a thousand years. There was, indeed, another funeral; the murdered Abel was buried; but the parents were the only mourners. With his own hands Adam dug the grave of his youngest, best beloved son; with his own hands he buried him; and Eve planted the sacred enclosure with flowers, and watered it with her tears. The simplest things were then matters of revelation; death and its consequences were so little known, that the angels would have to show Adam what he must do with the bleeding corpse of Abel; the language of Abraham, *bury my dead out of my sight,* could only spring from experience; for if death left the bodies of those we love as uncorrupted and as beautiful as life, we should wish to keep them by us, though inanimate and lifeless. The ancient Egyptians had a strange custom of doing this, as it was. They sometimes kept the dead bodies of their friends standing upright in their houses, embalmed so carefully, that every feature remained as it was in life; they kept them, Diodorus tells us, "in costly habitations, for the pleasure of beholding them for ever."

When Methusaleh was born, Adam was six hundred and eighty-seven years of age. When Adam died, Methusaleh was two hundred and eighty-two. The oldest man lived in the society of the first man 282 years. Methusaleh was the grandfather of Noah; and when Noah was born, Methusaleh was 369 years old. Methusaleh and Noah were therefore contemporaries during the long space of 600 years. Noah had never seen Adam; the father of the second race of mortals had never seen the father of the first. But Lamech, Noah's father, and the first born of Methusaleh, had lived, while Adam was yet alive, 95 years; and he, as well as Methusaleh, could describe to Noah, from personal knowledge and recollection, the teachings and the venerable grandeur of the Father of them all.

The death of Adam took place just eighty-seven years before Noah's birth. Of the death of Eve no mention is made in the Scriptures. How long she remained on earth with our great father, by what angelic messengers or revelations from the Almighty they were both prepared for their departure, or what blessings and prophetic warnings they left with their posterity on leaving the world, we know not. Of all possible circumstances we have but one, and that the universal record of man, *he died.* Nor is the name of any woman of the posterity of Adam, from Seth to Noah, handed down to us, nor any glimpse of information as to the part which the wives of the antediluvian patriarchs might have played in the education of their children. Who was the mother of Methusaleh? and what the lessons taught him in his infancy? Was the help-meet of Enoch chosen for her piety? and did she walk, like him,

with God? are questions which curiosity, pausing upon the life of the world before the flood, would be glad to have answered. But not a ray of information comes down to us, nor is even a loop-hole left for conjecture, save that the character of men like Enoch and Noah is sufficient ground for the supposition, that so far as their minds were left to be moulded by their mothers, the examples set before them, and the influence exerted upon them, must have been holy.

And now, could we call up the shades of Methusaleh, and converse with the oldest man, what would be the lessons of his experience? Would they be greatly different from ours? Would the thoughts and feelings, the events and circumstances, of men whose life was of a thousand years' duration, be very diverse from those of ordinary mortals, whose span is only threescore years and ten, or would one little limit of existence vary from theirs only as a miniature does from a portrait, where the features, the passions, the expression, are the same, and only the dimensions of the canvass, the size of the painting, are different? The temptations of Methusaleh must have been like ours; his christian conflict was the same; his faith was the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. But were his trials as heavy as ours, or has the primeval curse gathered a strength in the progress of six thousand years, not known in the world's infancy? What indeed was affliction, disease, old age, with the antediluvians? Were their trials spread over a larger portion of existence than ours? Did colds and fevers rack the body with pain for a time proportionally longer? Ere the close of life, did the keepers of the house tremble, and the strong men bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they were few, and were those that looked out of the windows darkened? Was their infancy extended into our childhood, and their childhood into our manhood, so that their youth was our age, and the child died being an hundred years old? Was the flight of time with them as rapid as with us, and notwithstanding their long life, did they leave it with as strong unwillingness, with as deep regret, with as many plans incomplete, and purposes betrayed, as we do ours? The unerring truth of Scripture has made one thing certain; that, as they grew in years they grew in wickedness, despising the goodness of God, and filling up life with impiety, till all flesh had corrupted their way, and become fitted only for the destruction of the deluge. Their passions were the same as ours, and they gave them their full swing of indulgence; and in the long sweep of nine hundred years they must have gathered a prodigious power, and raged and burned like a flaming volcano.

The extreme conciseness and paucity of detail in the sacred history concerning the antediluvians are remarkable. We may draw from them a salutary lesson. Their space in the world's existence amounted almost to one third of its whole being thus far; for, of the sixty centuries that have nearly elapsed, from creation's dawn to the present moment, their busy transit occupied not much less than two thousand years; and of the four thousand years over which the Bible ranges its sacred perspective, the wickedness of the antediluvians consumed almost half; and yet not a two hundreth part of the inspiration of the Scriptures is conceded to their notice. If they themselves could have drawn up for future times even an abridgement of all that they expected to be known, and thought worthy to be known in regard to them, the history of the world before the flood would have occupied more space than that of all ages since; and we should have had an antediluvian Bible, emblazoned all over with the record of their glorious achievements; and doubtless it would have been a most striking, a most extraordinary history. All elements of human greatness, as well as of human wickedness, would have entered into its composition; for there can scarcely be a doubt that the intellectual faculties of men wrought on a scale as gigantic as their passions, so that, by the time the flood came, the earth must have been covered with memorials of most surpassing grandeur. The very first born of Adam, the murderer of his brother, when the volcano of passion had a little burned out, and he had somewhat recovered from the tempest of madness and remorse of conscience, *builded a city*, impressing upon its stupendous architecture all the energy of a mind of gigantic strength, and instead of giving it a name that might have connected it sacredly with heaven, indulged a mixture of paternal fondness and ambition, and called it after the name of his first-born son. But of all the grandeur that might have grown in time to be characteristic of the first city, and of all the countless temples and palaces whelmed beneath the deluge, not a vestige was preserved for after admiration, even in description; and of all monuments of genius, in history, poetry, biography, or whatever other shape the mind of antediluvian antiquity might choose for its creations, though there may have been libraries larger than that of all the Ptolemies, it is doubtful if Noah deigned to take one solitary leaf into the ark, to be preserved amidst the waste of waters. Over all achievements of fame, all wonders of genius,

all events of history, in which the actors anticipated an immortality of glory, the pen of inspiration draws a blank; it is a parcel of insignificant rubbish; it is like the chaos of an unformed world; it is all passed over in forgetfulness, and the record of their life is comprehended in the merest affirmation of mortality—*he died.*

Only one event is recorded alike of them all, no matter what may have been their situation in life, whether princes of the earth, surrounded with grandeur, or beggars in rags upon the dung-hill. They may have amassed wealth beyond the possibility of computation, they may have enlarged the bounds of science, and filled the world with the fame of their discoveries, they may have traveled into distant lands, and brought back volumes of knowledge, they may have possessed an eloquence like that of angels, they may have written poetry worthy the abodes of Paradise, they may have founded empires, and given systems of law to communities, they may have been poets, orators, statesmen, philosophers, they may have done all that makes the name of mortals great, they may have been the Homers, the Virgils, the Newtons, the Bacons, the Shakspeares, the Miltons of their age;—but with all this, the history of their life is reduced down to the bald, unvaried epitaph, *he died.* There would be all varieties of existence among them as among us; some whose rank and connections in life would place them at the summit of society, and others whose powers of conversation made them the admired in every circle, and others whose days were crowded with events of wonder, and others whose domestic relations were full of beauty and tenderness, and others of a glowing imagination, and others of a vast reach of mind, and others of angelic symmetry and strength of body;—and yet it is all annihilated in that one simple record, *he died.*

There would be, in the progress of antediluvian existence, all materials that ever combine to raise the record of a man's days from obscurity and insignificance, all that we ever look upon as constituting fit stuff for the tissue of a magnificent history, or a grand and glowing biography; they must have attained all that in the world's view is worth living for; they must have accomplished all that in the eye of ambition constitutes a ground for that immortality of fame which the fallen mind thirsts after; actions to draw a world's applause, inventions and discoveries of surprising ingenuity, systems of science and philosophy, all forms of greatness realized;—and yet it is all disposed of and confined within the annals of two words, *he died.*

Once in the flight of ages passed,
There lived a man:—and who was he?
—Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.

He saw whatever thou hast seen,
Encountered all that troubles thee;
He was—whatever thou hast been,
He is—whatever thou shalt be.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins since the world began,
Of him afford no other trace
Than this,—THERE DIED A MAN.

Now it is scarcely possible to read a more affecting and instructive lesson than the Holy Spirit has thus transmitted for our consideration, as to the worthlessness of all mere mortal grandeur in the eye of God. The pleasure, wealth, power, knowledge, glory, of ten centuries crowded into one life, with all the changes and shows of a human existence, continued through a period which with us suffices for the transit of nearly thirty generations, are just as unnoticed as if they had never had an existence. Except so far as these things bear upon our eternal destiny, it is absolutely regarded as of no account whatever, whether a man were poor or rich, learned or unlearned, lofty or lowly, wise or ignorant, whether he were a Newton or a Hottentot, a Milton or a chimney-sweep, a Bacon or the inmate of a mad-house, an Alexander or a beggar in the street. Considered apart from the fact of his probationary state, the enjoyments or events in the life of the most distinguished of mortals, though it were protracted to a period beyond that of the oldest antediluvian, are absolutely of no more importance, in comparison with the idea of an endless duration, than the movements of a new-born babe the first day of its existence. You might compress the possession of all the royalty and luxury of all the monarchs of the earth, and all the glory of the whole world's warriors, statesmen and nobility, and all the wisdom and fame of all the world's poets and philosophers, into the experience of one mind, and the period of one life, and yet, in itself, and for itself, without reference to God, it is nothing, absolutely not worth naming; considered with reference to eternity, it dwindles to a point; with reference to happiness, it is gone like the ticking of a clock, and is of no more value than the pulsation in the veins of the smallest microscopic insect. The only thing of absolute value is that which connects us with God, and makes us partake of his holiness; all things else are baubles. Crowns are playthings, dukedoms and dominions of no more importance than the grains of sand that go to make up an ant-hill.

ON THE DEATH OF A DEAR FRIEND.

BY MRS. K. P. CANNING.

I know that thou art blest,
Friend of my soul! and in the better land;
From troubled scenes of earth I know His hand
Hath led thee to thy rest.

Brief was thy space of time,
And bright the beaming of thy morning sun:
Thy conflict's finished and thy victory won,
Ere yet life's noon of prime.

And thou are laid to rest
In the sweet summer-dawn, where early flowers,
Wakened to life by softly falling showers,
Shall bloom above thy breast.

And winds that gently sigh
Thy requiem shall breathe at close of day,
And joyous birds outpour their sweetest lay
Of wild-wood melody.

But O my sorrowing soul,
That mourns a cherished treasure gone for aye!
Earth's glorious beauty fades as day by day
Life hastens to its goal.

No more will sun or stars,
Or silvery moon shine as in other days;
Death's chilling shadow dims their purest rays—
Their holy radiance mars.

But toward the "better land"
Constant my longing heart shall follow thee;
And to its blessedness thou'lt welcome me,
When falls life's latest sand.

Stockbridge, Mass., June 4th, 1851.

THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

In heavenly climes, where harmonies
Of holy joy are heard alone,
A bright, unnumber'd angel throng
Surround with harps the throne;
Or float, from glowing star to star,
Without a bound, without a bar.

In glory now—then far away,
Amid the measureless—the vast;
Where burn the ceaseless wheels of day,
Where howls the endless blast,
Where all is dark, or all is bright,
God's presence ever fills their sight.

Beyond that presence ever near,
Their swiftest wing can never fly;
Unheard, it meets the spirit ear,
Unseen, the spirit eye;
Where sounds of life no whisper give,
In present Deity they live.

God is where'er a drop of dew
Hangs trembling on the harebell's leaf,
Where floats a cloud amid the blue,
Where days are bright or brief;
Where shines the star and glows the air
With silent sunlight, God is there.

And oh! the blissful thought that He
Whose presence fills the wondrous dome
Of measureless infinity,
Should love to fix his home,
His dearest dwelling-place, within
The humble heart that sighs for sin,

The heart that like the sunflower turns
To Him at morn—at noon—at eve—
With silent love to Jesus burns,
And longs, for Him, to leave
The joys of earth—to love him more,
And sound his praise on Canaan's shore.

Adam Clarke's Commentary.—The affection and esteem in which the memory of Dr. Clarke is held by our Methodist brethren, has a fine exemplification in the care and beauty which have been displayed in the new edition of his great work, the Commentary on the Scriptures, issued from the Methodist Book Concern, of which Rev. Messrs. LANE and SCOTT are the Actuaries. In six octavo volumes, of elegant typography and paper, and accurately and beautifully executed, the work has a most inviting aspect to the scholar and Bible reader alike. Dr. Clarke had some rare qualities for a successful expositor. Uniting extensive erudition and untiring industry with much practical judgment, a comprehensive theological learning, and a warmth of piety and zeal which no abstruseness of study nor energy of polemics could dampen or pervert; he furnishes, in his great work, a noble specimen of Christian exegesis. It is not to be supposed that subsequent labors in philology and discoveries in theology may not have impaired the value of some of his conclusions and criticisms. This must be the fate of every work in so broad and well-explored a field as that of Scripture exegesis: but the largest advances of biblical learning have left, and will always leave untouched, the best qualities of Clarke's Commentary. It will ever be, to a great extent, and in the view of all evangelical denominations, a clear exposition of the doctrinal teachings of the Word of God, a treasure of philological and hermeneutical learning, and a work profoundly earnest and suggestive in its spiritual instructions. Dr. Clarke was particularly at home in rabbinical lore; and his Commentary sheds more of the illustrative light of the curious learning from that source, than any single work we know of. But its deeply religious character, and its authority as an exponent of the Arminian theology, are the points that most strongly commend it. To the members of his own denomination, reverence and fame supply a motive for obtaining it, stronger than any commendation: to the Bible-readers and students of other sects, it has an interest and a value which we wish they were more ready to appreciate. We think so fine an edition of so large and valuable a work does honor to the enterprise of the Methodist body, and furnishes both a facility and a motive for its more extended circulation among the clergy and Christians of all denominations.

Sea and Shore designates the concluding volume of the edition of the works of the late Rev. Walter Colton, published under the editorial auspices of Rev. Henry T. Cheever, by Messrs. A S. BARNES & Co. It is of a more miscellaneous character than its predecessors—containing some brief notes of a visit to France and Spain—the substance of two addresses in behalf of the sailor—a variety of poems, editorial articles, (for Mr. C. was at one time editor of a Daily Journal in Philadelphia,) and sundry minor articles; and concluding with a brief, but exceedingly well-written and interesting memoir, by Mr. Cheever. The volume will have a more personal interest to the friends and admirers of the man than any of the series; and very properly contains a portrait of him.

Incidents in the Life of a Pastor, is the title of a work just issued from the press of Mr. SCRIBNER, which will find a wide circle of readers and admirers in the friends of the author. It is from the pen of Rev. Dr. Wisner, formerly, and for many long years, pastor of the Presbyterian church in Ithaca, and contains a great number of the incidents and occurrences which his memory retains as specially interesting or suggestive, as illustrating his ministry. As much of his long pastoral life was spent in the midst of powerful revivals of religion, his experience made him acquainted with a great number of incidents connected with the conversion of sinners, and the operations of the Holy Spirit upon the hearts of men. They are told with great conciseness and brevity—so much so as sometimes to impair the effect of the story—without system, or any other thread of unity than that of remembered chronology, and are, for the most part, unaccompanied by any reflections of the author. Yet in all their baldness, they are extremely interesting—partly because they relate to deeply interesting subjects, and partly because of their evident truth. The work will be read with profit by various classes; and we should suppose that many of its pointed narratives would be well adapted to awaken the attention of the careless, to the immeasurable interests of religion. As usual with Mr. Scribner's publications, great neatness and taste have been shown in the getting up of the volume.

Lost or Saved, is the striking title of a very spirited religious work, published by the Messrs. CARTER, from the pen of a clergyman of the Church of England—Rev. Mr. Ryle. It is a series of pointed, practical appeals to the impenitent, much after the manner of Baxter's Call, and much of whose tender solicitude and impassioned style it has caught. The truths it seeks to impress are boldly stated, and enforced by striking illustrations, well calculated to arrest attention and to enforce reflection. For its special purpose we should regard it as an eminently successful, as we trust it will prove a popular and useful, work.

Episodes of Insect Life.—The second volume of this elegant reprint has been issued by Mr. REDFIELD, and will find friends with all who perused the sprightly descriptions of the first. Science seldom puts on so engaging a garb. The details of entomology are enlivened with its curious facts and its poetic associations, and made to minister quite as much to the reader's gratification as his information. The author is an enthusiast in her way—for it is evidently the product of a lady—and succeeds in imparting her enthusiasm to her readers. Wit, science, poetry, anecdote, and legend mingle their respective elements to the work, while art has also lent her genial aid in giving its attraction. It is beautifully and plentifully illustrated with designs, in fine keeping with the spirit of the page. The second volume relates to the insects of summer; it is to be followed by a third, embracing the insects of autumn. When completed, we think it will prove not only a successfull book for general reading, but will serve to many a mind a nobler purpose—of kindling a taste for natural history, and of opening a suggestive aspect of the extent, beauty, and beneficence of the Creator's works.

The Royal Preacher, by Rev. James Hamilton, D.D., is the title of a neatly printed volume, from the press of R. CARTER & BROTHERS, which has some novel features. It is a commentary on the Book of Ecclesiastes, in the form of lectures, and composed for popular, practical religous reading. It has but little of the aspect of ordinary hermeneutics; the processes of exposition are kept out of sight, and only the results are visible. It is an eloquent, rapid and impressive reproduction of the truths and statements of the text, shedding light upon many an obscure passage, and drawing lessons of wisdom from every chapter. It is an unusually happy specimen of expository homiletics—free, warm, original, striking and suggestive; and displaying no inconsiderable amount of critical learning and skill. Sometimes the author's animated style swells out of the due proportions of good taste; but oftener it is exceedingly striking and effective, putting old truths in a new garb, and arresting the attention by the warmth of its eloquence, and the aptness and beauty of its imagery.

Psalmista, or Choir Melodies, is the title of a new work of sacred psalmody, from the well known and fertile pens of Professors Thomas Hastings and William B. Bradbury, and published by M. H. NEWMAN & Co. The musical public will be pretty well prepared to expect, from the previous efforts of the authors, a work of a very superior order in psalmography, although we cannot think it quite

equal to its immediate predecessor, the Mendelssohn Collection. Compared with that work, this, we think, will be found lighter, easier, simpler, and of a more popular, practical cast. The richness of harmony, and the signs of study and ability which were displayed in that work, are not so visible here. It may be none the less useful for this; it is not at all likely to be less popular. A large proportion of the music is new—and mainly the composition of the editors. The music is unusually pleasing, easy, generally spirited, and well adapted for the practical use of choirs. There are many flowing, easy melodies, well-harmonized, and ingeniously preserved from commonplace and insipidity by novel phrases and arrangements, and other devices which show skill and tact, if not talent. These are elements of unquestionable popularity, and will probably adapt the work to a wider field of usefulness than if it had been more carefully elaborated and taken a higher aim. The musical reader may be safely commended to Hereford, p. 91, as one of the most pleasing pieces in the book, and also remarkably characteristic of its prevailing style. It is a beautiful tune and easy. Himmel, 145, and Herr, 156, are two very fine pieces—the last evidently by Mr. Bradbury, though without his name. Wilhelm, 103, Angelo, 114, Bachmann, 146, are good specimens of the better class. There is a choice selection of old tunes, printed in finer type, at the end of each of the metres; numerous and useful indexes, and a good elementary course, in the work. It also exemplifies the capital taste of the editors in the adaptation of words, and is neatly printed. As we said, it will prove a highly popular and pleasant work, and serve an admirable purpose in animating and guiding the devotions of the church.

Cruden's Concordance.—M. W. Dodd. Mr. Dodd has obliged the public with a new and cheap edition of Cruden's Concordance entire, which we should like to say the word to induce every clergyman and Bible reader to obtain. There is no work like it: indeed, none but a crazy man like Cruden could ever have had the patience to prepare such a massive work. There is no need of abridgements, when the original work is so cheaply furnished; and abridgements always leave out the parts most wanted. We are glad to perceive a steady sale demanding new editions of such a noble work as this.

First Things—By Rev. Gardiner Spring, D.D. Second edition. M. W. Dodd. 2 vols. 12mo. The first edition of this work was soon exhausted, and Mr. Dodd, in issuing the second, has reduced the price and style a little, by which it may attain a wider circulation. It is in Dr. Spring's best style—eloquent, clear, erudite, and highly evangelical. It tends to increase the reader's reverence for the Bible, and to exalt the Divine character. We do not admire all the Doctors's views; but to the general spirit of the work, as well as to the impressive and eloquent style, and singularly interesting facts and reasonings it contains, we give our heartiest commendation, and hope it may find a reader in every thoughtful Christian.

Juvenile Books.—We have not, for a long time, seen a series of Juvenile Books so attractive and so unexceptionable, as the beautiful set published by Clark, Austen & Co., and edited by the Rev. F. C. Woodworth. They are prepared for a younger class of readers than usually receive literary attentions, and are so strikingly illustrated, and so clearly and attractively written, that they will be received with joy. Mr. Woodworth has the special art of juvenile writing in great perfection—and writing always with a definite moral aim, his books combine, to a degree that has out few equals, amusement and value. The publishers have displayed great taste in the execution of the volumes: which number twelve, bound in uniform, richly illustrated, and put up together in boxes. We take pleasure in commending them to parents, and the good-hearted givers of presents to children.

Light in Dark Places, from the German of the late Augustus Neander, is the title of a little work published from the Methodist Book Rooms, by Lane & Scott. It is a brief sketch of the faith, zeal, and piety of the early missionaries and martyrs of the church, from the pen of the great historian. Its clear narrative, admirable candor, love, and charity, make it a valuable work, in a field where but little that is practical in religion is often found.

Lectures on the Lord's Prayer.—Dr. Williams, the eloquent and erudite Baptist clergyman of New York, has issued a volume of discourses on the Lord's Prayer, published by Gould & Lincoln, of Boston. The breadth of view, the strength of logic, and the stirring eloquence of manner which they disclose, place them among the very best homiletical efforts of the age. Without expressing concurrence with all the Doctor's views—for his theme conducts him into the very heart of nearly every mooted, earnest question of the times—we can say that there is not a page which is not full of suggestion, as well as eloquence. It does honor to the heart that indited it, and will be accepted as another contribution to the best religious literature of the day.

The Life of General Lafayette, by P. C. Headley, is a handsome volume, issued from the fertile press of Derby & Miller, of Auburn, N. Y. Though written up to a high pitch of eulogy, it narrates, in a clear, sustained, and energetic history, the deeds of a remarkable man, placed in a remarkable position. Connected as he was with some of the most stirring incidents of our revolutionary era, and of two French experiments at imitation, his life introduces a great number of historic passages of extraordinary interest, which the graphic pen of Mr. Headley presents in a highly dramatic and spirited form. It will be read, and read with interest, by all who take it up.

Home is Home, is the title of a Domestic Tale, published by D. Appleton & Co. We might trust the good taste and skill of the publishers for the interest and moral quality of this work. Their fictions are usually of an elevated and improving character—some of them among the very best in the language. The present is very interesting, and relates to a theme that reaches every heart.

Margaret Maitland, of Sunnyside, is another domestic tale, from the press of the Appletons. It is a quaint Scotch story, told with an almost childlike simplicity, and has its chief charm in its naive style. It is highly praised abroad. Its moral tone is admirable—religion in its purest and most unpretending type, forms the attractive quality of the best characters in the work.

Sunbeams and Shadows; a domestic story, of unambitious and pleasing character, designed to illustrate the pleasures of pious and virtuous home-life. It forms one of the fine series of tales, of moral and unexceptionable cast, which the house of D. Appleton & Co. have sent forth for several years past.

Sir David Wilkie.—We present, in our embellishment the present month, one of the most celebrated of the productions of Sir David Wilkie—The Cut Finger. Its quiet humor and versimilitude, as well as calm power, are highly characteristic of the style and genius of the artist.

PAINTED BY D. WILKIE

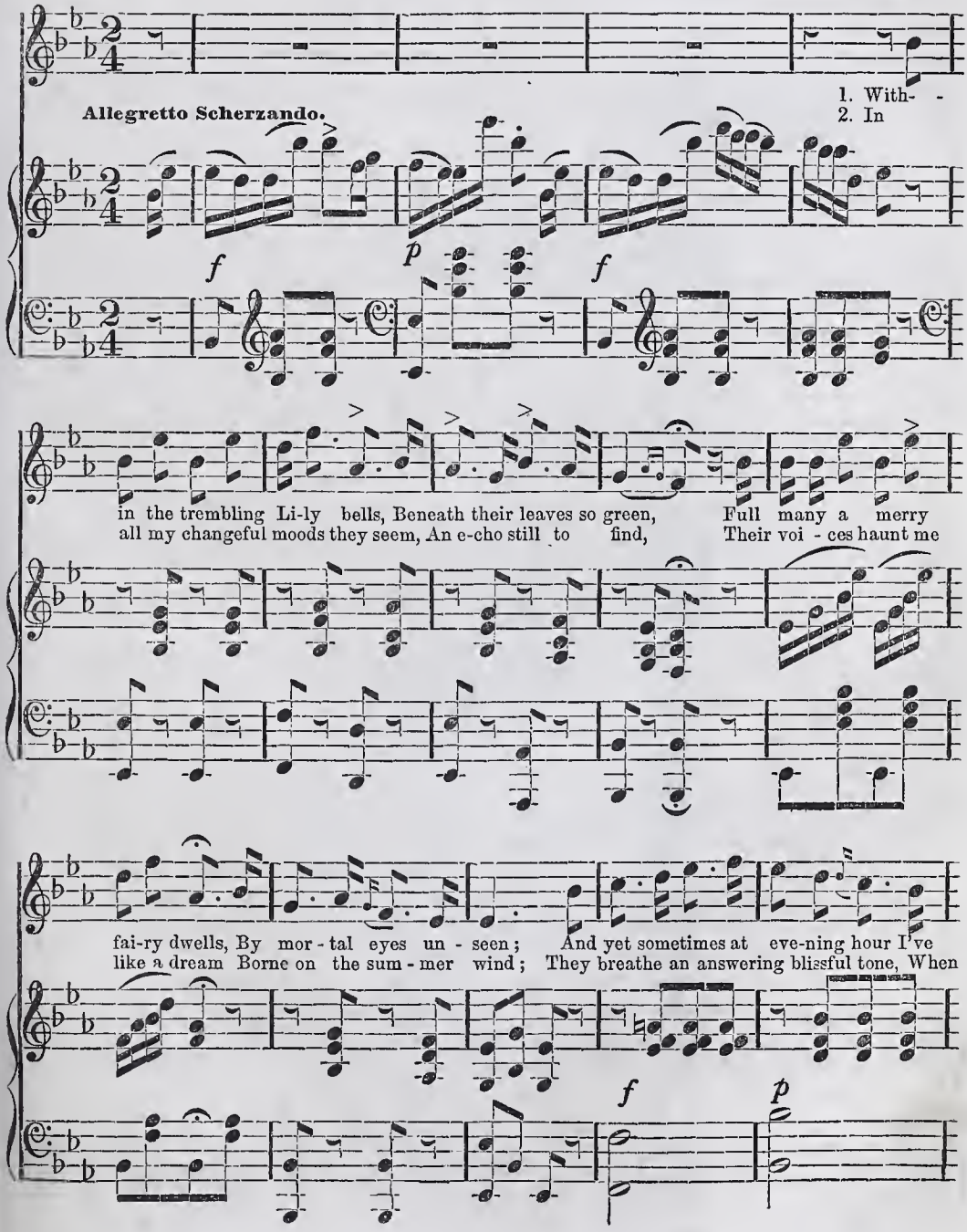
ENGRAVED BY J. SARTAIN

COLUMBUS

WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE. D. D,

The Lily Bells.

SUNG BY MRS. L. A. JONES. MUSIC BY LYDIA B. SMITH.



heard a mystic strain Of mu-sic creep from flower to flower, Sung by that el - fin
hearts with hope beat high; And when de-jec - tion's blight we own, They give back sigh for

Cres.

f *f*

train. . . . With - in the trembling Li-ly bells, Be - neath their leaves so
sigh. . . . With - in, &c.

green, . . Full ma-ny a mer-ry fai - ry dwells, By mor - tal eyes un-

seen.

f *p* *f* *f*

"I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY."

BY REV. DR. SPRAGUE.

It is, I suppose, universally admitted that the love of life is natural to man; and there are certainly many things connected with the present state of existence to render life desirable. The world in which we dwell has been admirably fitted up for our convenience and comfort; and there are good gifts constantly coming down from the Father of mercies, to sustain and cheer us during our residence here. There are opportunities here for doing good; for administering relief to the needy and wretched; for aiding the cause of truth and piety; and thus glorifying God in our body and spirit. There are the means of working out our own salvation; of laying up treasure in heaven that will satisfy and endure; and even the afflictions of the present become a furnace in which the soul is prepared to shine with increasing beauty and brightness in the future. And there are some of the Christian graces, for the development of which this is the only theatre; for when injury ceases, there will be no occasion for forgiveness; and when suffering ceases, there will be no demand for patience. Indeed, there is good reason why every individual should be thankful for his present existence: even though he perverts it to his eternal ruin, yet the hours of life are golden hours; they are given to be a blessing, and praise is due to Him who bestows them.

I know, that when the old man is put off and the new man put on, there is a sense in which the soul is brought out of darkness into marvelous light. The mind takes far more distinct and comprehensive views of divine truth than it ever did before: it has a spiritual discernment imparted to it, by means of which what had before seemed faint and shadowy, becomes substance and life. But even that marvelous light into which the new-born soul enters when he is delivered from the blindness of spiritual death is itself darkness, when compared with the radiant manifestations of Jehovah's glory in the upper world. Here the Christian, in his best state, sees through a glass darkly. How very little does he know of the plan of God's operations! How he is confounded at almost every step by the occurrence of events whose meaning he is utterly unable to explain! How many things, after his best efforts to comprehend them, he is obliged to resolve into God's mysterious and unfathomable sovereignty! And in his contemplations of God's truth, as it is revealed in his Word, how frequently is he perplexed with doubt in respect to the actual meaning of the Spirit; and when he attempts to launch out at all beyond the Revelation, how quickly does he find himself sinking in a gulf of conjecture and uncertainty! How humbling to the pride of the intellect, how indicative of the narrowness of its conceptions, to find himself obliged to receive different truths, which he knows must be consistent with each other, which yet he is perfectly inadequate to reconcile; to catch just an indistinct glance of some great field of truth, and then perhaps find his vision immediately obstructed by intervening clouds! But then how delightful the contrast when he reaches heaven! There, many a dark page in the history of God's dispeusations on earth will be illumined by a clear and satisfying light. There he will know why he had anguish when he longed for rest; why his plans were defeated by which he would fain have glorified God; why Zion was left so long to mourn, and the chariot-wheels of her King were so slow in their approach, when God's people were upon their knees praying and watching for the dawn of a brighter day. And the mysteries of Redemption —O, how they will unfold to his delighted eye; how the great and holy truths which he knew so imperfectly here will burst upon him in their full brightness, and in the harmony of perfect proportions! There, there will be uo uncertainty, no confusion, no darkness at all. This seeing through a glass darkly is the business of earth; seeing face to face will be the business of heaven. There the vision will be perfect; and the Sun of the moral universe will shine with immortal splendor.

I bless God for all the light which he gives me now; but I would not live alway, because I have the assurance that a brighter light will shine hereafter. I love to bend over the mys-

teries of Providence and the mysteries of Redemption; and sometimes a field of glory opens suddenly upon me where thick darkness had always brooded before; but I own that I have my eye and my heart upon a world where I hope to live for ever amidst the brighter beams of immortal truth. I would not live alway, because I desire to get rid of this painful ignorance and doubt which now oppress me; because I would fain behold my God as he is, and see light in his light.

I would not live alway, because I would not always be half a sinner and half a saint. I hate this body of sin and death, and in God's best time I would be glad to throw it down. I long to be delivered from these wandering thoughts; from these expressions of devotion into which my cold and reluctant heart will not throw itself; from this feebleness and inconstancy of effort in doing the will of Him who hath died for me. I would be conversant only with holy objects; I would be the subject only of holy exercises; I would be engaged only in holy employments; and I would not live alway, because then this sweetest, noblest desire of my heart could never be fulfilled.

Again: ever since sin entered to blight the beauty of Jehovah's works, the human body has been characterized by a tendency to decay. Look at the man writhing in bodily anguish; bending under decrepitude; fainting from bodily exhaustion; and say whether sin has not mixed up its poison in the very blood that courses through our veins? And if the body is weak, so is the mind also. It is conscious, indeed, of having within itself a principle of greatness; it is sometimes surprised by the exercise of its own faculties; but after all, many of its operations are exceedingly feeble and unsatisfying. And there is a proportional weakness in human virtue; for how frequently is virtue conquered and carried away captive in the war with temptation!

Since then the Christian, while he remains here, is comparatively feeble in his whole nature, how reasonable that he should aspire to a state in which he shall exchange his present imbecility for enduring and ever-growing strength! At the threshold of heaven he will drop this crazy, corruptible, inglorious body, and ere long will receive in its place a body endued with undecaying vigor, and clothed with unfading beauty, a body which may mock at the power of death; and which can move as if upon the lighting to execute God's high commissions in other worlds. And the intellect—Oh, how *it* will brighten and expand; how it will rise to that which is lofty, and sink into that which is profound, and never tire either in the sublimity of its excursions or the depth of its researches! And the moral faculties—with what incalculable energy will *they* operate, when God's Spirit has given them a perfect direction, and there is all the beauty and glory of the third heavens to call them into exercise! I ask again, is it not reasonable that the Christian should hail the day when he shall be taken up to that region of immortal strength?

I would not live alway, because I do not wish always to be an heir to these clustering infirmities of mortality. I would bear patiently the pains, the groans, the tossings, to which this poor body is subjected; but I would rather be beyond their reach, and wear a body that could bid defiance to disease; that could shine with an angel's beauty, and move with an angel's strength. I would not complain of the feebleness of my mental operations; and yet I would hail with gratitude the expansion of these powers into something yet greater and brighter: I would prefer the noble thoughts of glorified manhood, to the narrow conceptions of this infancy of my existence. I would be thankful for what God has made me; and humble for what I have made myself; but I would wait in exultiug hope of a complete renovation of my nature, in which I shall have strength imparted to me to bear an eternal weight of glory.

I would not live alway, because I cannot bear the sound of dying groans; because I instinctively shrink back from the bedside where my beloved friend is going through with his last agonies I would not live alway, because I choose stability rather than vicissitude; and even when my hopes of earthly good are the brightest, I never know but that it is the harbinger of dire eclipse. I would not live alway, because my spirit is offended by the scenes of discord and contention which prevail around me;—scenes in which I am compelled to mingle, and which, perhaps, in my weakness I may be left to promote. I would not live alway, because I see in the distance a region that is free from storms;—a region in which not even a cloud lowers; and I would breathe that balmy atmosphere: I would walk beneath the very throne of the Prince of Peace: I would be able to look around me, to look before me, and reflect that there is not an element of tempest in all that portion of God's dominions in which I am to have my everlasting home.

In this mixed state of being, the best men are frequently brought into contact with the bad; nay, even with the worst. It sometimes happens that the Christian has his lot cast in a family, one or more of whose members is openly vicious and profane; and sometimes even the Christian parent is compelled to the reflection that his own child, whom he meets every day in the discharge of parental offices, is a blasphemer or a profligate.

But in addition to this, even the fellowship of *Christians* in this world is a fellowship of miserably imperfect men. What Christian has not had his heart wounded by the inconsideration, the wickedness, it may be the absolute treachery, of some one who has claimed to be acknowledged as a brother in Christ? What Christian has not sometimes been ready to ask, while he has wept over the spectacle of a religious community arming themselves with the weapons of carnal warfare, "Is there faith on the earth?" What Christian but has sometimes felt the need of sympathy and co-operation, when it has been withheld; and when he would fain have opened his heart to the invigorating influence of a godly, fraternal fellowship, has found himself well nigh chilled in the freezing atmosphere of indifference and formality?

Not so in the world which Christian faith anticipates. There all will be bound together in the cords of love; all will be helpers together of each other's joy. *All*—and who will they be? First, all the ransomed out of every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people. Every patriarch every prophet, every apostle, every martyr every saint of every age, and clime, and condition, will be there. Next, there will be the native inhabitants of heaven, who have always been loyal to their King: they will continue to be, as they ever have been, at home on the fields of immortality. Jesus, the dying Lamb, the God and Hope of the world, the enthroned and all-gracious Saviour, will be there, in mild and heavenly majesty; carrying forward the vast purposes of his mediatorial reign, and pouring forth endless benedictions over the whole host of the glorified. This vast assembly will constitute one glorious fraternity of exalted minds. And is it any wonder that the Christian should desire to be among them? Is it strange that, when rivers of waters run down his eyes because men keep not God's law; when his heart bleeds from wounds that have been inflicted by hands with which his own had been joined in the bond of covenant engagements,—is it strange, I ask, that he should be more than willing, in God's best time, to join the eternal fellowship of heaven?

I would not live alway, because I would escape from a companionship with those who despise my Redeemer and his salvation; because I do not wish my ear to be always accustomed to sounds of blasphemy, or mine eye to spectacles of profligacy and crime. I would not live alway, because even the communion of saints on earth is imperfect and often embittered; and I never know what either I or those with whom I am associated may be left to do, to destroy each other's peace. I would not live alway, because I expect to meet in heaven those Christian friends whom I love below, purified from their dross, and advanced to a state of absolute perfection; because my bosom burns with a desire to mingle with the great and the good of other ages; because I would fain see Abraham, and Moses, and Paul, face to face; because I would hear the martyrs tell with their own lips the story of their sufferings and their triumphs, and would join them in a tribute of thanksgiving for all-sustaining and all-conquering grace. No; I would not live alway, because the society of heaven is better than the society of earth. I had rather see my Redeemer as he is, and gaze upon his unveiled glory, than to hold communion even with *Him* through the channel of his ordinances.

But I hear some one saying, "There is one thing which perhaps you have forgotten: there is a dark boundary—not a mountain, but a flood, that lies between earth and heaven; and that is to be passed before the Christian conqueror can be crowned." No, I have not forgotten that: I stand upon an eminence now, with that flood rolling and raging beneath my feet; and even here I repeat, I would not live alway. For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and I rely upon him to bear me over; and if I may only rest upon his arm, I can walk firmly, though the tempest howls above, and the waters roar around. No, I would not live alway.—Rise, ye dark and stormy billows, to frighten my poor soul, as much as ye will: Rise, ye fiends of darkness, and make your last desperate effort to terrify and overwhelm; and in the courage of faith I dare say even to *you*, I would not live alway.

"Jesus, the vision of thy face
Hath overpowering charms;
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.

"Then, when ye hear my heartstrings break,
How sweet the minutes roll,
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul!"

PERSONAL CHARACTER OF DR. CHALMERS.*

The new volume of the Life of Dr. Chalmers embraces his professorial appointments in St. Andrew's and Edinburgh, and his connection with the Veto and Church extension movements in the Scottish Establishment; and includes numerous notices of and correspondence with the notables of the period.

Chalmers was appointed to the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of St. Andrew's in 1823, and, exhausted as he was by his superhuman labors in Glasgow, the change from its noisy thoroughfares to the grassy streets of the once archiepiscopal city must have been grateful in the extreme. He shook the dust from the chair to which he was appointed, and entered on his duties with characteristic energy and zeal. Although from "hand to mouth," to use his own phrase, in the preparation of his lectures, the students (whose numbers he doubled) were enraptured with his eloquence, and gave vent to their satisfaction by very unacademic applause; and at the conclusion of the session they threatened a presentation of plate. Whilst prohibiting the latter proceeding, the professor dealt the following blow against

AMATEUR STUDENTS.

There is one topic more which I shall advert to, and that is, to certain liberties which some very few of my visitors have indulged in amid the general propriety that has characterized their attendance. I acquit my stated attendants, indeed, from the charge altogether; but there have been occasional hearers who, by coming in late, have inflicted a sore annoyance on the business of the class. It is too late now to set up any practical check against an inroad so unseemly, but I hold it of importance to the cause of academic discipline, that even now I should make averment of the principle, that not one freedom can be tolerated in a visitor, which ought not also to be permitted to any of the regular students.

And on the same ground, gentlemen, I must allude to the further indecorum of yesterday. It is not of a certain obstreperousness of yours that I now speak, against which I have already made my remonstrances during the progress of our course, and which perhaps, if permissible at all, might, by way of easing the restraint under which you have been laid, be humored with one tremendous bellow at the termination of it. But what I speak of is the presence of a certain noisy admirer, who added his testimony to the general voice, and whose presence within these walls was so monstrously out of keeping with the character and business of a place of literature. The bringing in of that *dog* was a great breach of all academic propriety. I dared not trust myself at the time with the utterance of the indignation that I then actually felt, but it might be lowering your sense of those decencies that belong to a university, were I to pass it unnoticed now. A visit from the first nobleman of the land were disgraceful to us all, if it turned out to be a visit from the nobleman and his dog.—P. 10.

The mention of student life carries us to a story which occurred in Edinburgh long after Chalmers had left St. Andrew's. It refers to

THE TROUBLES OF A DENTIST.

The pedestrian approbation accompanied Chalmers through the whole of his academical career. After the disruption of the Church, temporary premises were taken for the classes in connection with the new body. These premises were immediately adjoining to the house of an eminent dentist, a thin partition wall dividing the room in which he operated upon his patients from that in which Dr. Chalmers lectured to his class. The ruffing of the one room penetrated into the other, and disturbed at times its delicate and nervous operations. Mr. N. at last, and in the gentlest terms, complained to Dr. Chalmers, asking him whether he could not induce his students to abate the vehemence of their applause. As Dr. Chalmers entered his class room on the day after that on which this complaint was made, a suppressed smile lurked in his expressive countenance. He rose, told the students of his interview with Mr. N., and, after requesting that the offence should not be repeated, warned them most significantly against annoying or provoking a gentleman who was so much *in the mouths of the public*.—P. 60.

From 1784 up to the time of Chalmer's induction, the professors had been wont to distribute amongst themselves certain surplus funds, designated Candlemas dividends; the "Candlemas money amounted to about a third of his income, but, having doubts as to the legality of its appropriation, he declined receiving his share during the whole time of his residence there. In 1828, when he had taken up his abode in Edinburgh, and when the untouched sum at his credit amounted to upwards of 700*l.*, he received from the Royal Commissioners appointed to visit the Scotch colleges a communication stating "that, under all the circumstances, there is no good reason why Dr. Chalmers, who has now ceased to be a professor, should not receive and accept of the sums so due to him;" and on the faith of this declaration he took the money. The Commissioners, however, published their report without alluding to the part which Chalmers had acted, and gravely averred that "the principals and professors appear to have made these appropriations without any authority." And this was the occasion of Chalmer's coming before the public with a spirited pamphlet, explanatory of his position in the matter.

* Memoirs of the Life of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D. Vol. III.

Although dissatisfied with the state of affairs in St. Andrew's, Chalmers declined no less than three offers of removal. One was the chair of Moral Philosophy in the London University, tendered through the recommendation of Lord Brougham; and the other two were the livings of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, and the West Parish, Greenock, the latter being the richest living in Scotland. The first was the offer of the Marquis of Lansdowne, the second that of the patron, Sir M. S. Stewart; and he grounded his declinations on his preference for academic labor.

During his connection with St. Andrew's he made occasional preaching-excursions; and to two of these we shall now advert. Here is an admirable sketch of

THE WEARINESS OF OVER-CIVILITY.

Miss —— never asks the same thing twice of me, but she makes up for this by the exceeding multitude of these things: such as, if my tea is right; if I would like more sugar; if I take cream; if I am fond of little or much cream; if I would take butter to my cake; when I take to loaf, if I take butter to my white bread; if I move from one part of the room to another, whether I would not like to sit on the sofa; after I have sat there, whether I would like to stretch out my legs upon it; after I have done that, whether I would let her wheel it nearer the fire; when I move to my bedroom, whether the fire is right, whether I would like the blinds wound up, &c., &c. She at the same time most religiously abstains from repetitions, but to reply even once to her indefinite number of proposals is fatigue enough, I can assure you; nor is the fatigue at all alleviated when, instead of coming forth a second time with each, she comes forth with a most vehement asseveration, accompanied by uplifted hands, that she will let me do as I like, that she will not interfere, that I shall have liberty in her house; and when I said that I behoved me to make calls immediately after dinner, she declared that I would have leave to go away with my dinner in my mouth, if I so chose. I have got the better of all this by downright laughing, for I verily think now that the case is altogether desperate.

Chalmers had agreed to preach in behalf of a Sunday-school in Stockport, and, on proceeding thither, ascertained that he was only one item in a series of entertainments. His journal account of the orchestral interview is amusing.

Sunday.—Sadly annoyed all last night with their quackish advertisement. I visited the school at one, and the sermon was to begin at half-past five. Could see a certain hard and ungracious reception of me, perhaps from the consciousness of something wrong on their part. Mr. M., my correspondent, did not appear for some time, and when he did, there was a blush in his countenance and a tremulousness in his voice. I was in the midst of managers, and the stairs to the different rooms of their immense fabric were crowded with scholars. I asked what they were about; and, with some hesitation and difficulty, they told me they had been practising for the music of this evening. When I went to the great preaching-hall, I found that there was just this practising before an immense assemblage; on which I called out, in the distinct hearing of those about me, that there was an air of charlatanry about the whole affair, and that I did not like it at all. I would stay no longer in that place, and went along with them to the committee-room, where there were about twenty managers and others. I said that I had come from a great distance on their account, and had therefore purchased the privilege of telling them plain things; that they should have consulted me ere they had made their arrangements; that I was quite revolted by the quackery of their advertisement; that they had made me feel myself to be one of the performers in a theatrical exhibition; that what they had done stood in the same relation to what they ought to have done, that an advertisement of Dr. Solomon's did to the respectable doings of the regular faculty, &c., &c. I was firm, and mild withal—they confused and awkward, and in difficulties. I said, that still I would preach, but that I thought it right to state what I felt. On the other question of the urgency, and the pleading a promissory obligation on my part, I have as yet had no reckoning. . . . . I got a second letter from a minister on the subject of the indecent exhibition of Stockport. I had got one the night before from another minister on the same subject. It seems that many serious people here are scandalized at it, and that many eyes are fixed upon my conduct in regard to it. I sent for Mr. M., that I might hold conversatian with him. Mr. M. sent back word that he could not possibly come; and why? because he was presiding at a dinner given before sermon to the *gentlemen of the orchestra*, and he was just in the middle of a speech to them when my message came. On this, Mr. Marsland and Mr. Grant walked down to Stockport, and told Mr. M. of my difficulties and wishes; that I would not comply with their arrangement until it was altered. They wished my prayers and sermon to be mixed up with their music, me all the while in the pulpit. I said, that I would not be present at their music at all; that my service should be separated altogether from their entertainment;* that I should pray, preach, and pray again *in continuo*—not entering the pulpit till the moment of my beginning, and retiring from it so soon as I should have ended. The gentlemen had their interview with Mr. M., and he was very glad to comply I dined at half-past two, retired for an hour to prepare, drank coffee after five. The two gentlemen walked before, to be at the music. The two ladies went down with me in the carriage at six. Will you believe it? an orchestra of at least one hundred people, three rows of female singers, in which were two professional female singers, so many professional male singers, a number of amateurs: and I now offer you a list of the instruments, so far as I have been able to ascertain them—one pair of bass drums, two trumpets, bassoon, organ, serpents, violins without number, violoncellos, bass viols, flutes, hautboys. I stopped in the minister's room till it was over. Went to the pulpit—prayed, preached, retired during the time of the collection, and again prayed. Before I left my own private room they fell-to again with most tremendous fury, and the likest thing to it which I recollect is a great military band on the Castlehill of Edinburgh. I went up with the ladies again in the carriage. They were far franker and pleasanter than before. Supped after Mr. Marsland's return. He told me that the collection was 39*l* Went to bed between eleven and twelve. I forgot to say that the number of my hearers was 3,500.

Monday.—I am told that the Stockport people, suspicious of my dislike to exhibitions, blazoned and advertised much less than they would have done: and the interpretation given by some to this is, lest it should meet my observation

* Amongst those whose performances were to be mixed up with the sermon and prayers, the name of a Miss Cheese had been announced; and Dr. Chalmers reinforced his argument with the managers by telling them that in his country the cheese was never served till the solid part of the entertainment was over.

too soon. Fonnd a company in David Grant's, and he kept me up till two in the morning. A kind-hearted, rattling fellow. N.B. The collection is now 401*l*.—P. 50.

Chalmers was appointed to the professorship of theology in Edinburgh in 1828. He mentions that, in preparation for its duties, he got up at six o'clock, in order to have time for "a little of Greek, Latin, and Hebrew each day." Alluding to the prospect of diminished revenues and other untoward features, he says: "I foresee the coldness of friends, the controversy of foes, and probably the decline of earthly comfort, in my approaching connection with Edinburgh." The salary of the professor of theology at the period of his induction was 200*l*.; but at the end of the first session the "amateur students," headed by Dr. Morehead, an English clergyman, presented a thank-offering of 202*l*.

Dr. Hanna adverts copiously to the Church controversies that took place within the sphere of his narrative, but as they are of ecclesiastical rather than general interest, we can touch only on salient points. In 1832 Chalmers was nominated Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church. In 1835 Chalmers was in the midst of his great and favorite scheme of Church extension. We find a magnificent passage in a sermon delivered about this time in anticipation of the breaking out of cholera. The topic insisted on is the

CONNECTION BETWEEN PRAYER AND THE UNIFORMITY OF NATURE.

Instead of propounding onr doctrine in the terms of a general argument, let us try the effect of a few special instances, by which, perhaps, we might more readily gain the consent of yonr nnderstanding to our views.

When the sigh of the midnight storm sends fearful agitation into a mother's heart, as she thinks of her sailor-hoy now exposed to its fury on the waters of a distant ocean, these stern disciples of a hard and stern infidelity would, on this notion of a rigid and impracticable constancy in nature, forhid her prayers, holding them to be as impotent and vain, though addressed to the God who has all the elements in His hand, as if lifted np with senseless importunity to the raving elements themselves. Yet nature would strongly prompt the aspiration; and if there be truth in our argument, there is nothing in the constitntion of the universe to forbid its accomplishment. God might answer the prayer, not hy unsettling the order of secondary causes—not hy reversing any of the wonted snccessions that are known to take place in the ever-restless, ever-heaving atmosphere—not hy sensible miracle among those nearer footsteps which the philosopher has traced, hut hy the touch of an immediate hand among the deep recesses of materialism, which are beyond the ken of all his instruments. It is thence that the Sovereign of nature might hid the wild nproar of the elements into silence. It is there that the virtue comes out of Him, which passes like a winged messenger from the invisible to the visible; and, at the threshold of separation hetween these two regions, impresses the direction of the Almighty's will on the remotest cause which science can mount her way to. From this point in the series, the path of descent along the line of nearer and proximate causes may be rigidly invariable; and in respect of the order, the precise undeviating order, wherewith they follow each other, all things continne as they were from the beginning of the creation. The heat, and the vapor, and the atmospherical precipitates, and the consequent moving forces hy which either to raise a new tempest, or to lay an old one, all these may proceed, and without one hairbreadtb of deviation, according to the successions of our estahlished philosopby, yet eacb be hut the ohedient messenger of that voice which gave forth its command at the fountain-head of the whole operation; which commissioned the vapors to ascend from the ends of the eartb, and made lightnings for the rain, and hrought the wind out of his treasuries. These are the palpahle steps of the process; hut an unseen influence, hehind the farthest limit of man's hoasted discoveries, may have set them a-going. And that influence may have been accorded to prayer—the power that moves Him who moves the universe; and who, withont violence to the known regularities of nature, can either send forth the hurricane over the face of the deep, or recall it at His pleasure. Such is the joyful persuasion of faith, and proud philosophy cannot disprove it. A woman's feehle cry may have overruled the elemental war, and hushed into silence this wild frenzy of the winds and the waves, and evoked the gentler breezes from the cave of their slumbers, and wafted the vessel of her dearest hopes, and which held tbe first and fondest of her earthly treasures, to its desired baven.—P. 320.

During the period embraced in this volume, Chalmers' literary efforts were confined for the most part to the production of his "Political Economy," and his "Bridgewater Treatise." Economics was a congenial subject, but yet it is the one department of his labors least appreciated by the public. We observe that Mr. Mills rescues one of his theories from unmerited obloquy, and possibly other writers of acknowledged eminence may do the same for other isolated portions; but, as a whole, Chalmers' system does not seem to have been adopted by any modern school. That a right moral is necessary to a right civil order of things, will be admitted; but similarly right morals are necessary to the right health of the auimal body, yet no amount of ethics or knowledge of the dependence of hygiene on ethics will prevent or cure organic and functional derangements. For prophylactic or remedial measures we must have recourse to the sciences of anatomy, physiology, and pathology; and these must be studied independently of all moral considerations. In like manner, probably, the structure, functions, and abnormal states of the social system must be investigated in their inherent subtleties, without reference to moral curative treatment. "The extent and stability of the national resources" may be seriously affected without any infraction being made on the decalogue, and exclusive reference to ethics may tend to obscure the more profound problems of the science.

But leaving this dry subject, we shall now collect such sketches of the "notables" of the day as are to be found scattered through the volume.

Scott and Chalmers appear to have met only once in public, namely, on the platform of the School of Arts; whether they met in private is not stated.

Coleridge and most of the under-mentioned lions were seen by Chalmers during his visits to London.

Thursday.—We spent three hours with the great Coleridge. He lives with Dr. and Mrs. Gillman, on the same footing that Cowper did with the Unwins. His conversation, which flowed in a mighty, unremitting stream, is most astonishing, but, I must confess, to me still unintelligible. I caught occasional glimpses of what he would be at, but mainly he was very far out of all sight and all sympathy. I hold it, however, a great acquisition to have become acquainted with him. You know that Irving sits at his feet, and drinks in the inspiration of every syllable that falls from him. There is a secret and to me as yet unintelligible communion of spirit betwixt them, on the ground of a certain German mysticism and transcendental lake-poetry which I am not yet up to. Gordon says it is all unintelligible nonsense; and I am sure a plain Fife man as uncle "Tammas," had he been alive, would have pronounced it the greatest *buff* he had ever heard in his life.

Returning from this interview, Dr. Chalmers remarked to Mr. Irving upon the obscurity of Mr. Coleridge's utterances, and said that, for his part, he liked to see all sides of an idea before taking up with it. "Ha?" said Mr. Irving in reply, "you Scotchmen would handle an idea as a butcher handles an ox. For my part, I love to see an idea looming through the mist."

Alluding to his preaching in London during this visit, Chalmers says—

Mr. Coleridge, and many other notables whom I cannot recollect, were among my hearers. Coleridge I saw in the vestry both before and after service; he was very complimentary.

On an after-visit to the metropolis he remarks—

Half-an-hour with Coleridge was filled up without intermission by one continuous flow of eloquent discourse from that prince of talkers. He began, in answer to the common inquiries as to his health, by telling of a fit of insensibility in which, three weeks before, he had lain for thirty-five minutes. As sensibility returned, and before he had opened his eyes, he uttered a sentence about the fugacious nature of consciousness, from which he passed to a discussion of the singular relations between the soul and the body. Asking for Mr. Irving, but waiting for no reply, he poured out an eloquent tribute of his regard—mourning pathetically that such a man should be so throwing himself away. Mr. Irving's book on the "Human Nature of Christ" in its analysis was minute to absurdity: one would imagine that the pickling and preserving were to follow, it was so like a cookery book. Unfolding then his own scheme of the Apocalypse—talking of the mighty contrast between its Christ and the Christ of the Gospel narrative, Mr. Coleridge said that Jeses did not come now as before, meek and gentle, healing the sick and feeding the hungry, and dispensing blessings all around, but he came on a white horse; and who were his attendants?—Famine, and War, and Pestilence.—P. 262.

Of Edward Irving much is said. Among other eccentricities was the length of his services.

Saturday, 19th.—Mr. Gordon informed me that yesternight Mr. Irving preached on his prophecies at Hackney Chapel for two hours and a half, and though very powerful, yet the people were dropping away, when he, Mr. I., addressed them on the subject of their leaving him. I really fear lest his prophecies, and the excessive length and weariness of his services, may unship him altogether, and I mean to write to him seriously upon the subject.—P. 163.

Chalmers' personal experience was to the same effect.

I undertook to open Irving's new chapel in London. The congregation, in their eagerness to obtain seats, had already been assembled about three hours. Irving said he would assist me by reading a chapter for me in the first instance. He chose the very longest chapter in the Bible, and went on with his exposition for an hour and a half. When my turn came, of what use could I be in an exhausted receiver? On another similar occasion he kindly proffered me the same aid, adding, "I can be short." I said, "How long will it take you?" He answered, "ONLY ONE HOUR AND FORTY MINUTES." "Then," replied I, "I must decline the favor."—P. 271.

Chalmers and Irving met for the last time in London. The former was in bed at the time. "He stopped," says Chalmers, "for two hours, wherein he gave his expositions; and I gave, at greater length and liberty than I had ever done before, my advice and my views. We parted from each other with much cordiality, after a prayer, which he himself offered and delivered with great pathos and piety."

The manner of Irving's death was in keeping with his whole history. His father-in-law mentions that—

His medical advisers had recommended him to proceed before the end of autumn, to Madeira, or some other spot where he might shun the vicissitudes and inclemency of a British winter. But some of the oracular voices which found utterance in his church had proclaimed it to be the will of God that he should go to Scotland, and do a great work there. Accordingly, after an equestrian tour in Wales, by which his health appeared at first to be improved, but the benefit of which he lost by exposure to the weather and occasional preaching, contrary to the injunctions of his physician, he arrived at Liverpool on his way to the North. In that town he was taken alarmingly ill, and was unable, for several days, to quit his bed; but no sooner could he rise and walk through the room, than he went, in defiance of the prohibition of his medical attendant, on board a steamboat for Greenock. From Greenock he proceeded to Glasgow, delighted at having reached the first destination that had been indicated to him. From Glasgow it was his purpose to proceed to Edinburgh; but this he never accomplished. So much, however, was his mind impressed with its being his duty to go there, that, even after he was unable to rise from his bed without assistance, he proposed that he should be carried thither in a litter, if the journey could not be accomplished any other way; and it was only because the friends about him refused to comply with his urgent requests to that effect, that the thing was not done. Could he have commanded the means himself, the attempt, at least, would have been made. . . . "Well," said he, "the sum of the matter is, if I live, I live unto the Lord; and if I die, I die unto the Lord; living or dying, I am the

Lord's;" a conclusion which seemed to set at rest all his difficulties on the subject of his duty. So strongly had his confidence of restoration communicated itself to Mrs. Irving, that it was not till within an hour or so of his death that she entertained any idea of the impending event.—P. 288.

Going to the House of Commons, he

Saw and spoke to Peel; after which Mr. Macaulay got another introduction and joined me. In the lobby, met an old acquaintance, Mr. Whitmore, M.P.; we were disappointed as to the debate, it having been postponed, and the topics of discussion were comparatively of smaller interest, as spring-guns, and others. However, we got a sight of more of the speakers, as Sir Francis Burdett, and some more. Mr. Brougham spoke a little; he came and talked with me in a way that was very friendly and interesting. He said nothing about the London University; and my impression now is that, rather than risk any discouragement, they will wait the progress of events, more especially as they have time for waiting. This leaves the matter in the best possible state for me.

From Brougham Chalmers afterwards received the following note regarding the short-lived Wellington administration:—

My dear sir:—I congratulate you sincerely on the favorable prospects of some of those great causes in which (as indeed in most) we feel interested in common. Really slavery cannot now expect much longer protection from a government so weak, that it is even about to give Parliamentary Reform as a sop, and to save itself for a few months.—Believe me, ever most respectfully and sincerely yours, H. Brougham.

Peel also became his correspondent, having voluntarily conferred on him the office of king's chaplain. With Jeffrey he appears to have been intimate, and specimens of their correspondence are inserted in the volume. Dr. Philpotts and Washington Irving he met at Murray's, the publisher. But not to dwell on more of the notorious, we shall conclude the list with

O'CONNELL AND MRS. OPIE

Monday, July 1st.—After dinner I went down to the House of Commons. A dull debate, and I did not sit to the end of it. Sir Robert Peel the best speaker. A number of the members came to me; last, though not least, Mr. Daniel O'Connell, who shook me most cordially by the hands, complimenting me on my evidence about the Irish Poor-laws, saying that he was a disciple of mine upon that subject, and not of his own priest, Dr. Doyle; and I, on the other hand, glad of good being done whatever quarter it came from, and knowing him to be an influential personage, expressed myself much gratified with the view that he had taken on that question. I am sure it would have done your heart much good to have seen how closely and cordially Mr. Daniel O'Connell and your papa hugged and greeted each other in the Lower House of Parliament.

But last of all I saw another lady, who dined and spent the night—now aged and in Quaker attire, which she had but recently put on, and who in early life was one of the most distinguished of our literary women, whose works, thirty years ago, I read with great delight—no less a person than the celebrated Mrs. Opie, authoress of the most exquisite feminine tales, and for which I used to place her by the side of Miss Edgeworth. It was curious to myself that, though told by Mr. Gurney in the morning of her being to dine, I had forgot the circumstance, and the idea of the accomplished novelist and poet was never once suggested by the image of this plain-looking Quakeress till it rushed upon me after dinner, when it suddenly and inconceivably augmented the interest I felt in her. We had much conversation, and drew greatly together, walking and talking with each other on the beautiful lawn after dinner. She has had access into all kinds of society, and her conversation is all the more rich and interesting. I complained to her of one thing in Quakerism, and that is the mode of their introductions: that I could have recognized in *Mrs. Opie* an acquaintance of thirty years' standing, but that I did not and could not feel the charm of any such reminiscence when *Joseph John* simply bade me lead out *Amelia* from his drawing-room to his dining-room. I felt, however, my new acquaintance with this said Amelia to be one of the great acquisitions of my present journey; and this union of rank, and opulence, and literature, and polish of mind with plainness of manners, forms one of the great charms of the society in this house [Mr. Gurney's].

His excursions in the English provinces were productive of more amusement than anything that happened in the Emerald Isle. As, for example, in one town the case of

THE BARBER AND BATH-KEEPER.

Wednesday, 26th.—Started at nine, much refreshed. Got a hair-dresser to clip me—a great humorist; he undertook, at the commencement of the operation, to make me look forty years younger, by cutting out every white hair and leaving all the black ones. There was a very bright coruscation of clever sayings that passed between us while the process was going on. I complimented his profession, and told him that he had the special advantage that his crop grew in all weathers, and that while I had heard all over the provinces the heavy complaints of a bad hay-harvest, his hay-making in the metropolis went on pleasantly and prosperously all the year round. He was particularly pleased with the homage I rendered to his peculiar vocation, and assured me, after he had performed his work, that he had at least made me thirty years younger. I told him how delighted my wife would be with the news of this wondrous transformation, and gave him half-a-crown, observing that it was little enough for having turned me into a youthful Adonis. We parted in a roar of laughter, and great mutual satisfaction with each other. Went from this to the warm-bath, where a German had the management. He told me that he understood me better than most of the English who came to him. I was at pains to explain to him the reason of this; and tell Miss Parker what my explanation was—that our island was named Great Britain, that English was the *patois*, but that I came from Scotland, and that our Scotch was the pure British dialect.—P. 380.

Chalmers took his due share of the discussion of public questions. He was in favor of Catholic Emancipatiou, and was invited by Sir James Mackintosh to throw the weight of his influence into the Liberal scale. He was also summoned by Mr. Spring Rice as a witness before the Parliamentary Committee on the Irish Poor-laws; but as thoso are stale topics now, we prefer dwelling on subjects of a personal and domestic character. Here is a good hint on

NATURAL AFFECTION.

I fear that I erred with Miss L. to-night in my vehemence about the exactions of attention on the part of Mrs. ———. I see that, by a law of our sentient nature, love cannot be bidden, and whenever attentions are demanded I do feel a very strong repugnance, so that it is working against a moral impossibility to attempt the affection; and without the affection I feel it to be very painful to be working at the required attentions in the spirit of bondage. But let me be silent on these occasions; aim at charity, and never be diverted from the meekness of wisdom.

Nothing could exceed the humor of

A SCENE AT BRADFORD.

Found a fair where I alighted, and was somewhat annoyed in my transition to the coach for Halifax. I had first to get a porter to carry my luggage through the crowds to a distant part of the town from which that coach started; then was told that the coach had not come in, and I could not get a place till it arrived; then had not a hole to put my head in, as every room swarmed with drinking and drunken market-people; then, as I did not like to be far away from my luggage, in an open and crowded coach-office, had to keep my station near the door, where, as fortune would have it, there was a large, circular assemblage of swine, on the margin of which I stood and contemplated their habitudes and politics, for I could perceive an action and reaction, a competition for food, a play of emotions reciprocating from one to the other, of which emotions, however, anger is far the most conspicuous, prompting to a bite or a scratch, and even an occasional engagement. Speaking of politics, you have heard me say that a man of refinement and educatiion won't travel through England on the tops of coaches without becoming a Tory. My Toryism has been further confirmed this day. There was a Quakeress girl, with a still younger companion, traveling from their boarding-school home, and this was all well enough; but there were also the feeders and wool-staplers of the West Riding, fat and unintelligent, with only pursy and vesicular proportions on each side of their chins, and a superabundance of lard in their gills, whose manners well-nigh overset me, overloading our coach with their enormous carcasses, and squeezing themselves, as they ascended from various parts of the road, between passengers already in a state of compression, to the gross infraction of all law and justice, and the imminent danger of our necks. The days were when I would have put down all this; but whether from the love of peace, which grows with age, or perhaps from some remainder of the enfeebling influenza, which, however, is getting better, my quiescence predominated.—P. 365.

Those who were familiar with the outer man of the subject of this biography will smile at his

ALLUSIONS TO COSTUME.

Thursday.—Dressed for dinner. Have got a new method of folding up my coat, which I shall teach you when I get home, and is of great use to a traveler. I am about as fond of it as I was of the new method of washing my bands.

Friday.—I found yesterday a new waistcoat among my clothes which I did not commission; however, I put it on with the rest of my new suit, and, being a good day, came yesterday to Broomhall without luggage. My *braws* are not the worse.

Equally provocative of risibility are two references to

CORPULENCE.

The minister of D—— insisted for a sermon for some schools there. He put his arm under mine, and meant to overbear all my negations. His last argument for a sermon was that I was *fat;* on which I wrenched my arm away from him, and came off.

The fact that the minister of D—— was right as to obesity, received corroboration at an "academic party."

Mr. Duncan annoyed me by the affirmation that I am sensibly and considerably fatter since I left St. Andrew's. There must be serious measures taken to keep me down. Had cordial greetings with the gentlemen in the library, then we sallied out to the premises, and had a very delightful forenoon saunter through the woods and lanes of Costerton. Before dinner we had a game at bowls in a green before the house. I and Mr. Duncan against Dr. Nicoll and Dr James Hunter. We had the best of three games. With all the convivialities of the west, I have seen no such guzzling as to-day with my St. Andrew's friends, and told Mr. Duncan so. They are rare lads, these *Lee*terati or *Ea*terati. Before supper there was family worship, when I was asked to officiate. We were shown to our beds about twelve. I got the large bed-room in which Mr. Duncan was the night before, and he had a closet with a small sofa-bed that communicated with the room. This arrangement was vastly agreeable to me; and we tumbled into our respective couches between twelve and one. I like him.—P. 279.

The great charm of the volume is the free and unrestrained style of the letters and journals contained in it. Being written to or intended for the perusal of the members of his own family, and with no view to publication, there is an ease and racy homeliness about them that is truly refreshing. The amount of his domestic correspondence was extraordinary, and could have been prompted only by the purest and most devoted attachment to his household. To Mrs. Chalmers he says on one occasion:—

I want each letter you receive from me to be signalized by a feast of strawberries to the children on the day of its arrival; therefore, I expect that on Saturday, which will be the day of your receiving this, these strawberries, with a competent quantity of cream and sugar, shall be given accordingly, and given from me, the papa of these said children, each and all of them being told that he is the donor of the same.

The spirit of self-examination penetrates into deeper recesses.

25th.—I have to record this day that I am not mortified to the love of praise. I did feel an anxiety that Miss L. should speak of the sermon of yesterday when we walked. I did feel interested and gratified when she did speak. Still more, I did feel the gratification of Mr. Duncan's compliments, and of the yet fuller testimonies which were reported to me in the evening; and I do much fear, or rather I certainly know, that I feel a complacency in all this; and what if it be not superior to the pleasure I should feel in having been the instrument of a saving and spiritual impression? This is so distinct a preference of my own glory to that of God's, so obvious a preaching of self in-

stead of the Saviour, so glaring a preference of the wisdom of words to the simplicity which is in the cross of Christ, that my carnal tendencies in regard to this matter should be the subject of my strictest vigilance and severest castigation.

Do not speak enough in society of these things. I am complained of on that account. O God, keep me from the guilt of denying Christ by my silence.—P. 91.

Again:—

Have still to record a dreary absence of God and of the Spirit from my soul. The want is, that I do not feel its dreariness; I live in comfort without God, and can enjoy humor and conversation with ungodly people. There is no such thing as laying a charge at any time through the day upon my conscience; an act of self-recollection, that now I am in the presence of God, and I must not forget that I am His servant. Might not this be a good expedient? and when doing so, if I vent forth my aspirations for present grace, will not this be a combination of watchfulness with prayer? O my God, enable me to spread a savour of divine things around me! Let my life be a perpetual testimony for God!—P. 93.

We understand that another volume will conclude this memoir; and we learn that, as Dr. Hanna nears the quicksands of contemporary events, fears are entertained in some quarters that the biographer may be merged in the partisan. We have no apprehension of any effect of this kind. The able, interesting, and impartial manner in which he has executed the first portion of his work, is a sufficient guaranty as to the last.

SOME GREAT WORK.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Think not the faith by which the just shall live
Is a dead creed—a map correct of heaven;
Far less a feeling fond and fugitive,
A thoughtless gift withdrawn as soon as given.
It is an affirmation and an act
That bids eternal truth be present fact.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

THE dews of twilight were drowning the golden tresses of the sun—the birds, those sweet poets, in whose songs there are no sorrows, had sung their fill, and with little red feet clinging to the lithe boughs, were softly rocking to sleep, with only now and then a quick, uncertain twitter, as though they could not quite give up all their music yet.

All over the hills and along the valleys daisies and buttercups and crocuses were sprouting up thick in the grass, and along the brooksides the violets leaned their pensive heads listening to the rippling of the water among the blue flagstones and bright pebbles, and broad-leaved flags and tufts of high grass, wherein the black snipe hides away from the schoolboy.

The blackberry vines shine along the edges of the meadows; in the thicket the wild morning-glory twines its scarlet rings around the small limbs of the sassafras, lifting itself higher and higher; and the dark buds of the ivy are swelled almost to bursting, for all the past week the April sunshine and showers have been busy at their work. The verdure is softly creeping over the boughs that sway lightly to and fro, as the breeze comes suddenly from the distant west, and sighing its murmurous joy, crosses the meadow and fades over the next hill, about whose base lie patches of white mist, like the new-shorn fleeces of the lambs. Now the spider works all day, and her fine circular net-work spread over rose-bush or lilac, is sunken with the gray dew. From the hollow stub where all day the lonely crow sits and cries, the bat comes forth and flits and wheels blindly about the open door, or entering stealthily, shaves close along the ceiling with its flabby wings, making the baby clap its hands and crow again, while the larger children chase hither and thither in perfect tempests of delight.

In the field, sloping to the south, the wheat that, prisoned all winter in the close, cold earth, almost hides the dark furrows, save that here

and there, where the plowshare has been too deeply driven, the plenteous growth is cut by a barren ridge.

Away in the valley, where the pendulous boughs of the elm drop on the one side, and a border of maple and ash reaches along the other, the cattle, fed to repletion, lie sunk in beds of fresh clovers, red and white, or idly link their silver horns and push each other about in playful warfare; while just above the hollow where the hedge of willows drops its yellow tassels to the ground, aud crowning the neighboring slope, rises the spire, whence drifts such solemn music over all, and about which cluster the cottages of the peaceful villagers, who keep the even tenor of their way in the beauty of innocent and humble lives, apart from the stormy and tumultuous world. There, in the shadow of the church, where Sabbath after Sabbath they hearken to the sorrowful warnings, or great promises, or kiud admonitions of the simply eloquent pastor, the gravestones of neighbors and kindred stand thick under the trees. Some have gone down thither in whom the love of life was strong, caught by the bright tresses and dragged away; some glad to go where there is no more pain, wrapping the shroud about their bosoms like the dainty bridal sheets; and some, whose work was done, with the flowers of threescore years and ten white about their foreheads, and little prattling children that were fearlessly trusted to the dark—they are all there, nor chirp of the merry grasshopper, nor light step of the timid rabbit, nor the music of the evening bell, disturbs their rest.

It is the season of quickening life, of bird-songs and sunshine; the season when the saddest heart gathers back something of its old joy—when we dig about the roots of our perished hopes and braid up the broken garland anew. Nature, like a kind mother, woos us from the house of mourning, and covers up the graves of our dead with her blossoms. This is a beautiful world which God has given us—the fresh, sprouting pastures, and rains, that come down singing from the clouds—the waving cornfields and fruitful orchards, the spring brimming full of pure cold water, and the harvest, with its sea of golden heads; are not these enough for my happiness?

The cattle wading to the knees in fragrant meadows, and drinking of the pure brooks, are satisfied—the bird, building its nest anew, and waiting for the young life to break the prisoning shell, and get itself wings and a song, is satisfied—the bee, searching the woods and gardens, and filling its silver wells, murmurs only of joy; for all these there is enough, but my heart the while is hungry and pining and dissatisfied—the arm of God's mercy is about me, but I cannot rest, and even in sight of the crown turn rebelliously from the cross. My life is an echo among ruins. O my Father, let me do for thee some great work!

Away down the distance shine the lamps in the lonely cells of the fathers—the grotto of the barefooted hermit is still bright with the glory of the red cross—the stern creed of the Genevan yet towers in sublime and awful majesty above the flames of the martyr, and the seed scattered by the milder Reformer has sprung up and shadowed half the world. My hands are idle, though I continually pine to serve thee—give me, O my Father, some great work.

So said Miriam, sitting at the door of her dark and lofty house, as through the deepening twilight the stars broke forth one by one, and the moon pushed her red disk through a drift of eastern clouds. The milkwhite doves that had sat in a long row on the eave above her head, catching the sunshine on their bosoms, knew the night was come, and shaking the dew from their wings, flew away—the flowers, as their nature was, either folded their petals close against the moonlight, or opened them to its gentle kiss, and the blind mole began its silent work. But Miriam sits idly, and folding her hands upon her desolate bosom, the wind blows the black tresses across her eyes, so that she sees not the thin cheek of the child that flattens itself against her gate. Wistfully he looks, reaching toward her an empty hand, while the other holds the gift of wild flowers that shall repay her largess—in vain, in vain—the iron bars yield not to so soft a pressure, and the eyes of the sad lady are not once lifted up. Darker the shadows drop around him, and tearfully and feebly he goes forward, but his steps falter more and more, and he sinks exhausted to the ground. The wild flowers drop from his hand, and are scattered away by the winds, and a sense of dullness and heaviness weighs down his eyelids. The moon breaks from a cloud and wraps him in a thin cold sheet, and the bird, fluttering in the branches above, shakes the dew in his face—his mother's smile is in his dream:

> "Her blessing like a line of light
> Is all around him day and night,
> And like a beacon guides him home."

Home, where farewells are ended and wanderings done. Close on the path of the poor little child comes a stout traveler, beating down the burrs and thistles with his staff, and singing snatches of hymns. Is he thinking of some soul astray; hark to the words:

When God smote his hands together, and struck out thy soul as a spark,
Into the organized glory of things, from deep of the dark,—
Say, did'st thou shine, did'st thou burn, did'st thou honor the power in the form,
As the star does at night, or the firefly, or even the little ground-worm?
When God on thy sins had pity, and did not trample thee straight,
With his wild rains beating and drenching thy light found inadequate;
When he only sent thee the North winds, a little searching and chill,
To quicken thy flame, did'st thou kindle and flash to the heights of his will?
When God on thy sin had pity, and did not meet it as such,
But tempered the wind to thy uses, and softened the world thy touch;
At least thou wast moved in thy soul, though unable to prove it afar,
Thou could'st carry thy light like a jewel, not giving it like a star?

Suddenly the song is still—he pauses, and light, such light as might be shed from the white wing of mercy's angel, illumines his face. He flings the knapsack from his shoulders, and brushes the gray hairs from his eyes that are growing dim with the shadows of time—time that has touched him gently withal, for he is well beyond the summer—even where the autumn whitens to the winter snow, and stooping down, takes up the little child in his arms. I will bear him back to yonder friendly mansion, he says—warmth and food may restore him. The head droops heavily against the bosom of the good old man, and the white skin seems loose about the boy's fingers that clasp his neck, and the lips are blue and unsmiling. Light is the burden, for in a good act there is no heaviness, and as he nears the mansion he says, I shall journey forward lightlier anon, but the door was fast shut, and Miriam was gone within to pray—"Give me, O my Father, to do for thee some great work!"

All night the tireless watcher folded the child in his bosom—sometimes passing his hand across his forehead, and sometimes holding his naked feet to give them warmth, and waiting for the morning; at last, reddening the high eastern hill, and burning through the woods, she came, and all the valleys were full of her genial smile; but alas, the little child might not be warmed again. Where the joyous warble of the thrush shook down the blossoms of the hawthorn, the old man made a grave,

"And left the babe and went away to weep,
And listened oft to hear if he did cry;
But the great river sung his lullaby,
And unseen angels watched his dreamless sleep."

The hush of the Sabbath hung over the world—it was the early tide of summer—the winds crept under the waves of the ripening rye, and hushed their wild laughter into murmurous hymns—the birds went deeper into the forests and carolled less noisily than in hours agone—the shaggy grapevines were weighed down with green clusters, and the red berries glistened and shone from the thicket where the urchin crept slyly, and half afraid of the stillness of the time. The fragrance of the lilacs was all about the open doors, and the rosevines, bright with blooms, blew in at the windows. The cock stood erect and silent in the midst of his feathery dames, for even he seems to strut less proudly and crow less lustily to-day than is his wont, and the watch-dog, with his nose close against the ground, drowses by the wall.

The church door is open, and the sweet-voiced bell is calling to all far and near—"Come up hither," and from far and near, old men and maidens and youths and little children are obeying the call. Some go in noiselessly, and at once give their hearts to the searching of the Holy Spirit. Some linger at the door, exchanging smiles and salutations, and haply suffering the weariness of time's change and chance, or the might of secular aims and interest, to come between them and the psalm. Some with sprigs of yew or cedar, or the simple blossoms gathered by the way, go apart among the graves musing, or weeping alone; and over the green swell of some mound that keeps down the pallid hands of the dearly loved from the flowers, leave their offering to wither like the earth-hopes of the sleeper beneath.

Slowly, from the white cottage that is almost smothered among trees and shrubs and vines, comes the village pastor—"young, and eminently beautiful," but the elasticity is gone from his step, and in his face there is the expression of a sorrow that has worked itself up from the heart. Alas, that he who goes up to speak consolation to the mourner and comfort to the afflicted, should himself be neediest of all—alas, that while he says to the bruised spirit, heaven is waiting to heal you, his own bosom is "bound from bleeding with a cold cerement from the grave." And wherefore? Miriam, Miriam, putting away from thee the now and the here, and sighing for the unattained and far away, in mistaken zeal, let us hope not in pride, hast thou nothing to answer for in this?

That hollow temple would round back to health
Under the golden fillet of thy smile—

thou knowest it right well.

The heavy locks dampen with the dew that

gathers to his forehead, as he gazes toward the proud and lofty house where she dwells whom he fears he shall miss to-day from his little flock. From the hollow of willows the tassels are gone, and in the meadow beyond the clovers, red and white, are alike changed to a dry brown—the wheat is getting its yellow beard; but varied nature charms not from gloomy yearning the inhabitant of the dark and close-shut house. No, no, she will not come—and his almost transparent hands knit themselves tighter together as he tries to shut from his senses what he vainly calls the carnal, for thoughts of the spiritual life. I have tasks to do and duties to perform, he muses as he walks; if I am unequal to their fulfillment, should I seek to rest my weakness upon another, and thereby clog the movements of a larger zeal? or shall I pine out of life, and leave undone that which I feel within me the ability to do, because the hands which I would fain have made my helpers are coldly withdrawn? Nay, there are lambs astray that even I may gather back—evils that my weak hands may break—sepulchres from which I may roll away the stone, and folding the napkin from the face of the dead, show the weeping kindred that the spirits for which they mourn are not there, but gone before them into Paradise.

Solemnly from the old tower sounds the bell, and as he draws near the church, leaning upon that music as it were, his thoughts flow in that sweet rhyme of Tennyson—

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold:
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

One more glance across the hills—a sigh stifled among the heartstrings, and calmly and slowly he walks in the midst of his people—his cheek more flushed than its wont, and his eye fuller of troubled light, but never before dwelt such moving eloquence on his lip. He had gathered up all his wasting energies, and in his words was the power of one newly baptized with the spirit of grace. Even his presence seemed to have in it to-day a spell of mastery, and the hush was intense when he arose and read, with what a depth of meaning and terrible pathos, the hymn—

And are we, wretches, yet alive?
And do we yet rebel?
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love,
That bears us up from hell.

Lord, we have long abused thy love,
Too long indulged our sin;
Our aching hearts now bleed to see
What rebels we have been.

No more, ye lusts, shall you command,
No more will we obey;
Stretch out, O God, thy conquering hand,
And drive thy foes away.

Then came the prayer, which mere words may not portray—it was the spirit of it that was felt, and not the form that was heard—no dashing of the waves of sorrow against the throne—no importunate demands pressing open, as it were, the beautiful gates of Paradise, but the tremulous whisper of a soul that feels its ruin and clings only in hope to the cross and the power of *his* mercy, whose last sweet plea from the agony of insulted sorrows

O'er death's night
Passed like the transit of the morning star,
And for a moment in the bosom of hell
Cooled the red burning like a cloud of dew.

But in the sermon, the zeal in, and devotion to, the things which pertain to immortality burned with the chiefest glory. From the 12th chapter of 2d Corinthiaus he read:

"And lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure. For this thing I besought the Lord thrice, that it might depart from me. And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me."

How upon the waves of faith he arose above the sorrows and afflictions of life—what little things they were! What nothings in the glory of the final triumph! The congregation was swayed and stirred like waves to the touches of the strong wind—now they heard the muffled footsteps in the corridors of crime, and shrank frighted from the lightest thought of wrong; and now the grieved Spirit made once more the sweet offer of mercy, and dying hope revived. The light of the diviner world seemed streaming abroad over this; fear vanished, and trembling hesitancy changed into fixed resolve—though all the world forsake thee, yet will I not forsake thee, was the language of every heart, and when the exhortation was finished, not one bosom there would have shrunk

from the flames of martyrdom—but who of them all dreamed that from the dim ruins of the brightest hopes of mortality came the eloquent inspiration?

And day was over, and from under the pale wings of the twilight came the stars. At the door of her dark and lofty house Miriam sat alone. The breeze tried to kiss up the crimson to her thin cheek, but in vain—and the flowers, crushed under her feet, sent out their fragrance, but she heeded it not. Her hands lay idly on her knees, and her thoughts were gone across the seas to the benighted lands where the morning of Christianity has but faintly dawned, or not yet broken at all. The labors of the missionary are something worth, she said. How glorious to break in pieces the idols, and build up the true church—to lift the macerated and blind worshipers from the abasement of the dust, and give them to lean on the arm of the great Jehovah! Why am I shut away from doing good? Am I worthy, O Lord, to be thy handmaid—fain would I serve thee—give, O give me to do for thee some great work!

A step glides through the moonlight, and a shadow falls over the gray dew—a soft smile lights up the face of Miriam, making it more beautiful than its wont, as her hand is clasped in that of the village pastor. He hears not the rustle of the winds through the wheat field, nor the tremor of the heavy foliage, nor sees above him the sky like a great blue sea with lilies all over its bosom, golden and red and white, for star differeth from star in glory; but Miriam hears and sees it all. Why was the young man there? He had stilled the earthly passion in his heart—haply the conquest was too easy—haply it was not so perfect as he thought—once more he would measure himself against temptation. O earth, the hold of thy beauty is strong upon us, and the weakness of the flesh is greater than our poor resolves; and he but waked again the torture of unsatisfied thirst. The vine that has fallen in the dust with the vigorous support hard by upon which it would fain fasten its tendrils, but with no hand to lift it up, might be his emblem. And yet he spoke not of love, nor now nor ever—that cold, steady hand, like an all-pitiless demon's, held him back. And yet, in the bosom of the maiden the fountain was troubled by his smile, and she longed to rock his sorrows to rest upon her heart; but the humble duties that contented him could not fill the measure of her ambition. The comfort of his people, she said, must be to him enough, nor could I, if I would, snatch him from the borders of the grave. The delusion gave way too late.

Light after light went out from the cottage windows—the silence deepened and deepene and the moon seemed to look reproachfully from the clouds, while in the shadow of the dark house the young man lingered still. The bell strikes the half hour next the midnight, and, with the sudden energy we sometimes gather from despair, he rises and stands erect, but gazing still on the pallid and statue-cold beauty before him.

The white hand of Miriam reaches softly toward him—doth she seek to detain him? trembling with delicious fear, he bends to her whispered words—he does well, she says, to heed the admonitions of his unequal strength and many duties, and seek rest. Mockery of mockeries—for him there was no more rest. The arm that was just clasping her to his bosom dropped paralyzed away, and the kiss that was falling to her forehead burned back upon his lips. One look of reproachful agony—a farewell tremulous as though a careless hand crushed his heart-strings, and the last torture humanity may suffer had been suffered, and Miriam was alone. Her hands lie idly upon her knees again, and her thought stretches from the certain and palpable to the dim and impalpable, as the shadow stretches into the night. She hears not the echo of a broken heart that goes from the thick darkness of the midnight, wailing and wandering toward the immortal world. She hears not, for the hush is broken by the prayer—Give me, O Lord, to do for thee some great work!

The brown and yellow haze hangs like rust along the edges of the sky—the roses are blown away from the lap of the summer, the ripe fruit drops from the orchard boughs, and the bees creep out into the sun and lie in ridges, golden and black, about the hive—their work is done. The beating of the flail sounds from the threshing floor, and the chaff drifts away on the winds like mist. The fearless boy climbs the tall-stemmed tree like a ladder, and shakes the ripe nuts into the lap of the laughing little girl. The white husks lie thick along the corn-field, and the sleek heifer presses impatiently to the fence, seeing the heaps of full-eared corn and bundles of dry blades. Southward over the hills flocks of birds are drifting all day long—the seeds drop from the withered pods, and the down of the thistle sails noiselessly about.

It is not the Sabbath, but the door of the village church is wide open, and across the hills and along the meadows, from the old-fashioned homestead and the white-washed cottage, the people are coming thither with downcast eyes and thoughtful steps.

The trees stand naked or faded about the parsonage, that seems to-day very lonesome and still—the books lie unopened on the table, the study-chair is vacant, and strange faces and hushed steps are in the house—whisper answers to whisper, but no one asks where the pastor is gone.

The slow chiming of the church-bell has in it an awful solemnity—even the life-long prayer of Miriam is still, as she hearkens, and leaving her lofty house, her eyes fill with tears, and a shadow dark as death and silent as the grave sweeps across her future, as she answers its call. Pick-axes and spades lean against the larch in the church-yard, and close by there is a great heap of yellow mould. The village pastor is dead.

The dense throng have more than filled the house, and many are standing about the open door and at the windows; but as the step of Miriam falls on the threshold, all make way for her, and the kindly and pious elder, who has long mourned what he deems a soul far astray or darkly rebellious, takes her trembling hand and leads her close to the dead. How still it is! so still that you may hear the wind as it stirs the heavy pall about the coffin. The locks are silver that stream above the sacred page to-day, and the voice falters with the cares and sorrows of many years that reads for the departed the psalm:

> "Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
> From which none ever wake to weep—
> A calm and undisturbed repose,
> Unbroken by the last of foes.
> Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
> Thy kindred and their graves may be;
> But thine is still a blessed sleep,
> From which none ever wake to weep."

Placidly, sweetly, he talked of the good man gone—of the beautiful consecration of his life and the glory of his death—God's hour of answer to a life of prayer. He pointed to the hills white with cottages, the morality, thrift, and intelligence of their inhabitants—the prevalent spirit of piety—the growth and engagedness of the Sabbath-school—the fathers and mothers, and maidens and youths, and little children, upon whose foreheads his hands had laid the baptismal waters; and the many hardened sinners wooed from the steep edge of perdition by his mild and unwearied persuasions. The bright example of his life, the preacher said, had been more eloquent than words—he had gone in and out before his people in meekness and simplicity, doing the good things which his hand found to do. By what cords of love this broken and mourning people were drawn hither to-day, and how hard it is to give up even the pale unconscious dust—how hard to look upon the still, fixed smile, that brightens not, as it was used, when they approach—how hard to put the hands that first led them to the cross, under the winding-sheet! He was your guide, your example, your shepherd that kept all your lambs from wandering—that made you brave to front the tempter—strong for the time of trial, and good to meet death. Haply he had sorrows, for who of us all have not? but he threw not their shadows over you, and on the ruins of broken hopes he climbed to gather the radiance of eternity. O, he was worthy of all your love—he was worthy of the tears that flow for him, and of the benedictions that hover about his grave—worthy of the covenant you make with your hearts to stand up, if need were, in the judgment and testify to all the hosts of heaven that he hath done a *great work!*

The day was over, and the clay was heaped to a smooth level mound, and the sorrowful people returned to their houses, desolate, yet not without hope. O Miriam, Miriam, why refusest thou to be comforted? Does the crown of thy love settle on the brows of the dead, and hushest thou now the frequent prayer for that thou feelest truly, as thou musest of his life of duty and his death of peace, he hath done a Great Work?

APOSTROPHE TO NIAGARA.

BY HORACE DRESSER ESQ.,

Faith trembleth at thy passing, mighty flood!
And from the secret chambers of the deep
The voices of thy many waters keep,
In thunder-tones and wild majestic mood,
One everlasting anthem praising God!
Thy fearful pathway leads thee o'er a steep,
Which thou thyself alone dost dare to leap!

I feel to worship here; methinks I'll seat
Me on the beetling cliffs above the brink
Of thy abyss; there ruminate and think:—
How restless is thy surge beneath my feet!
For ever rolling, rushing on to meet
Old ocean's boundless depths, for aye to sink
Into oblivion whence we mortals shrink!

GEMS FROM ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

BY AN ADMIRER.

There is a fine gradation and procession in the things of nature, and many are the steps of the golden stair which leads up to the highest. The material forms with which we are conversant, are symbols enclosing a more transcendent beauty; and the life within us is, in its turn, a symbol or adumbration of the primal archetypes. To unfold it, therefore—to lay open its leaves and filaments, that the light which is congenial to it may fall upon it, as the light of the sun upon the opening flower—is the highest and noblest of endeavors, inasmuch as the result is the highest and noblest. The best poets of the day, and none of them more so than Mrs. Browning, dwell long and lovingly in the recesses of our nature, laying their hand upon human love, upon the household affections, upon sin and the counteracting aspirations, upon the tangled yarn of good and evil in the web of life; and as, with songs of wailing or exultation, as in sorrow or in joy, in shadow or in sunshine, they tread those deep recesses which lie so near, yet are such mysteries to us all, we feel that we are in the presence of great spirits, yet, withal, of our own nature and kindred; we feel an unwonted exaltation in their presence; harsh contradictions are smoothed down, and elements of affinity present themselves where previously we saw nothing but everlasting antagonism; we begin to be reconciled to loss and suffering, by perceiving, in another than the mere dogmatic light, that it is the only medium of perfecting an aberrant nature; and we go forth to the work and conflict of life purer in heart and stronger in spirit, in the strength of those mediating spirits who have taught us to know, and given us to feel, more than we knew before of what is meant by mediation.

We have indicated rather than defined the scope and spirit of Mrs. Browning's poetry, Her poems are sermons, but such sermons! Reflect, that she is possessed of varied learning, and is deeply read in classic lore; that, to a masculine energy, attempered and sublimated by womanly affection, she adds a deep religious feeling, and you will have some conception as to what sort of sermons hers are. In listening to them, you are conscious of the double process of enlightenment and feeling. The mist rolls away, and the warm sunbeams fall upon you. While you know more, you love more, and the process of knowledge is the process of reconcilement. Her texts are chosen from both sides of nature, and from both sides of human life. Her aim is, to reconcile contrarieties; from sin and sorrow, from darkness and suffering, to rise to purity and joy, to the glory and brightness of the land where there is no need of the sun. Mere objective beauty glows at her touch, and you would confess her a true poet, though she had done no more; but this is only the tuning of her harp. It is but the wand she conjures with; the miracle by which she arrests attention. Her ultimate purpose lies far beyond; or, rather, without purpose at all, it is the necessity and tendency of her nature and genius to make the forms of things, the manifestations of natural grace and beauty, the stepping-stones to a temple, in which, when she leads you in, you find the unveiled presences of the outer shadows, and have a glimpse of the divine Schekinah.

But it is time we now proceed to illustrate these generalities by special reference to the poems whose titles we have prefixed to them. The incident of the "Lost Bower" is brief and simple. Once upon a summer's day, a little girl wandered into a wood, and found in it a beautiful bower, which filled her child-heart with overflowing gladness; but, when she returned next day, she could not find it, and never found it more. This is all. On this is built a poem of seventy-six stanzas; and we observe that a writer in one of our monthly magazines, of high reputation, makes merry at the disproportion between the basis and the superstructure. But on as narrow bases are built many things of larger proportions than a poem of this length. A like incident colors the poetry of every poetic life; and the prose of every prosaic life is rendered more prosaic, because every poor possessor of it, once upon a time, found and sported in a beautiful bower, and went back at another time, and missed it, and never found it more. It is a theme old as the expulsion from Eden, and wide as the human race. It appeals to universal sympathies, for all have to regret a lost bower in some wood or

other. It is a theme, therefore, which needed no inventive genius to find it out, and the poet who deals with it must be judged solely by the amount and nature of the new light which he sheds upon it.

"In the pleasant orchard closes,
'God bless all our gains,' say we;
But, 'May God bless all our losses,'
Better suits with our degree."

On this key-note the song opens, and we feel at once that it is a plaintive minor. We have then a sketch of that pleasant mother-land of infancy and childhood, with its "summer snows of apple-blossoms running up from glade to glade," which reposes among beauty and regrets in a quiet, sacred corner of every one's memory. There is the childhood's valley, and in the valley is the wood, and in the wood is the bower, and "over all, in choral silence, the hills look you their all hail!" The child's solitary journey to the wood is described, and the first bursting of the bower upon the entranced vision:

"As I enter'd, mosses hushing,
Stole all noises from my foot;
And a green elastic cushion,
Clasp'd within the linden's root,
Took me in a chair of silence, very rare and absolute."

Questioning what and how it was, there "came a sound, a sense of music, which was rather felt than heard,"

"Softly, finely, it inwound me,
From the world it shut me in,
Like a fountain falling round me,
Which, with silver waters thin,
Clips a little marble naiad, sitting smilingly within,"

Here now was the perfection of communion with nature; the beauty without touched the sense of beauty within; and, for the moment, enjoyment was complete. It was the terminal and highest point of a series; but there was more beyond, and to the beyond the rapt enthusiast must go—

"I rose up in exaltation,
And an inward trembling heat,
And (it seemed) in geste of passion,
Dropp'd the music to my feet,
Like a garment rustling downwards—such a silence follow'd it.

Heart and head beat through the quiet,
Full and heavily, though slower;
In the song, I think, and by it,
Mystic presences of power
Had upsnatch'd me to the timeless, then return'd me to the hour."

She left the bower, she left the wood, she left the sanctuary, and went out to the great temple, which yet, for a little while, was all a sanctuary.

"Oh, the golden-hearted daisies
Witness'd there, before my youth,
To the truth of things, with praises
To the beauty of the truth.
And I woke to nature's real, laughing joyfully for both."

Light-hearted, yet full-hearted, she vowed that every day she would return to the bower; and she kept her vow; but "next morning all had vanished, or my wandering missed the place," and "I never more upon it turned my mortal countenance." It was the beginning of her losses, a list or specimen of which she gives us:

"I have lost the dream of doing,
And the other dream of done—
The first spring in the pursuing,
The first pride in the begun;
First recoil from incompletion in the face of what is won.

Exaltations in the far light,
Where some cottage only is,
Mild dejections in the starlight,
Which the sadder-hearted miss,
And the child-cheek blushing scarlet, for the very shame of bliss.

I have lost the sound child-sleeping,
Which the thunder could not break;
Something, too, of the strong leaping
Of the stag-like heart awake,
Which the pale is low for keeping in the road it ought to take."

But the song must not close thus; at least, it must not, and will not, close thus to the spirit who has rightly undergone the discipline of the losses which the loss of the bower prefigured and necessitated. The time was long past, and the place far away; the discipline of life lay in the scene between the *then* and the *now;* but, shutting her eyes, and calling upon "unchanging recollections," the bower rose up before the spirit's eye, fresh and fair as it first appeared to the child's vision. Here is the exultant finale:

"Is the bower lost then? Who sayeth
That the bower indeed is lost?
Hark! my spirit in it prayeth,
Through the solstice and the frost,
And the prayer preserves it greenly, to the last and uttermost—

Till another open for me,
In God's Eden-land unknown;
With an angel at the doorway,
White with gazing at his throne,
And a saint's voice in the palm-trees, singing, *All is* LOST—*and won!*"

The "Brown Rosary" is pitched on a higher key, and takes in a wider range of thought; but it also is a song of losses, and of gains through losses. In the "Lost Bower" we have delineated, under the guise of a child's story, the disenchanting process through which nature passes, or seems to pass, as it presents itself day after day, and

year after year, to the eye and heart which are incessantly changed and modified by the ever-shifting phenomena and events of time. The theme and moral of the "Brown Rosary" are indicated in these lines:

"Then breaking into tears—'Dear God!' she cried; 'and must we see
All blissful things depart from *us*, or ere we go to *Thee!*'"

It is a sermon on the text—"He that loveth father or mother, wife or children, more than me, is not worthy of me." It has more of incident than the "Lost Bower," and its structure and motion are more diversified. Orona was betrothed to a noble and generous lover, and both seemed to be well fitted for each other. This human love was all in all to Orona. She could not see beyond it; she could not live without it; and for it she was willing to sacrifice the love and hope of heaven. This mood of mind is brought out with admirable artistic skill by the machinery of a dream, in which Orona, her dead father, angels, and the ghost of a false nun, who, lost herself by earthly love, tempts Orona to a like ruin, are interlocutors. A little brother of Orona's is also introduced, who is supposed to be conversant with the whole matter, and plays the explanatory part of the *chorus* in the Greek tragedies. Orona, the betrothed, was doomed to die, as we learn from the dream. She says:

"We heard, beside the heavenly gate, the angels murmuring:
We heard them say, 'Put day to day, and count the days to seven,
And God will draw Orona up the golden stairs to heaven;
And yet the evil ones have leave that purpose to defer,
For if she has no need of HIM, he has no need of *her*.'

Evil Spirit.

Speak out to me—speak bold and free.

Orona in sleep.

And then I heard thee say—
'I count upon my rosary brown the hours thou hast to stay!
Yet God permits us evil ones to put by that decree,
For if thou hast no need of *Him*, he has no need of *thee;*
And if thou wilt forego the sight of angels, verily,
Thy true love, gazing on thy face, shall guess what angels be.'"

Orona did not choose the better part. Poor girl! her human love overcame her:—

"Love feareth death. I was no child; I was betrothed that day:
I wore a troth-kiss on my lips I could not give away.
How could I bear to lie content and still beneath a stone,
And feel mine own betrothed go by—alas, no more mine own!—
Go leading by, in wedding pomp, some lovely lady brave,
With cheeks that blush'd as red as rose, while mine were cold in grave?
How could I bear to sit in heaven, on e'er so high a throne,
And hear him say to her—to *her!*—that else he loveth none?
Though e'er so high I sate above, though e'er so low he spake,
As clear as thunder I should hear the new oath he might take—
That hers, forsooth, are heavenly eyes—ah, me! while very dim
Some heavenly eyes (indeed of heaven) would darken down to *him*."

Orona being thus overcome, she vowed this fearful vow, which had power to defer the purpose of the good angels. She addresses, in sleep, the ghost of the nun—

"I vow'd upon thy rosary brown—and, till such vow should break,
A pledge always of living days 'twas hung around my neck—
I vow'd to thee on rosary (dead father, look not so!),
I would not thank God in my weal nor seek God in my wo!"

The current of human love was now free to take its course. The bridal morn arrived. The little brother mixed in the joyous throng, but not as part of it, not as a happy heart. On the way to the church, and again in the church, he reproached his sister with wearing on her bosom a brown rosary. The mother frowned on her boy; the bridegroom laughed; the priest said the boy was wild, and approved the piety of the bride; and "the maiden's lips trembled with smiles shut within." The ceremony proceeded. A mocking laugh broke in upon it, but none could find out who the mockers were. The priest was perplexed. He could not name the great name—

"And each saw the bride, as if no bride she were,
Gazing cold at the priest, without gesture of prayer,
As he read from the psalter."

At length the rite was finished, and "they who knelt down together, arise up as one." Orona's vow renouncing heaven has won for her human love. But only for a moment. The cup was lifted to her lips only to be dashed to the ground. The bridegroom glared blank and wide. He kissed his bride, but his lips stung her with cold. He called her his own wife, and "fell stark at her feet in the word he was saying:"—

"She look'd in his face earnest long, as, in sooth,
There were hope of an answer, and then kiss'd his mouth;
And, with head on his bosom, wept, wept bitterly—
'Now, O God, take pity, take pity on me!—
God, hear my beseeching!'
She was 'ware of a shadow that cross'd where she lay—
She was 'ware of a presence that wither'd the day;
Wild, she sprang to her feet—'I surrender to *Thee*
The broken vow's pledge, the accursed rosary:
I am ready for dying!'"

Time's enchantments were now broken; and, in this total eclipse of human love and hope, Orona first beheld the day-spring of the love that is divine. We have the moral of the poem in these her last words:—

"She spoke with passion after pause—'And were it wisely done,
If we who cannot gaze above, should walk the earth alone?
If we whose virtue is so weak, should have a will so strong,
And stand blind on the rocks to choose the right path from the wrong?—
To choose, perhaps, a love-lit hearth instead of love and heaven;
A single rose for a rose-tree, which beareth seven times seven;
A rose that droppeth from the hand, that fadeth in the breast,
Until, in grieving for the worst, we learn what is the best.'
Then breaking into tears—'Dear God!' she cried; 'and must we see
All blissful things depart from *us*, or ere we go to THEE?
We cannot guess thee in the wood, or hear thee in the wind:
Our cedars must fall round us ere we see the light behind.
Ay sooth, we feel too strong in weal to need thee on that road;
But wo being come, the soul is dumb that crieth not on God.'"

We have noticed these two poems together, because we think the one has its completeness in the other, and both are required to the full development of the leading thought which runs through them. In both we have an exhibition of beautiful and lovely things—lovely, and deserving to be loved, because they are beautiful and true. In both, we are taught that this beauty is not of the highest order; and that if, while loving it, we do not stretch forward to the love of a higher beauty, our idols will become dim, will cease to fill our hearts, or will be dashed to pieces before our eyes. Thus it is with nature, as she presents herself to the young, susceptible heart; and thus it is with that higher phase of the beautiful which comes in the fascinations of young affection. We cannot love the one or the other too well, if, at the same time, we keep open heart to a higher love. The "Lost Bower" is recovered; the "splendor in the grass, the glory in the flower," are restored by the "prayer," which "preserves them greenly to the last and uttermost;" and though, in the "Brown Rosary," poor Orona's human love was blighted beyond the power of prayer to revive it, her blighted earthly hopes were the soil in which sprung up for her the first heavenly flowers.

We have only further to express a hope, that the extracts we have laid before our readers will impress them with a favorable opinion of Mrs. Browning's poetry. It is a source of high and pure delight to us, and we wish, therefore, that its gifted authoress were better known in this northern land. It bears the test of re-perusal better than most poetry with which we are acquainted; which comes, we presume, from the combination and fusion of strong thought with the finest feeling. It was not without reason, and Alfred Tennyson need not take it amiss, that Mrs. Browning was named in some quarters for the laureateship, on the death of Wordsworth.

THEY FADE.

Thus fade they, ever, ever—
To fade is beauty's doom;
They come as *hopes*, but never
May ripen into bloom.
A little shadow chills them,
The sun may scorch anon;
The frost-wind calls, the shadow falls,
And the beautiful are gone.

O hope not ever, ever,
A bright thing shall endure!
If it be but "very beautiful,"
The end of it is sure.
Hopes dear as life, an angel wife—
A child—a darling one—
The frost-wind calls, the shadow falls,
And the beautiful are gone.

Death is a tasteful spoiler,
He hath a dainty eye—
The young for him, and the light of limb,
Though weary ones are by.
He will steal into a circle,
With his shadow darkening on,
And the frost-wind calls, and the shadow falls,
And the beautiful are gone.

Yet stay thee not, oh, angel!
It is thy mission here;
And all are thine, by grant divine,
The fresh leaf, and the sere.
But only come for *me* too,
With the beautiful anon;
I will journey with thee gladly,
To know where they are gone.

A PLEA FOR OLD TREES.

There are few things which I like better to meet with in my wanderings, than an old tree. When I see one upon which the storms of some hundred winters have wasted themselves, sad and solemn feelings always come over me; I feel as if I could linger long about it; and sometimes, strange as it may appear, I could even prostrate myself before it, in mute awe and admiration. It is not that there is anything very *beautiful* in an old tree—sometimes it is even the reverse; and when I pause to look at some broken trunk, with scarce a mark of verdure remaining on it, my friend who is with me will pull my arm, and wonder what I see in *that* to stare at. But to me, an old tree brings with it *associations* of a very interesting and pleasing character; and it is for these that I love to look upon it, and feel a kind of friendship for it.

In the first place, the delightful idea of *constancy* associates itself with an old tree. Amidst the rush and push of this world's changes, there it has remained immovable for centuries; and whilst cities have crumbled away, and kingdoms have been revolutionized, and great empires have risen and fallen, it has "taken root downward, and borne fruit upward," and, year by year, its branches have spread themselves overhead as a green canopy, and it has helped to make the face of nature lovelier and more beautiful. There is one tree in my neighborhood—I think it is said that nine hundred years have rolled their clouds and played their lightnings over it—under which I remember gamboling when I was a child; and, though many changes have since then come over me, and I have had my share—I think sometimes, as I suppose most people do, *more* than my share—of dark days and sorrowful ones; though friends whom I had loved have forsaken me, and some have turned away from me, who I never thought would have done so; I go now occasionally, and I find the tree unaltered:—

> So was it when my life began;
> So is it now I am a man:'

the marks of age, perhaps, are more apparent, but it smiles upon me as it did of old; and in recalling, as I almost can, the sweet and innocent thoughts and emotions which I indulged under it, and the remembrance of the dear departed ones with whom I stood at its feet, I can almost bring back the days so long gone, and fancy myself a boy again. And I am not the only one whom this old tree has cheered thus and encouraged: it smiled upon others before it smiled on me; and it will continue to smile when I am gone and departed. The traveler has many a time looked upon it, as he has passed the village in which it stands; and the broken down soldier has recognized it with a tear, as he has returned after many battles to the quiet home of his boyhood. For many a year the swallow, returning from her annual visit to a milder climate, has always found its branches ready for her as a resting-place; and in many a summer, the panting flocks have sought and found under it a grateful shade. How many things are there which the world has less cause to be grateful to than it has to an old tree!

But an old tree has always associated with it thoughts of *the past*. How many persons have gazed upon it who will never gaze upon it again; and with what different emotions has it been gazed upon at different times, and by different classes of character! The noble has gazed upon it as he dashed by in his chariot; and the poor lame beggar, as he hobbled past on his crutch. Perhaps, in some dark night, when the moon was hidden behind the clouds, and scarce a star was seen in the firmament, and the cold wind blew, and the drizzling rain descended, which kept all but the wicked or the houseless wanderer within doors, the murderer may have arranged his plot; or even upon the very ground over which its shade is cast, he may have carried it into execution; and the old tree may have listened to the cry of the murdered man, and seen his blood as it mixed with the green grass around it. Centuries ago, the Druid may under it have offered his human sacrifice; and near it, may have rattled in the night wind the chains and bones which hung upon the gibbet. What tales it could tell, if it could but speak to us, of England in the olden time; and what revelations could it furnish of events, but now imperfectly pictured forth to us in the fictions of history! It has heard the old men talk of Alfred and of Canute, of the Conquest and William the Norman; the tales of the Plantagenets and the Lancasters have been told in its presence; it could speak to us of Magna

Charta and of the Crusades, of Harry the Eighth and the Reformation; it heard men talk with glistening eye of John Hampden and of Cromwell, and how they stood up gloriously against tyrants, and overthrew them; it listened to their deep murmurs at the tyranny of James, and to their shouts of delight at the accession of the Prince of Orange; it heard them while they talked in whispers of the Plague, and of the number dying daily, and how they were carried in carts, and thrown uncoffined into the grave; and it has seen how the world, amidst its ups and downs, has been going forward all the while; and how, from all things being a monopoly of the few, the rights of the many have come gradually to be recognized, so that the "greatest happiness of *all*" is likely yet to become the politics of the world. Old tree! wilt thou not open thyself to us, and reveal the secrets to which thou hast been a party?

There is one lesson which we may very properly learn from the contemplation of an old tree. Amidst all the changes which have occurred around it, and notwithstanding the storms which have beaten upon it, it has stood firm and unmoved. How calmly it has witnessed the joys and sorrows, the crimes and miseries, of the world! Oh, to be as patient as the old tree amidst the storms and battles of life; ever, amidst changes and uncertainties, fulfilling our high duty and destiny!

I never like to see an old tree cut down. When the woodman's axe approaches it, and I observe upon it the mark which dooms it to destruction, my soul protests against the sacrilege. It seems as if a part of myself were gone, when an old familiar tree is removed—as if one of my ties to this green earth were snapped asunder. But perhaps it is better so. My friends of all kinds are dying away; and it is well that I should sometimes be reminded that I soon must follow them.

SPIRIT OF LOVE.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

"The spirit of love floats everywhere."

Afar, afar, upon the wings of morning,
  I send the spirit of my love to thee,
Beyond the seas, where'er thou art sojourning,
  O'er utmost earth, remote as it may be!

I send it in each wandering gale unto thee—
  Each whispering tone to tell of vanished hours;
I send it in the voice of streams to woo thee—
  In the soft breath of odorous leaves and flowers,

In the light stir of forest-boughs, fast filling
  My list'ning heart with memories of thee,
I send the spirit of my deep love, thrilling
  Unto thine own with its soul-melody.

I send it on the glancing wings that hover
  bove thee, in the blue, transparent air;
Each bird-note echoing on thine ear, O, rover,
  A tender message to thy heart shall bear.

The crimson morn—noontide—the twilight falling;
  Night, with the steadfast stars we love so well;
The meek-eyed moon the olden times recalling—
  In *each*, the spirit of my love shall dwell.

I send it in the beautiful, which liveth
  Undying in the far depths of thy soul,
And in this voiceful spring, whose presence giveth
  To *all my* hopes a happier control.

Afar, afar, upon the wings of morning,
  I send the spirit of my love to thee,
Beyond the seas, where'er thou art sojourning,
  O'er utmost earth, remote as it may be.

PREJUDICES AGAINST INNOVATION.

When we consider the opposition which *every* change has had to encounter before it has been thoroughly adopted, we cannot be surprised by the spirit which has been evoked by such innovations as interfere in an especial manner with cherished associations. The changes in national costume forced on a people have been ever productive of the most bitter feelings, and often of the most fatal consequences. It is well known that an alteration in the uniform of the sepoys was the cause of one of the most fearful tragedies on record. It will be remembered that some military men at Madras, in the year 1806, ordered the helmet worn by the European light infantry to be substituted for the national turban, and prohibited the distinguishing marks of their respective castes worn by the native soldiers on their foreheads. These innovations were deeply resented, and an awful vengeance followed the new regulations. The particulars of the dreadful massacre are recorded in the public journals of the day. Of the European companies, upwards of 164 were cut off, with their officers—many British officers of the native troops, the sick in the hospital, and every person found in the officers' houses, were put to death—and 800 of the sepoys were killed. The obnoxious regulation was withdrawn, but for a long time the spirit of disaffection continued to spread in all directions. The prohibition against the Highland costume is known to have produced deep and bitter feelings, for it was most fondly associated with all that was most dear—martial prowess, and the ties of clanship—and so picturesque, that it seemed to belong to the very scenery and poetry of the country. But a few years since, the public journals detailed the grief into which the Jews in one of the northern countries of Europe were plunged by the law which obliged them to change their accustomed garb; their weeping and wailing was described as most pitiable. One of the most pathetic airs ever composed, is said to have been the lament for the culan, or long lock worn by the Irish, and which they were compelled by law to cut off.

Some changes have, however, been so judicious, that we should be utterly at a loss to conceive how they could ever have been resisted, were we not aware how everything is endeared by custom; and thus we find an explanation for the obstinate pertinacity with which old inconveniences were clung to. Every invention to lighten labor or save time has met with opposition from some quarter, in some cases entirely from interested motives, which have, not unfrequently, outweighed incalculable advantages. The expedient devised by a benevolent person, to prevent the deleterious effect of their employment to the needle-pointers, was of no use; health and years of life being willingly sacrificed for the high wages proportioned to the risk which was incurred. Dreadful riots followed the introduction of the power-loom. Indeed, every improvement in machinery has met with opposition in some direction.

There is no observation more just than that made by Sidney Smith, when he says, "There is not one single source of human happiness against which there have not been uttered the most lugubrious predictions—turnpike roads, navigable canals, inoculation, &c." There is, indeed, scarcely even an article in common use, that has not been made the object of so much invective or ridicule, that we wonder how they ever came to be considered necessary to comfort. Coaches, when first seen in England, were looked on as evidences of sloth and effeminacy derogatory to the English character. Umbrellas, when first brought over from Italy, were not less the objects of dislike and ridicule. A person seen to carry one through the street was sure to be hooted and laughed at by the mob, as a mere dandy of his day. The prejudice against forks, when newly invented, was so great that they were supposed by many to be a device of Satan to offer an affront to Providence, who had furnished human beings with fingers for the conveyance of food to the mouth. It has been no unusual thing thus to ascribe some of the most useful discoveries and inventions to diabolical intervention. Antimony and bark, now held as such inestimable drugs in medical practice, were supposed to have been brought into notice through the same evil agency. Bark had been brought into Europe by the Jesuits, who distributed quantities of it among the poor who were laboring under intermittent fevers and agues. The cures which it wrought, and the quickness with which they were effected, were made the

great objection to its use. "The cures," said they, with a significant shake of the head, "are too rapid." A preacher, from his pulpit, denounced it, as having been prompted by the devil.

Inoculation for the small-pox was first tried in England on seven condemned criminals, who, on recovery, were pardoned. It might have been supposed that such a successful experiment of its efficacy would have established its value; but it had no such effect, and medical men continued to inveigh against it for a time. Pamphlets were written, condemnatory of the impious attempt to interfere with the decrees of Providence. In the sermon of an admired preacher, it was insisted on that all who infused the variolous ferment were hellish sorcerers, and that inoculation was the diabolical invention of Satan. These tirades had considerable effect on the public mind, and for a long time retarded the benefit of the great discovery. Vaccination, in its turn, became the subject of bitter invective. The tales propagated against it filled the minds of the weak and ignorant with horror; pamphlets were written, and sermons were preached, to put the unsuspecting on their guard against this new device of Satan. "God," said they, "gave us the small-pox; it is sinful to interrupt it by the cow-pox." Hand-bills were pasted on the walls through the streets, warning the people against it. In some of them, a detailed account was given of one who had submitted to vaccination, and who soon had horns growing out of his head. It is thus a medical contemporary and opponent of Jenner wrote on the subject—"Future ages will read with wonder the history of the cow-pox credulity of our nation; and of the headlong precipitancy with which the children of this country were committed to a medical experiment at the risk of their lives. This modern *exposing* of children sinks our boasted human tenderness beneath the guardian spirit of instinct. That a people should be found to contaminate their offspring with a poison taken from the brute creation, of the origin, nature, and effects of which they had not the smallest knowledge, will stand among the incredible tales of some future Pliny."

We all know the cruel persecutions which Galileo underwent for his astronomical discoveries; thrice imprisoned, ordered to recant his heretical theory of the earth, and his work on the Ptolemaic and Copernican systems publicly burnt; Virgilius, bishop of Saltzburg, condemned to expiate in the flames the heresy of which he had been guilty in his assertion that there were antipodes; Cornelius Agrippa, accused of being a magician, and compelled to flee his country, for having exhibited some of the philosophical experiments which *we* are accustomed to see every day—deprived of his resources, and ending his days in an hospital; Galen, driven from Rome by the persecution of the physicians, who ascribed his success to magic; Harvey, seeing his great discovery of the circulation of the blood made the subject of a bitter controversy, and so protracted, that he scarcely lived to see his theory established.

But it would be needless, and lead us into too great length, were we to enumerate those whose labors met with no better reward than the calumnies of superstition and the persecution of bigotry. Even in the better times which we have seen, we know that geologists had to hear, and strange to say, still have to hear, that the tendencies of their pursuit lead to the most deplorable results. "When," said Robert Fulton, "I was building my first steam-boat at New York, the project was viewed by the public either with indifference or with contempt, as a visionary scheme. My friends, indeed, were civil, but they were shy. They listened with patience to my explanations, but with a settled look of incredulity on their countenances. As I had occasion to pass daily to and from the building-yard, while my boat was in progress, I have often loitered unknown near the idle group of strangers gathering in little circles, and heard various inquiries as to the object of this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of scorn, or sneer, or ridicule. The loud laugh often rose at my expense—the dry jest, the wiser calculation of losses and expenditure, the dull but endless repetition of the 'Fulton folly.' Never did a single encouraging remark, a bright hope, or a warm wish, cross my path. Silence itself was but politeness veiling its doubts or hiding its reproaches. At length the day arrived when the experiment was to be put into operation. To me it was a most trying and interesting occasion. I invited many friends to go on board to witness the first successful trip. Many of them did me the favor to attend, as a matter of personal respect; but it was manifest that they did it with reluctance, fearing to be the partners of my mortification and not of my triumph. I was well aware that in my case there were many reasons to doubt of my own succes. The machinery was new and ill-made; many parts of it were constructed by mechanics unaccustomed to such work; and unexpected difficulties might reasonably be presumed to present themselves from

other causes. The moment arrived in which the word was to be given for the vessel to move. My friends were in groups on the deck. There was anxiety mixed with fear among them. They were silent, and sad, and weary. I read in their looks nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts. The signal was given, and the boat moved on a short distance, and then stopped, and became immovable. To the silence of the preceding moment now succeeded murmurs of discontent, and agitations, and whispers, and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated, 'I told you it would be so—it is a foolish scheme—I wish we were well out of it.' I elevated myself upon a platform, and addressed the assembly. I stated that I knew not what was the matter; but, if they would be quiet, and indulge me for half an hour, I would either go on, or abandon the voyage for that time. This short respite was conceded without objection. I went below, examined the machinery, discovered that the cause was a slight mal-adjustment of some of the work. In a short period it was obviated. The boat was put again in motion. She continued to move on. All were still incredulous; none seemed willing to trust the evidence of their senses. We left the fair city of New York, we passed through the romantic and ever varying scenery of the Highlands, we descried the clustering houses of Albany, we reached its shore, and then, *even then*, when all seemed achieved, I was the victim of disappointment. Imagination superseded the influence of fact; it was then doubted if it could be done again, or if done, it was doubted if it could be made of any great value."

The application of steam has been an achievement of which science may well be proud. The predictions of what it was yet to accomplish, were not met with the spirit of persecution which assailed former discoveries and inventions from which the human race has reaped most precious benefits. But most certainly they were at first received with coldness, and often with ridicule.

The celebrated "London Quarterly Review," in 1825, in an article, on "Canals and Railways," said: "We scout at the idea of a *general* railroad, as altogether impracticable, or as one, at least, which will be rendered nugatory in lines where the traffic is so small that the receipts would scarcely pay for the consumption of coals. As to those persons," it says, "who speculate on making railroads general throughout the kingdom, and superseding all the canals, all the wagons, mail and stage coaches, post chaises, and in short every other mode of conveyance by land or by water, we deem them and their visionary schemes unworthy of notice."

The Review goes on to quote, We find a countryman of Mr. Telford writing thus:—"We shall be carried at the rate of 400 miles a-day, with all the ease we now enjoy in a steam-boat, but without the annoyance of sea-sickness, or the danger of being burned or drowned." "It is," the Review adds, "certainly some consolation to those who are to be whirled at the rate of eighteen or twenty miles an hour, by means of a high-pressure engine, to be told that they are in no danger of being sea-sick while on shore, that they are not to be scalded to death, or drowned by the bursting of the boiler, and that they need not mind being shot by the scattered fragments, or dashed in pieces by the flying off or breaking of a wheel. But, with all these assurances, we should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's *ricochet* rockets, as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine, going at such a rate. Their property they may perhaps trust; but, while one of the finest navigable rivers in the world runs parallel to the purposed railroad, we consider the other 20 per cent. which the subscribers are to receive for the conveyance of heavy goods almost as problematical as that to be derived from the passengers. We will back old Father Thames against the Woolwich Railway for any sum."

This article, when written, responded to the sentiments of the most influential part of the community; and it is curious to observe how utterly unprepared the public were for the fulfillment of predictions which they ascribed to a wild enthusiasm, and which they considered it a duty to keep in some kind of check. But science and genius have gone beyond the expectations of the most sanguine; and all seem ready to grant, that what they may yet lead to is beyond human calculation. Discoveries are no longer looked on with mistrust and timid apprehension; but *what next?* is the feeling, if not the question, of all. Steam and electricity, those powerful agents, are already affecting the destinies of man in all directions, and rendering our earthly abode every day more like that of purely spiritual beings, who pass through space with unobstructed celerity, and exchange words and thoughts from the most remote distances.

DIGNITY.

FROM THE WASTE-DRAWER OF A CLERGYMAN.

Could any superior intelligences take an interest in observing the current of our social life, as naturalists contemplate the habits of inferior races, what a fund of amusement would they find in the working of human notions of dignity! No class of beliefs is entertained with so much of variety and paradox. One nation's legends on the subject are in complete opposition to those of another, and the faith of almost every age is contradicted by that of its successor. In the caliphate of Bagdad, the public executioner ranked next to the prime minister, and his official title was Mesour, or the happy; while in Europe everything connected with the same office was deemed so disgraceful that the magistrates of a German town were once obliged to proceed in a body, with all the insignia of civic authority, and commence the repairs of the gallows, in hopes that their example might induce some workmen to complete that favorite engine of Gothic law. The Danes reproached Alfred of England with reading Latin like a priest; and now Virgil and Horace may be said to lead the van of an English gentleman's education. When Lord Shaftesbury, being high chancellor, informed his royal patron in full levee that, "for a subject, he believed himself the most profligate man in his majesty's dominions;" and a country squire, descanting on the insolence of his servant, observed that "the fellow forgot his station, and swore like a gentleman," the suitabilities (to venture a new plural) of elevated positions must have been somewhat different from the present acceptation. Well might the old poet say, "The glories of our birth and state are shadows, not substantial things." Distorted shadows some of them have been, and it is well that they at least are not substantial. Ideas of dignity, if not restricted, are certainly common to mankind; and, whether originating in vanity, self-esteem, or a desire for the respect of others, much of the absurd and preposterous has in all times hung about their demonstrations, and future investigators will smile at those of the nineteenth century.

Dignity has been the source of many an old and troublesome institution. Hence came the caste system of India, interwoven with eastern mythology, and established in earlier times, under various modifications, in all the nations of the earth. From the same root was derived the science and mystery of heraldry, so important in Europe's untaught and pageant-loving days. Thence, too, originated the whole ceremonial of etiquette, known to the world's courts and castles, from the nine prostrations of the Chinese before the statue of the sun's brother, alias the reigning emperor, to the famous ordinance of Queen Charlotte, against saluting any but titled ladies.

Among the remnants of Celtic literature there is a satirical poem, called "The Woman of Three Cows," which contains a sharp expostulation with an ancient dame for the *hauteur* she exhibited, in virtue of the above-named possession. Others rest on some imaginary or self-devised distinction. The industrious lady mentioned by Addison, who would have her daughters spin huckaback for the household, but only on little wheels, as large ones, however expeditious, were used by common people, and therefore inadmissible, was an example of the kind in her age. There are also those who put on borrowed glory like a garment, and become great in their relations. A titled cousin or a distinguished uncle has been the innocent cause of injury to the social habits and manners of many a family.

A German poet, who, by the way, lived and died a bachelor, gave it, as the result of his experience, that the near relations, and particularly the children, of celebrated *literateurs* were in general disagreeably vain, and apt to cut a more eccentric than respectable figure in life. The single poet might have been given to fault-finding with other people's children for their natural pride in a distinguished relative, but honors entirely derived have seldom been either gracefully worn or turned to good account. Nearly allied to this form is family pride. That Gothic pillar has supported the dignity of unreckoned numbers in the course of centuries. The Dalmatian who could not plough his only field because his ancestors had been chiefs of the Haiduks, confided in it quite as much as Louis XVI. of France,

when, just before the first revolution, he issued a decree, ordaining that none should expect presentation at court who could not exhibit a clear pedigree of four hundred years. The assigned cause of this ordinance was, that sundry family trees of doubtful origin had sprung up in the preceding reigns: and there is an anecdote in point of Vauban, the celebrated military engineer. He had done the state some service in frontier fortifications—at least, Cardinal Richelieu thought so—and it was proposed to reward him by means of an order; but Vauban was of plebeian descent, and the ribbon could be bestowed on nothing less than nobility. The cardinal was considerate enough to send him an intimation of the intended honor and its obstruction, with a consolatory hint that under his patronage any herald could make out a genealogy. "Tell the cardinal that I thank him," responded the truly noble engineer to this courtly message; "but say also that I am not in the habit of paying for pride with truth;" and history mentions that Vaubau received the order.

Family pride, though not unknown at any historical period, appears to have been peculiarly the growth of the feudal times. It was well fitted for a state of society in which the few were lords and the many their vassals; but little did those proud barons, who gloried in ancestors and quarterings, think what burlesque editions of their trust in family honors should appear in more equalizing ages. The sweep who commanded his son, on pain of being disinherited, to give up all thoughts of a neighboring tailor's daughter, as a connection beneath one whose grandfather had swept the flues of Windsor Castle, must have caught the mantle of their spirit, though its descent was far. One of the most ludicrous circumstances of this kind that probably ever occurred, took place between two emigrant Highlanders in this country. They were of the same patronymic, but had taken different sides in an electioneering question, and one of them, the better to influence the votes of his emigraut countrymen in the locality, reminded them of his descent from chieftains, whether real or imaginary it is needless to inquire, by assuming the well-known title of "the Macnab;" upon which his opponent, not to be outdone at once in rank and voters, announced himself to the amused public as "the other Macnab," and each bore their respective titles, it is said, much longer than they were found agreeable. The pride of family may have served a good purpose at times, when it operated after the fashion of the Barmecide's advice to his son—"Consider thine ancestors only to excel them;" but it is to be feared that, with those by whom it has been most cherished, the having of ancestors, in the ordinary acceptation, was deemed sufficient excellence. To no idea of dignity have greater sacrifices been made. There is a dark picture, true to history, though often repeated in the fictitious literature of France. It is an aristocratic family, reduced to absolute penury by the extravagance of elder barons, and the code of the noblesse which forbade any of their branches to engage at all in business, occupying an apartment or two in a vast but decaying chateau, whence, from one generation to another, the sons and daughters, all excepting the heir, were transmitted to convent and monastery as soon as they reached eighteen, being literally born to the veil and cowl.

Such details verify the remarks of a modern philosopher, that pride is the Juggernaut of the moral world. The autobiography of Count Chateaubriand presents us with a companion-sketch taken from his father's household. They kept but two aged servants, and lived in a few rooms of their huge castle, including the great saloon, one end of which served them for a drawing-room and the other for a dining-parlor. They saw no compauy, had no books to read, and seldom went out even to church, for want of equipments suited to their rank. The head of the family spent his time in musing over his fallen fortunes, and supported his dignity by rarely speaking to his wife and children, who were expected to keep silence iu his presence. The only amusement permitted to his noble birth was that of the sportsman, and, having no other hunting ground, he shot owls as they flew out of the ivy of his towers on summer evenings, and in winter pored over a moth-eaten chest of family papers in an old turret chamber called his study.

The inconsistency which runs throughout human affairs, whether of faith or practice, is prominent in many notions of dignity. At Venice, in the days of her glory, none but the nobility were allowed to game, yet, it is curious that, in that city as well as in other old commercial towns of Italy, such as Florence and Genoa, mercantile pursuits, so far from being considered vulgar, were almost confined to the aristocracy during the middle ages, while they were regarded as utterly plebeian over all the rest of Europe. An ancestor of the revolutionary orator, Count Mirabeau, who was of Italian origin, and had established himself with his merchandise at Marseilles, once had a dispute with the bishop, who, by way of contempt, called him a merchant. "A merchant of spice I am," rejoined the Italian, "but you are only a merchant of holy water, and that closed the contest.

Somewhat akin to self-magnifying notions on the ground of birth and descent, is that overwhelming veneration for the dignity of superior rank. A notable devotee of the order was the naval captain who, when referring to the captain of a Spanish privateer in the sea-faring days of William IV., observed that "the Spaniards had the honor to be taken by the vessel on board of which his royal highness served." A chemist once performing an experiment in the presenee of Louis XIV., was still more reverential: "Sire," said he, with a profound bow, "graciously deign to permit these substances to coalesce in your august presence."

During the exile of Charles II., his mimic court was kept in a constant ferment by the rivalry of Lord Herbert, and Clarendon, the well known historian, for the possession of the great seal, which had lain for years at the bottom of an old trunk, and was long superseded by one of the parliament's fabrication in England. Perhaps some scent, or hope of the chancery, "hung round it still;" but, at length, when all Europe had either openly or tacitly recognized the authority of Crommell, and the whole court, according to Clarendon's own letters, owed at least three months' board and lodging, which he piously hoped some of their descendants might pay, the historian of the Rebellion was victorious, for the king suspended the seal by a black ribbon round his neck, and Lord Herbert is said to have died of grief at his disappointment. Clarendon lived to carry that seal before the restored king on his march to Whitehall, with the chancellorship and all its substantialities in full possession—lived to gain much outward greatness, do some shabby things, and fall out of royal favor, carrying with him ouly the hatred of the multitude and a broken reputation, over which partisans have ever since disputed. The story of Clarendon's fall affords an example of the doings of dignity quite as curious ast hose contemplated in his elevation, though of a different kind. The chancellor's enemies at court could never make the king forget his long and faithful services, till they hit upon the expedient of saying to Charles whenever he appeared, "Old Rowley, there comes your schoolmaster." The monarch, whose habits and character sanctioned such a form of address, immediately took alarm that his dignity should be surpected of stooping to instruction, and Clarendon's dismissal was determined.

How deplorably frequent are the corresponding cases of private life! Wise and loving counsel has been despised, the bond of mutual interest forgotten, and the friendship of years set at naught by the dignity of both peer and peasant in fear of presumed dictatorship. Are there any who have never heard worthless associates mention a man's best friend, or it may be his help-mate, in the style of "Old Rowley, there comes your schoolmaster?" The pranks which dignity is apt to play with people's manners are but too generally known. Perhaps a seat in either church or dining-room, beside a lady impressed with the necessity of supporting it, would furnish the most familiar if not the pleasantest illustration, Some philosophers have remarked than an overstraining after dignity is the liability of the masculine rather than the feminine character, and its absence is certainly an advantage to the latter. In all stations, the desire of respect is not only natural but praiseworthy, nor is it less so that men should avail themselves of fortune's aids for the purpose; but the respect of even ordinary minds, whatever machinery of airs or circumstances may be brought to bear upon them, can only be secured by conduct which is really respectable. Socrates once being asked what were the most honorable among men and things, answered, "Those that are wisest and best;" and his reply embodied the truest notions of dignity.

THE IDEAL.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

A soft ideal, long beloved,
  But long beloved in vain,
In memory's gallery hangs alone,
  The picture of my brain!

It is not young, nor beautiful;
  But worn with sin and care,
Like her who washed the feet of Christ,
  And wiped them with her hair!

But oh! the sweetness of the face—
  The sadness of the eye;
It haunts my soul by day and night,
  And will until I die!

THE TRUE SOURCE OF HAPPINESS.

Happiness is that bright particular star whose genial rays are ever pleasing to the human eye and exhilarating to the human spirit What the law of attraction is to the physical world, happiness is to the moral world; it attracts and centres in itself the feelings and emotions of the heart, and the thoughts and aspirations of the mind. Every human being is in pursuit of bliss, however much he may be mistaken in his conception of it, and the means which he uses to obtain its possession. The essence of it is divine and pure, and it is the result of a due appreciation of, and due conformity to, the will of God, as it is revealed in creation and the Bible. By this we mean that God is the author of all happiness, and that man can only secure it by shaping his conduct according to those lines of duty that are written in light and love in his works and word. When we speak of happiness, we do not allude to that illusory and chameleon-like thing called pleasure, by which so many of our fellow-creatures are deluded. Not that we object to rational and lawful pleasures—we rather commend them; but we consider them as subordinate means of happiness. They are only tributary streams, emptying themselves into that deep and unfathomable sea of happiness which was designed to fertilize and bless the world of humanity. The elements of bliss are around, above, and within us; we read of them in the past, we see them in the present, and we dream of them in the future.

It is truly lamentable that so few, comparatively, should understand the real nature and characteristics of happiness. Some seek it in ambition, power. and pomp; others in the trifles and gewgaws of life; and a third class wear the manacles of passion, appetite, and lust; and yet they think that they are bound by the golden chain of happiness. Their mental vision is obscured, and their moral nature perverted, so that they cannot perceive and value so heavenly a thing. They mistake the instruments of happiness for the thing itself, and too often, alas! misuse them, so as to convert them into positive curses. We do not agree with Scotia's plowman-bard,

> That man was made to mourn:

the germs of happiness are implanted in our nature, and we are accountable for their development and perfection. We can fully sympathize with Byron when he says,

> Our nature's false—'tis not in the harmony of things,

because he felt the truth and power of what he wrote. His heart was out of tune with all surrounding objects, and consequently there was discord instead of harmony. If we allowed ourselves to be influenced by appearances, we should be led to infer that misery (or the opposite of happiness) was a necessity of man's nature. The empire of this million-phased monster is extensive, and he rules with a rod of iron. But however much we may deplore the existence of misery, it is a consolatory and well-ascertained fact, that it is not a necessary evil, but that it is to a great extent self-inflicted, and therefore may be remedied by personal and social reformation. Man was made for happiness. It is an inheritance given to him by his Maker, but it has been lost through sin and folly. But there is a possibility of regaining it again; and that which is now a dream, a wish, a prayer, may become a great fact, a splendid reality. The sources of happiness are laid deep in man's moral and intellectual nature. Men must be taught to look for them there, and not in the pleasures of sense. The former are of paramount importance, the latter are fleeting and transitory. No happiness is so holy as that of purifying and exalting our moral feelings, and developing and enlarging our mental faculties. By this means we shall fit ourselves for the enjoyment of everything that can bless and elevate humanity.

Hildreth's History.—As it advances, the claim of this elaborate work to the reader's confidence, arising from its impartiality, comprehensiveness, and literary ability, is well kept up. It affects to be but little more than an honest and lucid narrative, aiming to do justice to all the personages and events of history, and presenting a succinct and clear outline of our early annals. The author has some of the best qualities of the annalist. His style is perspicuous, methodical, and correct; his views accurate, though not enlarged; his spirit impartial, though not catholic. He is erudite in the facts out of which he weaves his narrative, and sees them usually in just proportions. We were not pleased with the first volume, which portrayed the Puritan era of our history: the cold narrator showed so little sympathy with the spirit and aims of those noble *gentium conditores*, that the reader could not escape a suspicion of a narrow and partial estimate. And such it is: but as the work advances, and deals with events less exclusively composed of the religious element, his stern impartiality and indifference become securities for an authentic picture. The second volume of the second series has now been issued by the Messrs. HARPER, and condenses the history of the stormy period of Adams and Jefferson—a period full, not only of important historical events, but of angry partisanship and excited feeling, the contagion of which it is exceedingly difficult for the historian to escape. Yet Mr. Hildreth holds a firm hand upon his helm, in passing through these narrows. He evidently deals with intended fairness, and to adjust the prejudices of both sides. The spirit of the narrative keeps tune with the importance of the events; and in many respects, the present proves the most exciting and readable volume of the whole. We commend again the work to the attention of families desiring a complete and useful history of our country.

History of the Reformation in France, by Mrs. Marsh, the eloquent and accomplished authoress, has been issued from the press of Messrs. BLANCHARD & LEA of Philadelphia, in 2 vols. It is entitled, we perceive, the Romantic History of the Hugonots—and very justly deserves the epithet. The subject and the manner of treatment will both tend to make it an exceedingly interesting work. The Reformation put on its most heroic and gallant aspect in France. The peculiarly susceptible and energetic character of the French people was well adapted to the exciting influence of a new and glorious faith, professed in defiance of power, and assuming the sublimest aspects of truth. For a time, the Reformed religion won more rapid and splendid conquests in France than in any European country. It numbered among its adherents the noblest and best of the nation, and reached even the throne itself. Its stern and remorseless suppression; its gallant struggles for freedom and life; the heroism it brought into play, and the martyrs it won, form some of the most thrilling events of all modern history. These events are seized upon by Mrs. Marsh, not as a connected history, but as single instances of interest, and treated with a poet's fervor and power. It is a series of brilliant and touching narratives, of extraordinary instances of piety, heroism, and suffering, told with great power, and a kindling sympathy. It will not only add to the minuteness of the reader's knowledge of this interesting period, but convey some of the noblest lessons to the heart.

Scenery of the Nile.—The Messrs. HARPER have reproduced, in an elegant volume, an interesting and valuable work on Egypt, from the pen of the celebrated artist, Mr. W. H. Bartlett, whose graceful pencil has done so much, not only to ornament the centre-table, but to familiarize us with the picturesque and the grand in scenery, in almost all parts of the world. Mr. Bartlett's principal purpose was to sketch the monuments and wonders that crowd the banks of the Nile; though he has added to this an unambitious and perspicuous narrative, which imparts interest to his drawings, and gives a clear view of Egyptian manners and life. The drawings are upwards of fifty in number, embracing almost every renowned scene or relic, and taken, most of them, by the camera obscura. They are, therefore, accurate, gracefully composed, and elegantly engraved in wood. Such a collection has a high antiquarian and archæological value, which far surpasses that of the narrative. The publishers have issued it in a beautiful form, fitted for the holidays.

Memoir of Hewitson.—A brief and touching biography of a Scottish clergyman, who seems to have possessed the fervor and excellence of Martyn, or McCheyne, has been published by the Messrs. CARTER. His was a mild, trustful, lovely spirit, purified by much suffering, and heroic in enterprise for Christ's sake; and the history of his labors and touching records of his religious experience are valuable and impressive quite beyond the usual portraiture of religious character. His public relations brought him into connection with Chalmers, whose great heart and zealous piety are often finely exemplified in this book. Mr. H. was also an eye-witness and participant of Dr. Kalley's labors and persecutions in Madeira; and accompanied the Portuguese exiles to Trinidad. We hardly remember to have read so good and connected an account of that memorable period, as this biography furnishes. Its deeply spiritual character, and its valuable, suggestive relics of a pious mind, give it great value as a devotional work.

Lives of the Chief Justices.—Lord Campbell, the present Chief Justice of the English Queen's Bench, whose learned and interesting biography of the Chancellors of Great Britain has given him as high a position in literature as he held before in jurisprudence, has added a kind of supplement to that work, in a biography of the Chief Justices of England. It has been republished in 2 vols., by BLANCHARD & LEA. It has the same qualities of style, research, and ability, which have made its predecessor one of the most popular books of the day. It sketches boldly, narrates clearly and with energy and point, and mingles anecdote, gossip, law, and learning, in a lively thread of narrative. Some great characters have graced this high office, to whose greatness Lord Campbell does impartial and ungrudging justice. The work has enjoyed unusual favor at the hands of foreign critics, and occupies a prominent place in the historical literature of England.

The Insects of Autumn.—Mr. REDFIELD has completed, by the issue of a third volume, the original and beautiful series entitled, Espiodes of Insect Life. The third volume sketches, in the same lively way, the insects of autumn—the beetles, the crickets, the longlegs, the moths, &c., &c.; all of whom come up for description, eulogy, and favor, at the hands of this benevolent author. The facts of science are made the themes of pleasant discussion and illustration, extending to almost everything in morals, religion, and literature; with a vein of poesy enlivening the whole. The illustrations of the present volume, though not so plentiful as in the preceding, are of the same elegant and tasteful sort. The work, as now completed, is one of rare and beautiful qualities, which cannot fail to commend it to those who love the works of God, or follow with delight the researches of science.

A Commentary on Leviticus, from the pen of the well-known Scottish religious author, the Rev. Andrew A. Bonar, has appeared from the press of ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS, in one volume, 8vo. It is rather religious and practical, than hermeneutical; though it displays no small degree of learning and exegetical skill. Its chief aim is to detect the hidden religious meaning of the various rites, precepts, and ceremonies of this book, and to delineate their connection with the truths of the Gospel.

Under his treatment, the stately and elaborate ritual of the Mosaic economy becomes instinct with life and impressiveness. Every utensil is a preacher, and every rite a lesson. The truths needful for salvation are all beautifully proclaimed—all that met the eye of the thoughtful Jew. Mr. Bonar shows great ingenuity in identifying these hidden truths, and discretion and judgment in applying them. The devotional tone of the work is delightful—excellently contrasting with the usual character of commentaries. And whether the reader is satisfied with his explanation or not, he cannot fail to derive much instruction and spiritual benefit from the religious application which he makes.

Family Devotion.—A collection of original prayers, for the use of Christian families, has been published by the Messrs. CARTER, which possesses some unusual excellences. It is very copious—having a separate petition for every morning and evening of the whole year, adapting the form to the changes of circumstance which time effects, yet preserving conspicuously those ever-present spiritual wants which are the same at all times. There is great variety of religious experience expressed in them, which will adapt them to the wants of different individuals, and different times. They were composed and contributed by one hundred and fifty clergymen of the Church of Scotland, embracing some of the best cultured minds and hearts in that country. They are exceedingly well composed—chaste in language, earnest in feeling, comprehensive in scope, and devoutly evangelical in character. We know of no collection of prayers so comprehensive and voluminous, and so well adapted to the wants of families, in all the moods of their religious experience; and we commend it to our readers, who may desire the aid of a safe and well-adapted form of prayer.

The Spectator Illustrated.—Messrs. THOMAS, COWPERTHWAITE & Co., of Philadelphia, have recently issued a new edition of the immortal Spectator, in four volumes, with numerous illustrative engravings. In many respects, it is a very fine edition—portable, readable, and good looking; and sold at a cheap rate, it is one that may be commended to families. The great literary merit of this work admits of no new illustration. It stands at the head of its class in our language. The essay originated with it, and no subsequent writer has exemplified so perfectly its best qualities of style, wit, grace, and wisdom. Its easy, pleasant humor, its profound insight, its admirable delineations of character, criticisms and moral teaching, and its perpetual variety, render it as attractive to the reader of our own day as to the eager reader of Queen Anne's time. For young readers it has special utility, as furnishing the finest specimens of English to be found in the whole range of literature.

Hand-books of Natural Philosophy.—One of the most lucid and philosophical digests of the leading principles of Natural Philosophy, adapted for the use of learners, is to be found in the finely printed volume of Messrs. BLANCHARD & LEA, bearing this title, and from the pen of Dr. Dionysius Lardner, whose scholarship and tact are well known. It consists of three parts—one treating of Mechanics—the properties of matter, force and motion, and machinery; the second, of hydrostatics, hydraulics, pneumatics and sound; the third, of optics. The principles of the science are enunciated with simplicity, conciseness, and perspicuity; the illustrations are very clearly told, and there are also a great many diagrams, ingeniously constructed, and of great utility. The work appears to us to be unusually full, clear and methodical, and therefore well adapted for use as an elementary treatise on this department of education.

An Exposition of the Apocalypse.—By Rev. Thomas Wickes. M. W. DODD. Mr. Wickes embraces not only the theory of symbolization, propounded by Mr. Lord, but also his explanations of the symbols, and confines himself to an explication of the prophecy of the Apocalypse, by means of them. The results he arrives at are considerably different from those usually entertained by commentators and Christian readers of the Bible. He is led by his rigid adherence to the symbolic theory, as defined by Mr. Lord, to believe in the Second Advent and personal earthly reign of Christ; in a Millennium consisting of at least three hundred and sixty-five thousand years, and in various other particulars of the literalist creed. We cannot say that Mr. Lord's ingenious theorizing receives much support in Mr. Wickes' interpretation and application of it. The history of the interpretation of this mysterious book would form a curious chapter. It has been subjected to the torture of innumerable theories, and suffered more by the attempts of commentators to throw light upon it, than any other portion of the Divine Word. Yet no one is satisfied with what has been done, and the true theory of the book remains to be found. We learn that Mr. BARNES will soon publish an exposition, which will, at least, have the merit of sobriety, learning, and good sense.

Miss Strickland's Queens of England.—The elaborate work of Miss Agnes Strickland, portraying the lives of all the Queens of England, has been republished in this country, in six volumes, by Messrs. BLANCHARD & LEA, of Philadelphia. When composed, it was a novel attempt in a line of literature that has since been successfully prosecuted, and with useful results. It is a combination of biography with history—taking a single branch of history, and amplifying it with the details and personal interest which belong to biography. A great charm is thus thrown about subjects, which, if seen only in the generalization of history, would have but little attraction. Miss Strickland was fortunate in the choice of her subject, and eminently skillful and happy in its management. The Queens of Great Britain have often been personages possessing great interest in themselves, and always important in their relations to the politics of their times, and the influence they often exerted. Yet but little is known of them. This work elaborately portrays them, in their private spheres as well as public relations—their characters and history, as well as their political influence. The centres of the courts of their times, and the leaders of fashionable and elegant life, their biography brings to view the inner life of the times, and involves much of the intrigue whose hidden force gives direction and impetus to outward political affairs. The work is graphically written, abounding in piquant sketches, agreeable gossip, and important disclosures, which, though they may be looked for in vain in history, are full of interest and significance, as interpreters of the morals, manners, opinions and civilization of the times. In interest to the general reader, it is hardly surpassed by anything of the kind in our whole literature; and in value to the considerate reader, it has not many superiors. It is a book, one of whose impressions will be to make the reader content with his lot, and to be thankful for the progress in religious knowledge and morals which distinguishes our own times.

Our Plate.—The speaking subject which we present with this number, needs no illustrative remarks. The early history and troubles of the great Discoverer are well known. The artist has given a characteristic expression to the features of Columbus, and made an effective group, which, in the hands of Mr. Sartain, makes a striking picture. There is a moral so closely interwoven with the web of Columbus' life, that the engraving may be, to a thoughtful mind, as forcible as a sermon.

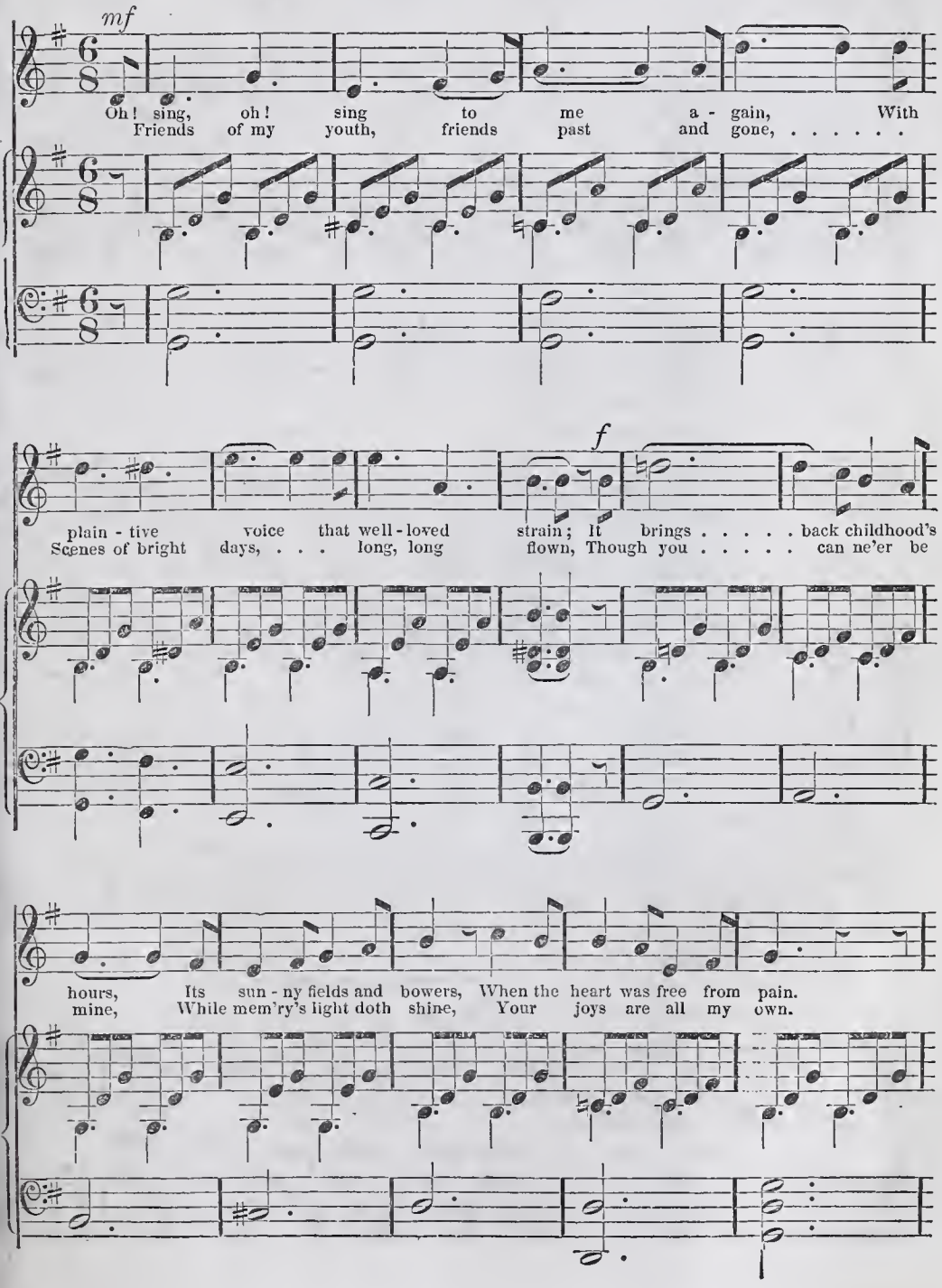
The features of one of the most accomplished and esteemed ornaments of the American pulpit, which are presented in the other engraving, will be welcome to those who have been charmed by his graceful and engaging pen.

ENGRAVED BY J. SARTAIN — THE ORIGINAL BY H. R. MONVOISIN.

LEONARD BACON, D. D.

O Sing to Me.

SUNG BY MISS CATHARINE HAYES. MUSIC BY C. A. OSBORNE.



Oh! sing, sing that strain a - gain . . . . . And all my ear - - ly
Oh! sing, sing that strain a - gain . . . . . And all my ear - - ly

cres.

joys re - store. Oh! sing, sing to me that strain, that
joys re - store. Oh! sing, sing to me that strain, that

ral - - - - - - - - len - - - - - - -

p

strain, And let me be the child a - gain; Oh! sing, Oh! sing to me a-
strain, And let me be the child a - gain; Oh! sing, Oh! sing to me a-

f *p*

- - - - - tan - - - - - - - - - - do.

gain that strain.
gain that strain.

EARLY PIETY.

BY REV. DR. BACON.

The piety which takes its date from early youth; which grows with the growth, and strengthens with the strength of the mind in all its faculties; which sheds its benignant influence on all the features of the character; and which has full opportunity to exert its purifying and ennobling tendency, while the very substance of the soul, as it were, is yet unformed and plastic, acquires a consistency, a symmetry, a strength and "beauty of holiness," which is rarely acquired in any other way. The character of such an one is worth more to the church, worth more to the honor of God, and to the interests of man, than the character of the same individual could be, had he spent many years in mere worldliness, and then at last, after all his habits of thought and action had acquired the stubbornness of age, first experienced the power of religion.

The young have the entire period of their activity before them, and may be permitted to spend many years in works of usefulness. Let the old man be converted, as he totters along on the margin of another world; and what is there which he can do for God or for men? His own soul is indeed saved from passing into eternity unreconciled to God, and unforgiven; but what is there which he can do, what works meet for repentance can he perform, as the shadows fall dark and heavy on his path, and the gray evening of that night in which no man can work, is already closing around him? What can he do to advance the salvation of the world? What can he do to send down to after ages a strong and holy Christian influence? He can only offer to God a few faded and decaying fragments of existence; he can only breathe out, with the tremulous asthmatic utterance of age, one feeble dying testimony, and he is gone to that land of silence where there is no work, nor knowledge, nor device. But the young Christian, while he may be trained, as we have already noticed, to a higher and nobler measure of piety, may also be allowed to devote, to the active service of God, all those years which the aged convert regrets having spent to no important purpose. If his life is spared, he will soon be sustaining his part in the vast and complicated drama of human action. All his influence on the men of his own generation, all his influence on the well-being of the ages that shall follow him, is something yet to be; and now that he has first given himself to God, we may hope to see that influence consecrated to the noblest and holiest ends. We may hope that in all the relations which he is yet to sustain in life, domestic, social, and public, as well as religious, he will be serving God and advancing the best interests of man. We may hope that through all the channels of human influence, he will be continually sending forth upon the world a salutary energy; and that ere his head shall blossom for the grave, he will have done much to breathe into the character of ages yet unborn, the spirit of Christian intelligence and Christian virtue. That "aged one" who could say when the time of his departure was at hand, I am ready to be offered, I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, was converted while he was yet "a young man."

The most important peculiarity in the constitution of society under which we live, that indeed into which almost every other peculiarity may be resolved, is the perfect freedom of opinion and of moral influence which is here secured to all; the fact that here there is nothing to check or control the mutual influence of the individual members of the community. Every man has an opportunity to exert on society all the moral influence of which he is capable. Here are no privileged orders, no hereditary distinctions, no ecclesiastical establishments, no ancient and sacred immunities, no unrepealable constitutions, to bound or curb the tides of popular opinion. The character and the mutual influence of individual citizens, is under God, the only thing on which the destinies of the nation hang. Whatever the people will is done; and they will just that which their character, and their influence on each other, lead them to regard as desirable. Government is nothing; law is nothing; constitutions and compacts are nothing; public character and public opinion, in other words the character and opinions and mutual influence of individuals, is everything. And while the influence of indi-

viduals is so momentous, and the power of public opiuion so unlimited, every man is at liberty to push his influence in just what direction he chooses, and to the greatest extent which his faculties will allow. If a man chooses to propagate intemperance, libertinism, infidelity, atheism, any form of profligacy, or any monstrous or abominable doctrine whatever, he has every facility for doing it. If a man is careless what opinions prevail, or what sort of influence he exerts, there is nothing to hinder him from being borne whithersoever the conflicting winds and currents may happen to carry him. If a man is impelled by the benevolence of Christianity, and glows with desires to inculcate on others the same principles which are so rich a treasure to himself, no power can restrain him from doing it. If individuals of kindred spirit, whether few or many, choose to associate for the more extensive propagation of what they regard as truth and virtue, they have no need to petition any body for the privilege of doing it; they cannot be hindered from doing it, save by the absolute subversion of the first principles of our social constitution. Christians are allowed to do all the good they can; infidels, so long as they abstain from actual violence, are allowed to do all the evil they can; and there is no power but God's which can prevent the inert, neutral, and indifferent portions of society from being swayed by just that party which proves itself the most united, earnest, and efficient in its efforts.

Nor is this all. It needs no spirit of prophecy to predict, that the greatest results are soon to be decided in regard to the destiny of this nation. But what shall be the character, and what the condition, of the millions that shall people our territories, aud of their countless posterity, is a question not yet decided. Whether Christiauity or infidelity is to form their characters, and to model and iuspire their institutions, is a question not yet decided. Whether they are to be one people, free, united, intelligent and peaceful, or are to be divided into hostile states, under strong and military governments, watering each other's fields with blood, and giving each other's harvests and dwellings to the flames, is a question yet to be decided. Whether the vales and mountain-tops of this wide empire shall be adorned with the spires of Christian churches; whether the Sabbath shall smile on all the cities and hamlets of the land, bringing to the universal population its weekly repose and its holy influences; or whether the temples of infidel reason and the temples of a degrading superstition shall triumph over the temples of Immanuel; and the orgies of atheism, the howlings of fanaticism, and the pomp of superstitious worship, shall drown the voice of pure and spiritual devotion, are questious yet to be decided. Soon, even while the generation which is now young, is on the stage of action—soon, even by their character and their conduct, these results, now so uncertain, that affect so deeply the well-being of this vast portion of the human race, will probably be determined and developed.

The great moral conflict which is now going on in this land, is, iu fact, a conflict on the question whether light or darkness, truth or falsehood, vital religion or sheer impiety, shall get the control over the rising generation. Neither party in this conflict, calculates on effecting any extensive revolution in the minds of those who have already attained to the age of maturity. It is on the young that the hopes and fears and efforts of both, are centering. Every youth imbued with the spirit of evangelical devotion, and trained for intelligent and decided Christian action, will probably be a witness for the truth, a strenuous supporter of virtue and godliness, an earnest opposer of all evil, a self-denying partaker in every benevolent and Christian effort, in that most momentous and critical age, on the confines of which we are already standing. So, on the other hand, every youth whose sober habits are perverted, and whose mind is poisoned, by the adroit and indefatigable efforts of infidel demagogues, calculating on the future suffrages of a corrupted and besotted people, will propably becomes ere he is himself aware of it, a frantic infidel, making his forehead like brass, and braying forth his blasphemies against all that is holy. While "the combat deepens," and the energies of the parties are more desperately put in requisition, the influence of each individual will assume an importance the greater, and a responsibility the more fearful, in proportion as it is the more closely connected with the final issue.

With what importance then does this thought invest the piety of the young. On the character of the generation which is to follow us, are depending great results, not only in respect to our own country, but no less in respect to the well-being of the human race. The enterprises which have been so auspiciously commenced in these days, will soon devolve on the Christians of another age. On those who are now in early youth, or in childhood and infancy, it must soon devolve to prosecute these enterprises with a holier zeal, and with an energy invigorated by the nearer prospect of universal victory; or to abandon them and let the whole creation continue to

groan and travail in pain together as until now, waiting to be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God. How important then, is the conversion, the early conversion of those who are soon to act under responsibilities so momentous. Every such conversion, we may hope, will, in a few years, tell on the conversion of the world. Every youth who now becomes a humble, decided, self denying Christian, will soon possess, if his life is prolonged, the energies of manhood, guided by mature devotion, and impelled by an equable and fervent zeal; and will be called to exert those energies, we may hope, at that critical point in the history of the world's salvation, when every mite of influence contributed to the cause of holiness, will derive an augmented value, from the instant pressure of thick-coming events.

Nor can we fail to notice the dark and peculiar atrocity of that wickedness, which aims at the corruption of the young. All wickedness tends to propagate itself, by its native contagion. But there are men with whom the propagation of evil is not only a matter of course, but still more a matter of choice and calculation; men who take a fiendish pleasure in extending the principles and the practice of sin. There are men with whom it is a business to instill into the minds of others, especially of the young, such prejudices and opinions, and to excite there such passions, as will eusure their bitter and persevering enmity against religion and virtue. There are everywhere, especially in our cities, men, the very recruiting sergeants of the great enemy of God and man, who love to gain a baleful influence over the inexperienced and unsophisticated young; to introduce them gradually, as the decay of conscience in the bosoms of the poor victims will allow, into the haunts and mysteries and orgies of iniquity; to teach them the language of devils; to put to their lips, and lure them to taste, the fatal poison, hot with the fires, and mixed with the sorceries of the world of perdition; to bind them hand and foot, the slaves of Satan; to shut them up by the power of prejudice and passion, and by the mutual domination of copartnership in sin, so that no better influence, no voice of love, can effectually reach them; and thus to secure their moral ruin in this world, and, if there is any truth in the Bible, their perdition in the world to come. Could we hope to reach the ear, and to ring one startling note on the dull conscience of such a man, we would tell him, It is not merely for the deep grief of those fathers whose hopes have "expired under the contagion" of your example and your principles; it is not for the anguish of many a broken-hearted mother, or the tears and shame of many a desolate sister, it is not for these alone that we regard you with abhorrence. Nor is it only for the fact that you are sealing these individual souls for a miserable eternity; awful as is the thought of what you are doing in this respect, it is not for this only that we shudder to look upon you. It is that you are corrupting another generation, and training these victims for a wickedness as atrocious as your own; are, sending them down to be in their turn and in their age the assassins of virtue and the murderers of souls, it is for this that you deserve to be loathed and abhorred by all who love the happiness of man. You cast deadly poison into a river, to flow down with its current, that all who dwell on its banks and drink of its waters may die. Your guilt has an atrocity unparalleled. Go, scatter the seeds of pestilence, light up the flames that shall consume our cities, perpetrate what stupendous wickedness you will, but leave us the virtues of our youth uncorrupted. All other calamities we can survive; all other calamities time will alleviate; all other calamities a benignant Providence may ultimately convert into blessings to our posterity; but, for once, corrupt effectually and universally, as you are doing within your limited sphere, the principles and morals of our youth; and for that poison there is no antidote, in that moral desolation there is no hope, there can remain for other generations only a fearful looking for of the fiery indignation, which never fails to come on a people corrupted and rotten. Judge then what is your crime in the estimation of a holy God. You are laboring to destroy your country, and to spread a pall over the hopes of the world.

FAREWELL.

This shall be my prayer for thee,
That the Hand we may not see,
Still may guide and comfort thee.

Othermore I may not speak;
I am mortal, I am weak,
And my bursting heart might break.

Be thou happy. May thy feet
Trip through life, and find it sweet,
And in heaven we yet may meet.

Life, with all its ebb and swell,
Death, with hollow-sounding knell,
Centre here, in "Fare-thee-well."

OLD ENGLISH SACRED POETRY.

From the death of Chaucer to the reign of Henry VIII. a blank ensues in English literature. The Reformation which began under Henry, while it gave a vast impulse to the human mind in every department of thought, most especially affected the species of literature we are considering. The book of books was then unsealed; and we at the present day, when Bibles are in every house, can hardly conceive with what eager eyes its pages were pored over, and with what panting hearts its truth and promises were meditated. The stream, that had been for ages dammed up, was set free. The imagination, that had been priest-bound, leaped for joy to find itself at liberty to "wander through eternity," and form a paradise for itself, without consulting the formulas of the Church. Then Poetry, that had left the earth a prey to ignorance, superstition, and tyranny, descended again from the heaven to which she had flown, and resumed her sway over the hearts of men. The imaginations and affections, that had been shut out by spiritual despotism from the garden of religion, and had been driven to the haunts of vulgarity and earth-born vice, returned to drink at the holy wells that had so so long been closed; the faith of the Christian and the aspirations of genius, which had been most unnaturally dissevered, were again united; the devotion of the worshipper and the enthusiasm of the bard flowed once more in the same channel; poet and prophet became one; the first fruits of genius were laid upon the altar; and God was honored, as he should have ever been, in the gifts he had bestowed.

And it might with reason have been expected, that the Scriptures, upon being opened to the public eye, should awaken and bring to life whatever of poetry lay concealed in the community. They are not only depositories of truths valuable to every individual, because connected intimately with every individual's present and future welfare, but they abound in brilliant pictures for the imagination; their solid and substantial contents are inlaid with the diamond ornaments of Eastern poetry, which throw a splendid lustre over their pages, making them as delectable to the taste, as they are invigorating to the moral and spiritual nature of man. It is true, the first attempts at sacred verse in England were rude, of which the version of the Psalms in Edward the Sixth's time, by Sternhold and Hopkins, is an example. But a new era was about to commence. The sky of English literature was red with the rising glory of Spenser, and his Faery Queen walked forth with blended majesty and sweetneess to captivate all hearts. The poet designed in this work, it seems, "to represent all the moral virtues, assigning to every virtue a knight, to be the patron and defender of the same; in whose actions the feats of arms and chivalry, the operations of that virtue whereof he is the protector, are to be expressed; and the vices and unruly appetites that oppose themselves against the same, are to be beaten down and overcome."

Among the early religous poets is Robert Southwell. He belonged to the society of Jesuits, and in 1592 was imprisoned on a charge of sedition. After an imprisonment of three years, he was condemned and executed at Tyburn. We copy the following verses from his lines "Upon the Picture of Death."

"The gown which I do use to wear,
The knife wherewith I cut my meat,
And eke that old and ancient chair
Which is my only usual seat:
All these do tell me I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

"My ancestors are turned to clay,
And many of my mates are gone;
My youngers daily drop away,
And can I think to 'scape alone?
No, no, I know that I must die,
And yet my life amend not I."

Francis Davison is another of the early poets. He was the son of Mr. Davison, Secretary to Elizabeth. The genius with which he was gifted formed a beautiful compensation for the reverses of fortune that visited him. Like David, whom he copied, his harp was his companion in the wilderness of his sorrows, and it seems to have been ever vocal with the sweet strains of piety and love. The following verse from the 130th Psalm has music for the ear and the heart too.

"My soul, base earth despising,
More longs with God to be,
Than rosy morning's rising
Tired watchmen watch to see."

Giles Fletcher was author of a sacred poem called "Christ's Victory," first published in the year 1610. We agree with Mr. Willmott, that in the

following stanza "every word is full of beautiful meaning." A writer who could pen such lines ought surely to be rescued from dust and worms.

"No sorrow now hangs clouding on their brow,
No bloodless malady empales their face,
No age drops on their hairs his silver snow,
No nakedness their bodies doth embase,
No poverty themselves and theirs disgrace;
No fear of death the joy of life devours,
No unchaste sleep their precious time deflowers,
No loss, no grief, no change, wait on their winged hours."

The life of Wither was a long one, and was crowded with interesting incidents. He lived during a period of great excitement and feverish activity, and his ardent temper forced him into the thickest press of the times. One of his earliest productions was a satirical poem entitled "Abuses Stript and Whipt," written by him in a season of disappointment, and, as is frequently the case with satire, more productive of harm to the writer than of good to the community. His imprudence in this work caused him to be thrown into prison. Here he suffered much; but his vigorous mind, conscious of honest intentions, rose above his situation, and he composed in the Marshalsea prison many poems, among others, "The Shepherd's Hunting," a pastoral of great beauty. The following extract from "A Prisoner's Lay," will show that Wither could derive from his gloomy dungeon the most sublime reflections.

"Or when through me though seest a man
Condemned unto a mortal death,
How sad he looks, how pale, how wan,
Drawing, with fear, his panting breath:
Think if in that such grief thou see,
How sad will 'Go, ye cursed' he!

"Again, when he that feared to die
(Past hope) doth see his pardon brought,
Read but the joy that's in his eye,
And then convey it to thy thought:
Then think between thy heart and thee
How glad will 'Come, ye blessed' he!"

We wish we had room also for the exquisite address to Poetry from "The Shepherd's Hunting."

After Wither's liberation, appeared his poem called "The Motto." "Not the least singular part of 'The Motto,'" says his biographer, "is the frontispiece. The author is represented sitting on a rock, with gardens, houses, woods, and meadows, spread beneath him, to which he points with his finger, holding a ribband, on which is written *Nec habeo*, 'Nor have I.' At his feet is a globe of the earth, with the words, *Nec curo*, 'Nor care I.' The poet himself sits with eyes uplifted towards heaven, from which a ray of light descends, and from his lips proceed, *Nec careo*, 'Nor want I.'"

Among Wither's numerous works was the "Preparation for the Psalter," "a specimen of a voluminous commentary upon the Psalms, which the author never completed." We give two verses from his paraphrase of the 148th Psalm.

"Let such things as do not live
In still music praises give:
Lowly pipe, ye worms that creep,
On the earth, or in the deep;
Loud aloft your voices strain,
Beasts and monsters of the main.
Birds, your warbling treble sing;
Clouds, your peals of thunder ring;
Sun and moon, exalted higher,
And you, stars, augment the quire.

"Come ye sons of human race,
In this chorus take your place,
And, amid this mortal throng,
Be you masters of the song.
Angels and celestial powers,
Be the noblest tenor yours.
Let, in praise of God, the sound
Run a never-ending round;
That our holy hymn may be
Everlasting, as is He."

Wither was present while the city of London was ravaged by the plague in 1625. His fortitude and piety are evinced when he gives the reason why he did not, like multitudes of others, desert the dangerous place. He says that he did "in affection thereunto make here his voluntary residence, when hundreds of thousands forsook their habitations, that, if God spared his life during that mortality, he might be a remembrancer both to this city and the whole nation." He gives a natural and impressive account of his experience during this sad period, in his poem called 'Britain's Remembrancer."

In 1641 he published "The Halleluiah, or Britain's Second Remembrancer"; and with this poem, says his biographer, "the poetical life of Wither may be considered to have terminated." The remainder of his mortal career, which extended far into the shades of old age, was any thing but poetical.

Francis Quarles was born in 1592. The best known of his poetical works is his Emblems, which is supposed to have appeared in 1635. The following extract illustrates his peculiarities.

PSALM.

"Ah! whither shall I fly! What path untrod
Shall I seek out, to 'scape the flaming rod
Of my offended, of my angry God?

"Where shall I sojourn? What kind sea will hide
My head from thunder? Where shall I abide
Until his flames be quenched, or laid aside?

"What if my feet should take their hasty flight,
And seek protection in the shades of night?
Alas! no shades can blind the God of light.

"What if my soul should take the wings of day,
And find some desert? If she springs away,
The wings of vengeance clip as fast as they.

"What if some solid rock should entertain
My frighted soul? Can solid rocks sustain
The stroke of Justice, and not cleave in twain?

"Nor sea, nor shade, nor shield, nor rock, nor cave,
Nor silent deserts, nor the sullen grave,
Where flame-eyed Fury means to smite, can save.

"'Tis vain to flee; till Gentle Mercy show
Her better eye, the farther off we go,
The swing of Justice deals the mightier blow.

"The ingenuous child, corrected doth not fly
His angry mother's hand, but clings more nigh,
And quenches, with his tears, her flaming eye.

"Great God! there is no safety here below;
Thou art my fortress; Thou that seem'st my foe,
'Tis Thou that strik'st the stroke must guard the blow."

And the man who wrote this is satirized by Pope in the Dunciad thus:

"Or where the pictures for the page atone;
And Quarles is saved by beauties not his own."

Gentle, pious Herbert comes next in the gallery of old worthies and sacred poets. At one time he had hopes of political preferment, but these were blasted by the death of many of his noble friends, particularly of James: and although much disappointed, he brought himself, at length to a surrender of the "painted pleasures of a court life," that he might devote himself to the work of a Gospel minister. The following lines on Grace are from his "Temple":

"My stock lies dead, and no increase
Doth my dull husbandry improve;
O, let Thy graces, without cease,
Drop from above!

"If still the sun should hide his face,
Thy house would but a dungeon prove,
Thy works night's captives; O, let grace
Drop from above!

"The dew doth every morning fall,
And shall the dew outstrip Thy dove?
The dew, for which grass cannot call,
Drop from above!

"O come, for Thou dost know the way,
Or, if to me Thou wilt not move,
Remove me where I need not say,
Drop from above!"

We abruptly conclude our brief article with the following version of the 137th Psalm, by Richard Crashaw:

"On the proud banks of great Euphrates' flood,
There we sate and there we wept;
Our harps that now no music understood,
Nodding on the willows, slept,
While unhappy, captived we,
Lovely Sion, thought on thee.

"They, they that snatcht us from our country's breast,
Would have a song carved to their ears,
In Hebrew numbers, then (O cruel jest!)
When harps and hearts were drowned in tears:
'Come,' they cried, 'come sing and play
One of Sion's songs to-day.'

"Sing! Play! (ah! shall we sing or play,) To whom
If not, Jerusalem, to thee?
Ah thee, Jerusalem! ah, sooner may
This hand forget the mastery
Of music's dainty touch, than I
The music of thy memory.

"Which, when I lose, O may at once my tongue
Lose this same busy speaking art,
Unperched, her vocal arteries unstrung,
No more acquainted with my heart,
On my dry palate's roof to rest
A withered leaf, an idle guest."

WHITHER GOEST THOU?

I STOOD upon a lofty hill,
And look'd upon the deep;
Below, a ship so calm and still,
Lay like a thing of sleep.
Soon, roused by gentle winds, afar,
The snow-white clouds of sail
Lessen'd, as some bright morning star,
Before the sun grows pale.
I watch'd its course till lost to view,
Behind the swelling hills of blue.

I saw, in thought, a human soul,
Dreaming of peace below;
I heard a solemn summons roll,
Like a mournful voice of wo.
Startled it woke from its pleasant dream,
And slowly took its flight
To the silent land, where things that seem,
Never delude the sight.
Upward it went till lost to view,
Hid by the overarching blue.

O ship! O soul! together bound
On journey long and lone,
Where shall thy resting-place be found
Within the great unknown!
For who shall pierce the distant sky
With weak and mortal sight;
Or see beyond the realms that lie
Outstretch'd in glory bright?
We can but raise our hearts for thee,
To Him who rules the sky and sea.

THE STRANGER'S GRAVE.

BY D. W. BARTLETT.

A FEW months since, while wandering over Europe, we saw in a cemetery, which is well known to foreign travelers for its solitary beauty, the grave of an American. The sight to us was one full of sadness, for it brought to our memory sorrowful scenes and hearts. We thought of those touching lines of Mrs Hemans:

"The sea, the blue, lone sea hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

"One sleeps where southern vines are dressed,
Above the noble slain:
He wrapt his colors round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.

"And one—o'er her the myrrh showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;
She faded midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band."

The grave was grassed over and some stranger's hand had planted a bunch of violets at its head. It was a breezeless morning of June when we rested upon a rustic seat near the grave, and while we stayed there, thoughts of one, who was once dear to us, were busy at our heart.

Arthur Vinton, was the only son of a widow who lived humbly but respectably in a little village of New England. His father had been the pastor of his native town, but perished when Henry was young, leaving his wife a boy and girl, the cottage, and a half dozen acres of soil. As Arthur grew up he became not only his mother's pride but her stay and support. We have not time to delineate all the young man's struggles to gain an education, or tell how faithfully he loved his mother and his sister Agnes. He was passionately fond of painting, and from a mere boy had talked of going to Italy as the dearest wish of his heart, but *how* he ever could get there, steeped as he was in poverty, he knew not. Whenever he talked of going his mother sighed, and Agnes kissed his forehead, saying: "you will not leave us *so* desolate!"

But a rich man who saw some of his performances at last offered, benevolently, to send him two years to Rome. When the offer came Henry was in poor health but his dark eyes lighted up with hope, his heart became bouyant, and he soon was ready to start. It was in vain that Agnes wept upon his shoulder, that his mother looked pale and sighed. I shall come back famous, and will "make you rich!" he said, and when they saw how his heart was set upon going they said no more. The stage was to call before day-break for him at the cottage, and late at night he laid his head upon his pillow—but not to sleep. He saw that his mother's heart was breaking, and that his gentle Agnes was drooping beneath her sorrow. It was a quiet village, they were all in all to each other; and only *such*, the poor and neglected, know how hard it is to part with a loved one.

Early in the morning he rose, and greeted his mother and sister. He knew by their faces that they had not slept any that night. He tried to make a breakfast but had no appetite. At last the stage drove up, and in the little porch in the morning starlight he bade them "Good-by!"

Those who leave homes scarcely ever know how lonely and sad are the places they desert. All that day Agnes felt as if her heart would faint, so cheerless and utterly desolate was their home. It was not for a week that she dared go up to his little chamber. Some of his things were there still, a brush he had used in painting, a few pictures, and a volume of poetry. She sat down, and leaning her head forward upon the table, cried as if her heart would break.

By this time Arthur was upon the ocean, and had felt the sublimity of its grand scenery. There was a constant succession of new sights and he was not lonely; but he did not forget for an hour the dear hearts at home.

After a long voyage the vessel arrived at Leghorn, and Arthur started on towards Rome. A strong desire forced him to turn aside far enough from his route through Florence, to go to Pisa, in Tuscany, and see the famous Leaning Tower there.

When he left the ship he was not well, and when he arrived at the ancient and beautiful city of Pisa, he drove to an Inn and went to bed for

he was ill. The reader will anticipate the rest. The next day the poor young man was in a delirium, and was dying with fever. Physicians and medicine could not help him, for he gradually sank beneath the disease.

One afternoon—it was in August—he lay in his chamber and a western window lay open close by his side. A pretty Italian girl was watching near him, when suddenly he opened his eyes calmly, and looked out of the open window.

"Where am I?" he asked faintly. The Italian bent over him to catch his words, and murmured something in her native tongue. The language at once reminded him of where he was. "Am I very ill?" he asked.

"Ah! yes, signor" replied she "but we *hope* you will not die!"

The truth shocked him—he saw by her woful look that he *must* die.

"My mother—Oh! my mother, and Agnes!" he said softly, while tears rolled down his checks. The girl comprehended him; and as if to soothe his heart, pointed to a picture of Christ on the wall. His eye fixed upon it and a pleasant smile came upon his face. What his thoughts were we cannot tell. The Italian girl took her seat by the casement, and looked out upon the beautiful scenery, while her tears dropped fast upon the flowers in the garden below. When she looked again at Arthur, there was a smile upon his face; but how fixed were the features, how marble the eyelids! A slight shriek escaped her, and then she knelt and kissed his forehead—for he was dead.

Many miles away from Italy, sat Mrs. Vinton one day, in her small cottage, with Agnes, plying her needle, at her side.

"It is strange, mother, we dont get a letter from Arthur—is it not?" said she.

"He is very busy probably at first, in finding him a home and a place to commence his labors, she replied, endeavoring to look upon the sunny side of the matter.

"Yes mother, but I know he would write as soon as he got to Rome—he knows how lonely we are here."

Just then a neighbor's child knocked at the cottage-door, with a letter from the post office.

"Oh! a letter from Arthur, mother—a letter from Arthur!" fairly shouted Agnes. As soon however as the letter was dropped into her hand she turned very pale.

"What is the matter, child?" said Mrs. Vinton, hereby alarmed.

"It is not Arthur's handwriting—it—oh! mother, mother, I can't open it!"

The mother opened it—it was from the American Consul at Florence, and it communicated news of Arthur's death, and said that his trunk and personal property, of whatever kind, had been shipped to New York. We dare not try to describe the scene which followed the opening of that fatal letter. The remembrance of it even now oppresses our heart. There are scenes of sorrow in this world where no stranger may intrude, and this was one of them. Years have passed away since then, and the widow's cottage is going to decay. Mrs. Vinton is not there; and Agnes is not there; but their graves are made in the village church-yard. The shock was too much for the frail widow, and she died. After her death Agnes supported herself for two or three years by teaching school, but she was spirit-broken; and when the village-bell tolled for *her* funeral, the villagers were not surprised, for they had predicted it months before.

In the outskirts of the town of Pisa, in Tuscany, there is a pretty and lonely cemetery. There is a grave there also with a simple slab at its head and Arthur Vinton's name is upon it—it was erected by an old schoolmate of his. The spot is scented with flowers, and the cypress moves its solemn branches there; the grave itself is garnished like a nuptial bed. The Italian girl planted the flowers there, and nursed them in memory of the fair stranger who perished in her father's inn.

"And parted thus they rest, who played,
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth——
Alas! for love if *thou* wert all,
And naught beyond, on earth!

THE LAW OF THRIFT.

"Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves," said one; and the experience of every-day life gives to the saying the force of an axiom. Many a *millionaire* has owed his envied position to a respect for pence in the outset; Jacques Lafitte would never have risen to he the Crœsus of modern France, did he not entertain it—did he not regard trifles: and many a once wealthy man can trace his downward course to penury to a reckless disregard of small sums—in short, to a contempt of pence. Everything around us teaches us that we should entertain a proper respect for small things, as the foundation of great ones: the universe is composed of atoms—the coral reef is upheaved by the labor of a tiny insect in the depths of the ocean—trifles make up the great sum of life itself.

With those, who have only their health and muscles for a fortune, and who, like the silkworm, must spin all their riches out of their own bosom—industry and frugality become, as we have said before, solemn duties, which they have no more right to neglect than they have to cast aside their implements of toil, and refuse to work for their daily bread: and yet how often do we see the artizan, with a numerous progeny clustering around him, with a fond wife depending on his exertions, neglect, although he has ample opportunities, to lay by one penny to aid in the hour of sickness, or to help his family should death call him away. It is a bitter thought for a dying man, that they who crowd around his bed with anxious solicitude—they who for so many years he has loved and cherished—who have been a comfort to him in trouble, and a solace in the dark hour of adversity—that the dear being who has journied with him so cheerfully along the stony path of life, and who ever had a smile of hope for him, and a kind word to bless him when his soul was heavy—who always entered into his wishes, and sympathised with his emotions—whose warm and faithful heart, overflowing with a chaste and confiding love, was ever busy in scheming little plans to give him pleasure, and to anticipate his unuttered wishes: it is gall and bitterness to a dying man to think that this dear creature and his little ones, should be left unprotected in the wide world alone—in the midst of unsympathising strangers, and the prospect of the workhouse as the only refuge from starvation. A bleak and torturing thought is that, to wring the expiring heart of a dying man! It is seldom, indeed, that one who has passed his life so thoughtlessly, can enjoy that inward consolation, and that sustaining hope, which ought, at the moment of death, to fill the soul of a Christian: his anxious mind cannot untwine itself from its painful reveries, and he breathes his last without the peace of God that passeth all understanding.

We consider it, then, and imperative duty that all who have the power, should save, that they should husband up, little by little, an increasing store for their future wants. Some will say, that by doing this we are showing how little faith we have in Providence; but they that say so, speak unadvisedly, and might as well argue that, if we saw a child in the water, and could save it, we ought not to do so, but trust to Providence for its rescue. It is our duty to be provident, careful, and frugal: it is our duty, because the God of heaven bade us gather up the fragments that remain, and to allow nothing to be lost. We must not act, in this railway-stirring age, like the wagoner in the bog, but embrace the opportunities which God has given us, and use his gifts with prudence. Others will say, sufficient for the day is the evil thereof, and advise us to think less about what may happen to us by and by; but they draw false reasoning from another holy passage, for if we become the humble instruments of our own preservation from pecuniary want, does that prove less our gratitude to Providence, for having given us the means to do so? Yet this is a maxim, which, when indiscriminately applied, has sometimes wrought the ruin of many, both good and noble. James Ballantyne, the partner of Sir Walter Scott, on his death-bed affirmed, that many of those calamities which overtook them, and which involved the ruin of the great literary magician, was owing to the weakness of Scott in shrinking from the appearance of danger, and from his aptness to carry too far the maxim, that "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

Many who have the wish to be frugal will scarcely know how to begin: they have lived so long the thoughtless spendthrift, that they cannot be thoughtful all at once. They will mention the trifling sum that forms their weekly earnings, and ask, how is it possible to reserve even a little,

out of such a pittance? It is a cheerful proverb that tell us "Where there is a will there is a way;" and the homely truism is a suitable answer to all who ask, How can I save?

There are few working men who, if they have the desire to be economical, will not call to mind some useless luxury, in which they are in the habit of indulging, and from which they could easily refrain. Taste and caprice have invented an infinite variety of superficial wants, in these modern times, which are as unnecessary to our happiness, as some of them are injurious to our bodies. The morning glass, the evening pipe, or the Saturday's night revel, might be profitably dispensed with, both to the health and to the purse. The savings may not be great at first, but frugality will have gained the ascendancy; and it is astonishing how much prosperity will follow, and how many opportunities will offer, of adding to the little store, if prudence and industry are on the watch. Retrench, in every reasonable manner, your expenses, and strictly adhere to the admirable axiom of the Roman poet—

> Infra
> Fortunam debet quisq; manere suam.—Ovid.

and recollect the words of Dr. Cotton, that

> Your portion is not large indeed,
> But then, how little do you need.
> For Nature's calls are few;
> In this the art of living lies,
> To want *no more* than may suffice,
> And make that *little* do.

There are few who have not, at one time or other, felt, how useful a few pounds would have proved, in advancing their future prospects; and who have not, at such times, looked back with regret to their past extravagance, and to their thoughtlessness, in spending stray sixpences. It is only when we count up such trivial sums, that we are convinced of their importance, or are at all capable of judging how much we have lost by squandering them. The old tale of the poor drover, who gradually scraped enough together to purchase a calf, and, from that small beginning, went on until he became the possessor of many thousands a-year, is an instance of frugality worth remembering; yet let it never be forgotten that, "although the apprehensions of future wants may justify a cautious frugality, they can by no means excuse a sordid avarice." Bearing this in mind, the lives of misers, whilst they pourtray the evils of an inordinate passion to acquire, also illustrate a truism, well deserving the attention of all who are anxious to practice frugality without covetousness.

Let not a regard for little things be thought a manifestation of avarice. The Rothschilds, Barings, Coutts', Girards' and Astors' would never have amassed their almost fabulous fortunes, had they not constantly regarded little things, and looked well after the pence. Jacob Clement, who died a few years ago in London, leaving a fortune of three hundred thousand pounds, began life as a pot-boy at an inn. His first situation was as a waiter; but he had perseverance, practiced frugality, and encouraged habits of saving; had he neglected such habits, he would probably have died a waiter. There is wisdom in that saying of the miser, who maintained, that "a farthing is the semina of wealth, the seed of a golden progeny;" and often has its truth been remembered, not only by misers, but by those whose virtues have only been equalled by their prosperity.

The sketch of the life of John Overs, whose daughter, Mary Overs, founded a large and influential church in London, which bears her name, is exceedingly graphic and interesting.

John Overs was a miser, living in the old days when Popery flourished, and friars abounded in England. Some of his vices and eccentricities have been chronicled in a little tract of great rarity, entitled "The True History of the Life and Death of John Overs, and of his Daughter Mary, who caused the Church of St. Mary Overs to be built." But in giving the particulars of his life, we do not vouch for their authenticity: the tract resembles too strongly a chap book, to bear the marks of honest truth; yet the anecdotes are amusing, and the tradition of the miser's pretty daughter reads somewhat romantic.

John Overs was a ferryman, and he obtained, by paying an annual sum to the city authorities, a monopoly in the trade of conveying passengers across the river. He soon grew rich, and became the master of numerous servants and apprentices. From his first increase of wealth, he put his money out to use on such profitable terms, that he rapidly amassed a fortune, almost equal to that of the first nobleman in the land; yet, notwithstanding this speedy accumulation of wealth, in his habits, housekeeping, and expenses, he bore the appearance of the most abject poverty; and was so eager after gain, that even in his old age, and when his body had become weak by unnecessary deprivations, he would labor incessantly, and allow himself no rest or repose. This most miserly wretch, it is said, had a daughter, remarkable both for her piety and beauty; the old man, in spite of his parsimonious habits, retained some affection for his child, and bestowed upon her a somewhat liberal education.

Mary Overs had no sympathy with the avarice and selfishness of her parent; she grew up endowed with amiability, and with a true maiden's heart to love. As she approached womanhood, her dazzling charms attracted numerous suitors; but the miser refused all matrimonial offers, and even declined to negotiate the matter on any terms, although some of wealth and rank were willing to wed with the ferryman's daughter. Mary was kept a close prisoner, and forbidden to bestow her smiles upon any of her admirers, nor were any allowed to speak with her; but love and nature will conquer bolts and bars, as well as fear; and one of her suitors took the opportunity, whilst the miser was busy picking up his penny fares, to get admitted to her company. The first interview pleased well; another was granted and arranged, which pleased still better; and a third ended in a mutual plighting of their troths. During all these transactions at home, the silly old ferryman was still busy with his avocation, not dreaming but that things were as secure on land as they were on water.

John Overs was of a disposition so wretched and miserly, that he even begrudged his servants their necessary food. He used to buy black puddings, which were then sold in London at a penny a yard; and whenever he gave them their allowance, he used to say, "There you hungry dogs, you will undo me with eating." He would scarcely allow a neighbor to obtain a light from his candle, lest he should in some way impoverish him by taking some of its light. He used to go to market to search for bargains; he bought the siftings of the coarse meal, looked out eagerly for marrow-bones that could be purchased for a trifle, and scrupled not to convert them into soup, if they were mouldy. He bought the stalest bread, and he used to cut it into slices, "that, taking the air, it might become the harder to be eaten." Sometimes he would buy meat so tainted, that even his dog would refuse it; upon which occasions, he used to say that it was a dainty cur, and better fed than taught, and then eat it himself. He needed no cats, for all the rats and mice voluntarily left the house, as nothing was cast aside from which they could obtain a picking.

It is said that this sordid old man resorted one day to a most singular stratagem, for the purpose of saving a day's provision in his establishment. He counterfeited illness, and pretended to die; he compelled his daughter to assist in the deception, much against her inclination. Overs imagined that, like good Catholics, his servants would not be so unnatural as to partake of food whilst his body was above ground, but would lament his loss, and observe a rigid fast; when the day was over, he intended to feign a sudden recovery. He was laid out as dead, and wrapped in a sheet; a candle was placed at his head, in accordance with the Popish custom of the age. His apprentices were informed of their master's death; but, instead of manifesting grief, they gave vent to the most unbounded joy; hoping, at last, to be released from their hard and penurious servitude. They hastened to satisfy themselves of the truth of this joyful news, and seeing him laid out as dead, could not even restrain their feelings in the presence of death, and actually danced and skipped around the corpse; tears or lamentations they had none; and as to fasting, an empty-belly admits of no delay. In the ebullition of their joy, one ran into the kitchen, and breaking open the cupboard, brought out the bread; another ran for the cheese, and brought it forth in triumph; and the third drew a flagon of ale. They all sat down in high glee, congratulating and rejoicing among themselves, at having been so unexpectedly released from their bonds of servitude. Hard as it was, the bread rapidly disappeared; they indulged in huge slices of cheese, even ventured to cast aside the parings, and to take copious draughts of the miser's ale. The old man lay all this time struck with horror at this awful prodigality, and enraged at their mutinous disrespect: flesh and blood—at least, the flesh and blood of a miser—could endure it no longer; and starting up he caught hold of the funeral taper, determined to chastise them for their waste. One of them seeing the old man struggling in the sheet, and thinking it was the devil or a ghost, and becoming alarmed, caught hold of the butt end of a broken oar, and at one blow struck out his brains! "Thus," says the tradition, "he, who thought only to counterfeit death, occasioned it in earnest; and the law acquitted the fellow of the act, as he was the prime cause of his own death." The daughter's lover, hearing of the death of old Overs, hastened up to London with all possible speed; but riding fast, his horse unfortunatly threw him, just as he was entering the city, and broke his neck. This, with her father's death, had such an effect on the spirits of Mary Overs, that she was almost frantic, and being troubled with a numerous train of suitors, she resolved to retire into a nunnery, and to devote the whole of her wealth, which was enormous, to purposes of charity and religion. She laid the foundation of "a famous church, which at her own charge was finished, and by her dedicated to the Virgin Mary."

Whilst we abhor the abuse, and think it well to guard others by hideous examples of its folly

and vice, we can appreciate and participate in its general use. We look upon it as a solemn duty in men, whether regarded as citizens or fathers of families, to practice a prudent economy; and the man who is frugal without being avaricious—who is parsimonious without being sordid—we regard as fulfiling one of his greatest social duties. If economy is a virtue, wastefulness is a sin; and yet how many weekly glory in being thought extravagant! Ruined spendthrifts will boast of their meanless prodigality and their wasteful dissipation, as if in their past liberal selfishness they could claim some forbearance for their present disrepute, or some compassion for the misfortunes into which their own heedlessness has thrown them. The learned, too, will disdain all knowledge of the dull routine of economy, and proclaim their ignorance of the affairs of life, as if the confession endowed them with a virtue; but perfection is not the privilege of any order of men, and many who ought to have been the monitors of mankind, whose talents have made their names immortal, imbittered their lives, and impaired the vigor of their intellects by their thoughtless and wanton extravagance.

YOUTH.

SUGGESTED BY COLE'S PAINTING.

BY REV. E. JOHNSON, JACKSONVILLE, ILL.

SPLENDID phantoms fill thy vision—
  Youth, upon life's flowing tide—
Pictures of that land Elysian,
  Whence thy dreams of hope have hied.

Scarcely seems the swift boat moving,
  To thy too impatient mind,
Since *thy wish*, more swiftly roving,
  Leaves *thyself* so far behind.

Bright against yon empyrean,
  Stands the fane that shrines thy soul.
There how soon shall victory's pæan
  Round the lofty columns roll!

Yes, how soon, oh eager mortal,
  Shall those shining courts be thine;
Fair within whose glittering portal,
  Wait for thee the storied Nine.

Well I know such pleasant dreaming
  Sends that lustre to thine eye;
And, with feverish fancies teeming,
  Makes thy pulses wildly fly.

Lo! upon the shore beside thee,
  Thou hast left the angel friend,
Who was kindly sent to guide thee,
  Till the voyage of life should end.

Still she seems in love to linger,
  On that calm, enchanted shore,
As if sad to loose her finger
  From the helm it pressed before.

Oh, if thou wouldst turn from linking
  Airy thoughts, and lofty schemes,
And for once of her bethinking,
  Ask *what truth is in thy dreams.*—

"Youth,"—she then would say unto thee—
  "Sailing down this rapid tide,
Painted joys are those that woo thee
  Far and fleeting from my side.

"Yonder palace, though appearing
  But a league thy bark before,
Thou mayst keep forever nearing,
  But shalt enter nevermore.

"As the child, at morning hieing
  Toward the red horizon's rim,
But at evening sad and sighing,
  That the skies have cheated him.—

"Thus, although in swift recession
  Life's gay banks may pass thee by,
Yonder fane, with like progression,
  From thy touch shall swiftly fly.

"Gold and Fame in fullest measures,
  At thy feet, their gifts may pour,
But these never reared the treasures
  Beckoning thee from yonder shore.

"Never raised they for a mortal
  Shelter from affliction's dart,
Or, within their shining portal,
  Spread fruition for the heart.

"'Tis a phantom thou art viewing,
  False and fatal, though so fair;
And when weary with pursuing,
  Naught shall greet thee—but despair!

"Take me back, oh youth! I pray thee
  To the helm that knows my hand,
And this life-stream shall convey thee
  To a fair and happy land:

"To a temple where are singing
  Peace and Joy, in silver notes;
O'er whose dome, its shadow flinging,
  Love's white banner ever floats.

"There, life's voyage serenely ending,
  And the bark moored by the shore,
Shall thy song, with seraphs' blending,
  Tell thy raptures evermore!"

Tell me, eager youth, I pray thee,
  Hath that voice thy spirit stirred?
Or shall its appeals to stay thee
  Powerless be, as if unheard?

LUTHER AND HIS WORK.

BY A CLERGYMAN.

On the 17th July, 1505, a young man, who was studying at the University of Erfurt, in Germany, invited his friends to his lodgings, to pass the evening together. The frugal supper was over; they had some cheerful exercises in music. At the close, he told his companions, that it was their last meeting together in this free capacity—"To-morrow I become a monk." This was Luther. He had been intended by his father for a lawyer, but the death of a friend, and a peril of death he had been in himself, made him resolve to abandon the world. In the heart of this man, the Reformation was to enact itself before it came forth to history. Mark his thought at the date of the supper. As a student teacher, lawyer, he could not be holy enough, could not be secure enough of heaven. The monastery is holy, the mouk is holy. By this means I shall attain to heaven. The European man has come up out of the hold, has left his parents, his friends, his studies below. He presses up to join those noble men who have continual access to God. Honestly he strove to be a monk, did monkish duties with earnestness and zeal, found, to his sorrow, that he had *not* left the world behind him, and had sore battles in the inner man. It was his thought that divine influences entered the soul by attending to Church ordinances. With streaming eyes he waited for these influences; for the pardon of his sins, above all. He knelt at the altar, and sought for it; he came back to his cell, and sought for it; he wanted sleep, that he might find it. One morning the brethren find his cell-door shut, and have to force it open. Fra Martin is stretched upon the ground insensible. One of the monks took a flute and played an air that Luther loved, and gradually he was restored. He was not at peace with God. He was a monk, but the unrest remained. He did all a monk's duties, but it was not removed. His soul was full of trouble.

It is the birth throes of the European heart bringing forth Faith. The thought was at work in Luther, but he could not yet give words to it, that the priesthood shut out the light of heaven from the people. He had stumbled upon a dusty Bible in the Erfurt University Library. The people knew nothing of it; the monks had forgotten it. Here is God's own Word, he said; here God speaks out direct to me. He began to study the Bible in the original. Other monks, in whom the good work was going on, gave countenance to him. Others, again, told him to mind his monastic duties. He did mind them. He swept the monastery, begged for the monastery, prayed in the monastery, did penance; but his soul was not at peace. "This black heart of mine," he cried; "these sins, day after day, hour after hour; this prepetual inclination to sin—who shall free me from all this?" His soul's trouble brings his body to the brink of the grave. An old monk entered his cell. He repeated the words of the creed, "I believe in the forgiveness of sin." He told his young brother it was not enough to believe that David's sins and Peter's sins were forgiven. The commandment is, that "we believe our own sins forgiven."

The word was uttered; the light had dawned; Luther was standing face to face with the infinite mercy of God. He has entered into the peace which passeth understanding. "I have been begging, and sweeping, and praying, that by repeating these acts I might *procure* the pardon of my sins." And, lo! my Father has been standing by me all the time, holding it out to me, beseeching me to believe, that what I was seeking for by monastic works was mine already by his infinite grace. And yet Luther's own mind was not wholly free. His brethren sent him to Rome on some monastic business. He ran from church to church, doing those exercises which were prescribed for the salvation of his soul, shocked at everything, and yet believing everything. Behold him one day on his knees, climbing up Pilate's staircase. He who does this shall have an indulgence—a boon of future mercy from Heaven. It was too late for the German monk. The Erfurt Bible was in his heart. And ever as he clomb another step—by this climbing of a material stair, striving to possess more of God's life—a voice from the bottom of his heart cried to him, in tones of thunder, "Luther, Luther, not by climbing stairs; not by works of this sort! The just shall live by faith."

The work was done. That side of the Reformation which was a protest against the clergy-church, was realized in the heart of this man. Luther's preaching was practically, although at first he was not conscious of it, a denial of official priesthood. He said, "It is a business of thine own, my brother." This, too, was a denial of it. But it was when he stood up in his Wittenberg pulpit, and, out of the fullness of his own experience and his knowledge of the Word, pointed, on the one side, to the sins of those who heard him, and, on the other, direct to the mercy of God, that the great protest was made. That a man might be saved without the priest—that salvation did not flow to the heart through the Church: this was the new thing he uttered. He came to light still clearer. His industrious piety received large accessions of knowledge. He came to see that a great evil had dominated over the consciences of men. "The ecclesia—the Church—does not exist," he said," for the people. The clergy alone are the Church. *They* only partake the symbol of brotherhood. Is not every man a brother? Is not the Lord brother to every man? What means the incarnation if He is not? It was my flesh, not priest's flesh. The Word has hallowed my flesh. My human nature has thereby been brought into contact with the Word of God. I am related direct to that Word. So are all men. All men who recognize this relation recognize also that they are priests. The believer is a priest; may stand for himself in God's presence; does not need a fellow-man to go into that presence for him."

In this aspect, the Reformation was a new rending of the vail—a new assertion of the doctrine, that separate official priesthoods had ceased, and that each believer stands for himself, an anointed priest at God's altar, to perform a priest's function there. "If a priest is killed," said Luther, in one of his earliest tracts, "the whole district is put under ban. Why not just the same when a poor peasant has been murdered? We are all priests." In other words: Europe is crying, "Good for us to be safe in the hold when storms are ahead, and to have no care. But we have awaked to see that there is no hold. The hatch is gone: the deck is torn up. We are in an open boat. And God is calling us to look with our own eyes upon the terrors and the splendors of His universe, and to listen, each soul for himself, to the Word which *He* has spoken."

We speak of the past. We talk of Pope and Protestant now, no man making us afraid. With Luther it was not so easy. He did not feel it to be easy. How often, he says, during the first year or two, did I ask myself if it were not presumption in me! His journey to Rome opened his eyes. Then came Tetzel, selling indulgences. The two elements of the Reformation rose up in Luther against this proceeding. First of all, he saw it to be a lie, that mere writing on a bit of paper could forgive sins. Next, he was indignant that, by means of this lie, good German money should go to Rome. He denounced Tetzel, exposed the falsehood, challenged the whole priesthood to debate the matter with him. No one minded the Saxon monk at first. By and by, however, he is found to be dangerous. A papal bull is issued against him. His books are to be burnt. He himself is to repair to Rome. What will Luther do? He invited the members of the university and the officials of Wittenberg to meet him, at nine o'clock in the morning of the 10th December, 1520, at the east gate, opposite the Church of the holy Cross, and there, not without solemnity, he did what never European man hitherto had courage to do, committed the bull, and all papal pamphlets and books connected with it, or the question at issue, to the flames.

The game is up. "The mighty hunter," as Luther called the Pope, demanded the victim. His peril was great. He is summoned to Worms, to meet the emperor and the German princes, to answer for his doctrines. And on to Worms went emperor, prince and peasant, all anxious to see the man who had dared to lift his voice against the Pope. "Do not go," said his friends. "I will go," said Luther, "if there were as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on its house-tops."

On the 2d of April, 1521, he sets out. Turning to Melancthon, he said, "If I am put to death, cease not, oh, my brother, to teach and remain firm in the truth. If thou art spared, what matters it that I perish?" He stepped into a low wagon, with block wheels, which the magistrates of Wittenberg had provided. From Wittenberg to Leipsic, from Leipsic to Nuremberg, from thence to Weimar—all was gloom. Everybody looked on him as a man marching to his grave. Next he came to Erfurt. Here, when a little boy, he had sung at the doors of the rich for bread; here he had been a distinguished student; here he first saw a Bible. There is no gloom in Erfurt. Their old scholar comes back. They come out on horseback to give him welcome; they line the streets to give him cheer. "Thou must preach to us," they said. The herald consented. He was led into the church. Often had he swept its floors, and opened and locked its doors, in days long past. And now he is in the pulpit. His text was, "Peace be unto you: and when Jesus had so said, he showed them his hands

and his side." "Life comes from Him," he said. "One builds a church, another goes a pilgrimage, a third fasts, a fourth puts on a cowl and goes barefoot. All vanity this. But Christ hath risen from the dead: *this* is the work of salvation." From Erfurt to Gotha; from Gotha to Frankfort. In Frankfort, they took him to a school, and he blessed the boys. One stage more, at Oppenheim —and then!

At last, on the morning of the 16th, he is in sight of Worms. His heart is leaning on the Lord. At Oppenheim, he had composed a hymn and set it to music. When he beheld the tower of the ancient city, where the fate of the Reformation was to be decided, he rose up in his wagon, and sang the hymn. The Germans sing it to this day. We give Carlyle's translation:—

"A safe stronghold our God is still—
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken
The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour—
On earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can;
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same?
Jesus Christ is his name,
The Lord Zebaoth's son;
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore—
We know they can't o'erpower us.
And let the prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit.
For why? His doom is writ—
A word shall quickly slay him.

God's Word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But, spite of hell, shall have its course—
'Tis written by his finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, houses, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small;
These things shall vanish all—
God's city, it remaineth."

Next morning he is summoned to appear. He stands there, in the old imperial hall, alone, in the presence of princes, nobles, dignitaries of the church, and the young emperor. A manly modesty overpowers him at the first. He asks one day to prepare his answers. On the 18th April, then, in the afternoon, he is borne by soldiers through the crowded streets of Worms, into the imperial presence once more. Yesterday, the emperor and the princes were struck by his timidity; to-day, by his frank, unboastful openness. "I am here," he said, "to answer for my books. In one part of those books, I say that man is saved by God's mercy, and not by going pilgrimages, and doing penances, and the like; this part I dare not retract. A second portion of my writings is directed against papal abuses and tyranny; this part, the abuses existing, it would be wrong to retract. In a third portion of my works, I have used personalities and hasty words which, in my mere retired moments, I regret; this portion I most heartily give up." He added, "I am a man; I *may* have formed wrong notions. If there be anything in my teaching opposed to Scripture, show me what it is; and that which is so opposed I will retract: no more.' The official who questioned him was not satisfied. "Thou art to answer simply, not to preach to us; yes, or no; retract or not retract." "Since, then, your impartial majesty and your highnesses demand a simple answer, I will give you one. Unless I am convicted of error by the testimony of Scripture, I cannot, and will not retract. . . . I have done. God help me. Amen."

This was the culminating point of Luther's protest; the upbreaking of the dark morning cloud. And yet this formed but a poor portion of the work Luther did:—Preaching, teaching, writing books, sermons, pamphlets, translating and commenting on the Bible, and bearing the whole burden of the churches. From this point, forward, flows the outer history of the Reformation.

For those who wish to study Luther, we shall mention the two works of Ranke—his History of the Popes who have reigned since the Reformation, and the History of the Reformation itself. A book easier to read, but theatrical and one-sided a little, is D'Aubigne's; and Robertson's "History of Charles V.;" and Michelet's "Life of Luther." We especially recommend this last book. It is made up of extracts from Luther's letters, sermons, and table-talk. Luther depicts Luther in it; and you are struck by finding yourself in the company of quite an ordinary-looking mortal. There is nothing of the "great man" about him; no airs, no assumption of superiority. It is not a monk who is beside you; it is a man who was never meant to be a monk—a homely, rather jovial man, who will take a can of beer with you of an evening, and play his flute, and be delighted with your song.

"People fancy," he once said, "because I am joyous and jovial, that I recline upon a bed of

roses. God knows how far wrong they are." Yes, indeed, they were wrong Under all that joviality, there was a soul enlarging itself, by severe discipline, by active thought, by untiring prayer, to know more and more of God. But it was a soul that led its life in secret; that knew the value of the counsel, "When ye fast be not as the hypocrites" Luther was no hypocrite; was not even sanctimonious; had notions on many things which would be counted loose in our day. But he was honest; spoke out the word which it was right to speak, whether it was rebuke, or sermon, or joke, and had no reserves; he gave you his frank opinion, and the ground on which it rested; if he discovered he was wrong, as frankly he retracted.

We look upon his conduct in relation to the peasants' war, as, perhaps, the highest outcome of this honesty. This war was a direct result of his work; I mean, it was one of the evils which flowed out of the principle of private judgment. If Luther was right in revolting from the Pope, the peasant is right in revolting from his prince. Everybody saw that it was a result of Luther's principles. The German nobles, who had sympathized with the reformer hitherto, turned to ask him what this meant. If Luther declare for the peasants, the princes will forsake him; if he declare for the princes, the peasants will lose confidence in him. What does Luther care? There is a word which it is right for God's speaking-man to speak, and he straightway speaks it out. "Ye princes, ye men in power, in this outbreak ye are not without blame. These peasants are God's instruments to punish you for your luxury and oppressions. Trample them; but God will raise peasants out of the stones to afflict and to bring you to do that which is right. . . . They will no longer submit to your crying extortions. You lavish, in fine clothes, fine castles, fine eating and drinking, their hard-won produce; and what *you* must do first and foremost is, to put a stop to all this vain luxury of yours, to close up the holes through which this money runs, so that you may leave some little part in the peasant's pocket." He then addressed the peasants:—"You have lifted the sword, peasants; Luther did not lift a sword. If truth sufficed to overturn the Pope, have ye not faith enough in truth, that it will overturn the oppression of princes? Struggle —I forbid you not; but struggle by the truth. The truth will conquer. If you and the princes come to blows, presume not, on the one side or the other, to call yourselves Christians. It will be a war of pagans—nothing else. Christians fight not with swords or arquebuses; but with the cross, and with patience; after the example of their general, who handled not the sword, but unresistingly suffered himself to be bound to the cross. Their triumph consists not in domination and power, but in submission and humility. If you abide by reason, by truth, I too will join you; if you take the sword, it is my determination to throw myself in all confidingness at the feet of God, and take part against you." They did take the sword, and he took part against them.

Great, indeed, was Luther's confidence in the power of truth. He translated the Bible, that men might be saved by it—the Koran, that they might see how beggarly falsehood was; and to the truth he continually ascribed the credit of all that was doing. "While I am drinking beer in Wittenberg, with Philip and the doctors, the Word is saving the world," he was accustomed to say.

For those who know Luther only through the pages of D'Aubigne—who have been accustomed to see him in the pink light of a mere hero—it will be quite refreshing to go fairly through Michelet's book. What a mere man this overturner of the papacy was! What pathos, what beauty, lay in that heart of his. Once he looked out, and saw a little bird settling for the night upon a branch of a tree. "There thou settlest, poor bird," he exclaimed, "the infinite dome of heaven above thee, and the great earth beneath, and goest to rest without fear." It was a delightful thing to spend an evening with him. His broad, beneficent nature expanded into the sunniest, playfulest kindliness. His talk was full of wisdom, of humor, of genuine insight. Nature, art, humanity, philosophy, theolgy—he was at home in them all. Floods of light came forth from him in single utterances, given freely, without effort. His mind was open as a child's for truth. It is most exhilarating to be beside him when he first discovered, studying the Greek language, after the Reformation has begun, that *metanoia* did not mean *penances*, but a *change of life*.

You know, amongst other courageous things he did, that he cast off the monk's cowl, and married a nun. Catherine de Bora was her name. She had to beg her bread from door to door after her husband's death. With his wife, he lived a noble domestic life, and yet quite an every-day one.—How playfully he bantered her, laughed at her attempts to fathom the deep thoughts of her husband. "My Eve," he called her—"my Kit—my lord Kit—my rib Kit—that most learned dame, Catherine Luther de Bora. Ah, Kit, thou shouldst never preach! If thou wouldst only say the Lord's Prayer always before beginning, thy lectures would be shorter." In the history of his married

life, you will not miss acts of highest benevolence —of hospitality afforded to those who could not return it—of just dealing with old servants. Luther and she were often very poor. The princes took his preaching, but left him to live as he might. He never would take money for his writings; the booksellers got all the profit. At one time, he took to turning wood for a little money; at another, to gardening. Yet, in the midst of all this hardship, when he had not a coin for himself, he would take the silver drinking-cups he had got as keepsakes from the princes, and give them to poor students.

We have mentioned his home feelings. We were much touched by his exclamation, when he heard of his father's death—"*I* am old Luther now." There was insight in this word. We remember, too, a beautiful letter he wrote to his little boy, namesake of his father, about a lovely and smiling garden—the garden of celestial life —full of children, dressed in robes of gold, who played under the trees with beautiful apples pears, cherries, nuts, and prunes; and had drums and fifes, and music of all sorts. And little Hans would be admitted to this garden, if he be a good boy. So simple—so like a child, could the man who hurled down popes, whose words are still "half-battles," write on the proper opportunity.

The time came when he was to write no more. He was absent from his Catherine, at Eisleben, attending a Protestant Synod. It was the 17th February, 1546. He felt that he was dying. "Pray brethren; oh! pray for the spread of the Gospel," he said to his fellow-laborers. Then he took a turn or two in the room, and lay down.— "Friends, I am dying. Into thy hands, O Lord, I commit my spirit." "Reverend father," said Dr. Jonas, "do you die firm in the faith you have taught?" Luther opened his eyes, which were half closed, looked fixedly at Jonas, and replied, firmly and distinctly, "*Yes.*" That was the last word he uttered; then, his great spirit went home.

EARTHLY SORROW.

Why should man, with bitter grieving,
Mourn the hopes his heart deceiving,
Which, though false, array'd in beauty,
Rise in youth before his sight?
These are but the desert-vision
Tempting to a wrong decision,
Leading from the path of duty,
But to fail when comes the night.

Not for wanton ease and pleasure,
Life unlocks its secret treasure;
Not to those who idly seeking,
Take its cross but miss its end;
Life is meant for calm endurance,
Lighten'd by the blest assurance
That a glorious dawn is breaking
For the hearts no sin can bend.

Who but dreams of life, unknowing,
Ill or pain, from nature flowing,
To its purpose lives a stranger,
Only worse to be deceived:
While the man who grief awaiteth
Sorrow as a furnace rateth,
Where the soul is freed from danger,
Though of early hopes bereaved.

Earth is beautiful: but yonder,
Where our holier musings wander,
Lies a country far more glorious,
Heirdom for the sons of care;—
Griefs but move us to obtain it;
Through His might who died to gain it;
Over death itself victorious,
Bliss eternal we may share.

A WISH.

Oh, would I were a flower bright,
To charm and ravish mortal sight,
And shed perfume around!
Radiant in the sunbeam's light,
Bathed in dew on starry night,
With gorgeous lustre crowned.

Smiling on the hazy morn,
The glorious glowing golden dawn
Of life and glistening light,
Smiling 'neath the moon's pure beams,
Drinking deep its silvery streams,
With all its charms bedight.

The tempest hour being come,
Unblessed by either moon or sun,
To hang my drooping head;
And when the darkness took to flight
To hail once more the ambient light,
And dying odor shed.

"SPEAK TENDERLY TO THE ERRING."

BY REV. CHAS. HOOVER.

The following history embraces facts which are but too common, illustrative of the perils of young men, aud of the little interest that is felt for their souls even by nearest friends, and by those whose special office it should be to seek and save the lost, and be a guide and a helper to the wanderer. With the hope that it may prove a profitable chapter, I shall here introduce the leading facts of his history as he communicated it to me.

Henry H——, the young man I am speaking of, was the son of respectable parents, of very moderate pecuniary means, but amiable and intelligent, and much esteemed in their neighborhood for their various excellent qualities. Our family and the H's, were on very friendly terms, and long after misfortune had broken up and scattered them, they were remembered by us with more than ordinary interest. Of all our child acquaintances, Henry was one of the most peculiarly interesting. Beautiful in person and affectionate in disposition, he was also remarkably thoughtful, serious, and inquiring, so that when he was but about six years old, every one predicted that he would one day become a preacher and a great man. Just at this time, sudden calamity came with desolating power upon Henry's family. His father in the prime of manhood was drowned. A sudden squall overturned a sail-boat in which he was one of a party of pleasure, and he, with several others perished. This sad event was soon followed by the scattering of the family. Henry was taken in charge by a wealthy old quaker gentleman farmer in the vicinity of the city, with whom he remained till he was twelve or thirteen years old, and where his appetite for reading and instruction were abundantly indulged. He made surprising attainments for one of his years and opportunities. Finding in the books of science which fell into his hands, the frequent occurrence of Latin terms, he applied himself of his own accord to the acquirement of that language; and afterwards, in like manner, undertook the Greek, and before he was fourteen, and without a word of instruction, he readily mastered Virgil in the former, and the New Testament in the latter language, and had also formed a considerable acquaintance with several modern tongues. This, however, was a very small part of his knowledge. His reading was immense. He devoured every thing he could lay hands on in the shape of a book. There was to be sure little or nothing of system in his studies, for he read without guidance whatever came to hand, and his acquirements were a vast chaos of facts without form and void, and darkness brooded over all. But his memory was faithful and seemed never to relinquish a fact which it had once grasped. About this time he read those two pernicious books, Paine's Age of Reason and Volney's Ruins, but by a singular Providence, Bishop Berkley's Minute Philosopher, one of the ablest answers to infidelity ever written, though somewhat abstruse, fell into his hands, and entirely satisfied his mind as to the speculative truth of Christianity.

And now, for the first time in his life, he began to feel his personal need of religion. His residence had been removed to the city, and he began to be interested in the faithful preaching of the gospel, a thing as new and as strange to his ears as if he had lived all his life in a heathen land. Does Dr. Skinner, now of the Mercer street Church, New York, remember the meetings that used to be held in Mr. Patterson's Church, in Philadelphia, and in the school-house in the rear, in which he and Dr. Cox, now of Brooklyn, both then young men, with Mr. Burch and the now glorified Patterson participated? Among the deeply anxious souls that then and there cried out, "what must we do to be saved?" was this young man; aud there, after many days of anguish bordering on despair, he found that peace which the world cannot give. After a suitable time he was received into one of the city churches, and commenced his public profession of discipleship with the strongest desire and purpose to be wholly devoted to the Lord. For two or three years his religious ardor appeared not in the least to abate. His enjoyment in private religious duties was great. His peace flowed like

a river. Every day was a Sabbath, and every Sabbath a foretaste of heaven. His thirst for knowledge meantime was as great as ever, but better directed. With an increasing love for the Scriptures, his attention was directed with new interest to the languages in which its revelations were originally given. The Greek Testament became his pocket companion, and was studied daily. He now studied the Hebrew, and enjoying the advantage of a competent instructor, made rapid progress. The advice of friends, and his own views of duty concurred in regarding the ministry of reconciliation as the calling for which Providence designed him. And although he was not now his own master, having become an apprentice some time before, and although the prospect of realizing his new purpose was remote, he marked out for himself a plan of study, and devoted to its prosecution all the time he could call his own, abstracting many an hour from the time usually allotted to sleep.

Thus, all things promised well. But the fiery trial of the young Christian was at hand. Two or three of the youths in the same office to which he belonged, invited him one pleasant day, to join them in a sailing excursion. He accepted and went, not dreaming for a moment that any harm could arise from it, or that it would be liable to misconstruction. The time was spent pleasantly, jovially, but yet innocently, not as a religious exercise certainly, but as a perfectly harmless recreation. In a day or two, however, Henry was taken to task by one of his fellow church-members, a few years older than himself, and charged in a very severe and harsh manner with having disgraced religion and violated his vows, by going with a pleasure party of ungodly young men. Henry's constitutional infirmity was extreme sensitiveness, and these reproaches, the first he had ever heard, withered his very soul. He was conscious of innocence, but the thought of being singled out and pointed at as having disgraced religion, by those too, with whom he had walked to the house of God and the prayer-meeting, sunk deep into his heart. Very soon the story grew like that of the black crows, and it was now said that Henry and his companions in the sailing party had been drinking rather freely. The story was utterly false, but it answered the purpose for which Satan invented it. It crushed Henry's young affections, destroyed his confidence in those fellow professors whom he had formerly regarded as examples, and alienated him from the prayer-meeting, and after a time from the church where he had recorded his vows. His young, sensitive, affectionate nature had received a blow from which he could not recover. He shrank from intercourse with those who had inflicted it; shut himself up in his closet, and nursed his grief in solitude and silence.

Henry's employer was a Presbyterian elder, and a man of the world; he owned a pew in the church, *and a box in the theatre.* Henry was offered the use of the family ticket whenever he should feel inclined to attend, and occasionally, to relieve the tedium of his lonely and uncared for life, he accepted the offer, and in process of time, became a pretty regular attendant upon the drama, though I believe he was addicted to none of the vices which are usually connected with theatre-going young men. With him it was a mere literary recreation; he saw a play as he read a poem, and all his habits in other respects were moral in the usual sense of that word. His church, however, was now for several years entirely neglected, and his Sabbaths were spent at home.

And now, note one fact: Henry, under the supposition that he had committed a dreadful sin by spending a few leisure hours in sailing with two or three of his office-mates, who were not church members, was virtually driven from Christian society by the harshness of a blind zeal; and after he had withdrawn, almost heart-broken, and shut himself up to mourn alone, this mere child in years, this infant in religion, this unfriended orphan boy, is then left to stray at his will, and there is none to follow him, and in the loving spirit of the gospel, endeavor to heal his wounds, real or imaginary, and encourage him in the path of duty. One kind word would have saved that boy. But for years he lived as I have described, and no officer or member of the church upon whose books his name still stood, inquired after him or cared for his soul. Even those who were so dreadfully shocked at the dishonor brought upon religion by his sailing excursion, seemed to forget there was such a person in the world. Exposed to all the temptations of great city, with none to guide him, no father to counsel him, no mother to pray for him, no sister to win him to virtue's side, no church to watch over his wayward footsteps, what wonder if he should be wicked forever. * * * *

Several years after these things, my father was called upon one morning by a stranger, who informed him that a young man was lying at a low miserable groggery on the outskirts of a town, in a deplorable state, brought on by excessive drinking; that his situation required immediate attention; and that he had been heard to name my father as a former friend of his family.

Without being able to imagine who the unfortunate outcast and wanderer might be, my father immediately set forth to see him, taking me along with him. We proceeded according to the direction of the stranger, and soon reached the dismal rum-hole that had been described to us. Making known our errand, we were shown into a back room, dark almost as night, filthy as a sty, with several beds in it, on one of which, covered with a horse blanket, lay the object of our visit. My father spoke in a kind tone, some words of inquiry to the unhappy man, which were answered only by sobs, convulsive sobs, that seemed to shake the room, and we awaited in silence the subsidence of his agony. At length, turning to my father and grasping his hand, we beheld the haggard features of Henry H. My father wept like a little child. Enough was known of Henry's situation to decide our course. The poor fellow had to be clothed from head to foot before he was fit to be removed; after which, he was taken to our house and ministered to as his situation required, after a long course of inebriation.

We soon had the happiness of seeing him himself again. He was encouraged to believe that all was not lost; that divine grace would be sufficient for him if he forsook his evil way, and that there were friends who felt for him and were ready to second his endeavors. The thought that any one cared for him, and that his return to the path of duty would cause any one to rejoice, affected him exceedingly. The rock on which he had split, indeed, as the foregoing narrative shows, was the impression produced by injudicious treatment, that no one loved him or cared for him. On this subject, with his sensitive spirit, he had become a monomaniac; one step more made him a misanthrope, and he swung from his moorings in the social system, as multitudes had done before him. But now his disappointed heart was invited to try again, to come back into the magic circle of sympathy and love, and Christian communion, and with an expanding heart he came. We were daily and glad-hearted witnesses of the gracious change in his feelings, and of the modest, childlike, yet determined spirit with which he recommenced the Christian course. O how his bosom swelled with affectionate gratitude for the smallest token of sympathy or solicitude for his well-being. His sense of the mercy of God in reclaiming and forgiving him was at times overwhelming; I have seen him sit often for a long time, his eyes closed, a smile of peace and joy on his countenance, while tears would chase each other down his cheek, tears of mingled penitence and joy, and he was not conscious enough of their presence to wipe them away. His personal experience of the harsh and uncharitable judgments of men, had a powerful effect in rendering him slow to utter or believe evil reports; and he was always ready to espouse the side of the accused, maintaining it as a practical duty as well as a legal maxim, to hold accused persons innocent until proved to be guilty. His whole soul interested itself in the erring and the wretched, and he would say that he desired no higher honor than to be a gospel missionary in hospitals and prisons.

Circumstances rendering it as convenient as it was agreeable, Henry remained a long time a member of our family. I have incorporated with these simple annals his not uncommon history, because it interested my own heart, and because it may be useful in cautioning others against rude and unfeeling censoriousness which repelled Henry from the church to the world, and well nigh wrecked his soul forever; and if the eye of some backslider, far gone in the ways of sin, should light upon these pages, let him pause and return, and bowing with a broken heart at the cross of Calvary, find peace to his guilty and troubled soul. Church members and church officers too, may learn a lesson from this story. Often, while great zeal is manifested to get people into church, very little concern is felt for their subsequent course. A great deal of attention is shown to a young man when he first becomes concerned about his soul. The minister, the elders, the members of the church notice him, converse with him, give him religious advice, and lead him to religious meetings, till he joins the church, and then nobody has anything to say to him. If he conduct himself properly, very well; but it will not be owing to any particular efforts made by others for his advancement in the spiritual life. If he goes astray, he will hear of it, not from some Christian brother calling on him in a kind and loving spirit to confer with him alone, but in whisperings, and backbitings, and harsh censures. These are hard sayings, but alas, too true. Would that the time might speedily come when the church shall be purged from its unbrotherly spirit, and be baptized anew with the baptism of love!

THE FAMILY IN HEAVEN.

BY MISS M. C. TROWBRIDGE.

Home and its joys, is a theme old—yet ever new, fruitful, inexhaustible; a green spot in the world's waste wilderness, an oasis in the desert. The weary traveler may have looked upon it times without number, yet has each view refreshed, gladdened, invigorated his spirit. Still it is a mournful truth that the roses plucked from beneath the shelter of the domestic roof, are not thornless. If it be granted that every other element of perfection is sometimes found here, it must be admitted that one is wanting. The joys of home may be sweet, may be precious, but they are not permanent.

Let the history of as united, affectionate, and devoted a family as ever gathered around the household hearth, be written out, and the last chapter, if no other, will sadden the heart and moisten the eye, as it records sad partings, and points to the family vault, where those so united in life together, lie in the cold embrace of death; unless, indeed, their final resting place is more justly described in these familiar lines of the household poet:

> "They grew in beauty side by side,
> They filled one house with glee,
> Their graves are severed far and wide,
> By mount, and stream, and sea."

But is it true that all the love and confidence, the mutual forbearance, the disinterestedness; all the pure and holy affections quickened into being by the existence of these family ties, are to be entombed in the family vault? Is there never to be a family re-gathering, where these budding affections shall find a congenial atmosphere, in which they may expand and develop in beauty and loveliness, of which earth's holiest affections are but a type, a shadow?

Many a trusting heart, looking within the vail, will answer, "If these all died in faith, they shall meet again to part no more!" True! but not again as a family. Of the many mansions of the blest, we have no warrant to suppose that one will be opened for their reception as a family, when the family circle may again be formed, and the family altar consecrated.

Let us cast no shadow upon the hope of a joyous re-union which now sustains the spirit of many a mourner for departed ones. Let such exclaim with Martha, "I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day;" or with the bereaved king of Israel, "I shall go to him but he shall not return to me." We cannot doubt but there will be overflowing joy in the mutual recognitions and retrospections of members of the same household in a future state of being. But however great the joy of such re-unions, or whatever their nature, we know that the ties of family, as existing on earth, will not be perpetuated beyond the grave; for we are expressly assured that there "they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God." Will then the family relation find no counterpart in forms of existence beyond the grave? Has the nursery of filial and fraternal affections here no relation to, no direct bearing upon, the duties, the relations, the affiliations of another state of existence.

Suppose the family circle enlarged till it embraced the globe, every fellow being giving you a brother's welcome to the inner temple of his hearts purest affections, and warmest sympathies; that all were bound to you by ties as strong, as sacred, as fraternal as those which unite the hearts of the members of an affectionate household; that by every one you were greeted with the warm heart, and beaming eye of devoted affection, the present narrow stream of fraternal love, swelled to a broad ocean by the contributions of countless numbers of loving hearts. Or suppose yon were suddenly introduced to such a scene and assured that the family relations you had hitherto sustained, were designed to prepare you to participate in its joys.

But does not the Divine Record lead us to believe that the affections which are first drawn out around the household hearth, are to be transferred to another family circle, the communions, the felicity, the joy of which shall be, in measure, proportionable to the augmented numbers comprising the family group, and the strength, the perma-

nence, the perfection of the ties which bind them to each other? Does it not lead us to believe that the discipline of the family on earth is beneficently designed to prepare its members for membership in a family embracing all, and infinitely more than has here been suggested? Does not each sundering of family ties here impressively remind us of their frailty, that they are but types and shadows of a glorious substance, a heavenly reality?

How impressive are those portions of Divine Truth which are designed to open our hearts to the conception of this family relation, to its reality even on earth, and to the filial and fraternal duties involved in it. How opposed to pride, to misanthropy, to selfishness, such declarations as these, "For he that loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen? Every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God.

When the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, came down to impart to fallen man that knowledge of the true God, which is eternal life, in what language did he seek to convey to his hearers a true conception of their relations to this infinite Being? Was he sent to speak of Him as the Almighty God, the Mighty One of Israel, the I am That I am? Listen to the appellation, most frequently, chosen by the Divine Teacher. "Your Father who is in Heaven; as if his heart of infinite benevolence would fain have gathered the whole human family, and placed them in the arms of their One common Parent, binding them to him, and to each other, by a tie never to be sundered so long as the Everlasting Father lived to protect, sustain, and bless, the children of his love.

Were we habitually to regard our homes as the nurseries in which our spirits were being disciplined for membership in the one family of the Redeemed, would not the light of a holier home be shed upon them, increasing every joy and alleviating every sorrow? Were there more of the filial in our communion with our Heavenly Father, and more of the fraternal in our intercourse with our Christian brethren—more of the spirit of that aged disciple, who having survived all her kindred, could still say "I have brothers and sisters more than I can number; for every child of God is one of them"—should we not more nearly resemble Him, who when on earth declared, "Whosoever shall do the will of my Father who is in Heaven, the same is my brother, and Sister, and mother."

"REJOICE IN THE LORD."

BY MISS L. M. SEYMOUR.

Dost say thou art happy since fortune hath smiled,
And dressed thee in robes of her costliest state,—
Thy rank hath set high, and thy coffers hath piled,
Thus writing thy name 'mong the rich and the great?

Dost say thou art happy since genius is thine,
To weave round thy being a bright magic spell,—
And show all above thee a lovelier sign
Than pencil can paint, or thy tongue ever tell!

Dost say thou art happy, since loved ones are near,
To wake in thy bosom affection's sweet thrill,—
And give thee responsive in smile and in tear,
Affection whose life-pulse e'en death cannot still?

Nay, what are the favors that fortune may fling,
If *He* with those favors refuseth to bless!
And is not thy genius a wearisome thing,
And what are the sweets of the loving caress!

Dost say thou art happy when deep from thine heart,
Upspringeth a yearning the world cannot meet?
Which only may rest in the holier part
That Mary once chose as she sat at his feet?

Dost say thou art happy before thou hast found
The peace that the Saviour has promised to give?
The peace which like rivers will flow all around,
Will comfort and gladden so long as thou live?

Dost say thou art happy, when low in the grave,
Thy future seems shrouded in darkness and gloom?
Gloom 'naught can dispel or illuminate, save
That Light which triumphant first rose from the tomb.

Oh look to thy Saviour, where happiness is,
In measure exceeding all mortal e'er dreamed:
Thus thou shalt wax stronger and brighter in bliss,
Till thine are the transports which fill the redeemed!

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

All men have heard of the Seven Wonders of tbe World, of ancient times. The following serial account of them is taken from a respectable and learned work of the date of the reign of James I. of Great Britain. For the positive truth of all that is here told about the seven wonders, we must decline heing responsible; for a change in the spelling only are we answerahle, helieving tkat no good end would be gained by retaining it in its now obsolete form. It will be observed that our old author quotes several of the best writers of Greece and Rome in support of his statements; and even in the present less credulous time, we could scarcely find more trust-worthy vouchers. Where tbe wonders yet exist, however, as in the case of the Pyramids, the matter takes a different shape. If there ever was a pyramid that covered "eight days" journey of ground, it has not lasted to our day, assuredly.

Such as have read ancient historians, orators, and poets, do find, that they make mention in many of their hooks, of seven marvels or wonders of the world, and that they were in divers places. All they that have written do consent to six, but concerning the seventh there are variable opinions, and likewise a great difference in placing one before another. Notwithstanding, I purpose to speak first of the Walls of Babylon, which are ranked in the number of these wonders, and upon good reason, because the greatness of the place, as also the situation thereof, seemeth incredible.

Concerning those walls, according to the soundest opinions, namely, Justine, and also as Trogus Pompeius saith, they were founded by the famous Queen Semiramis, mother to Ninus. Diodorus Siculus, Ammianus Marcellinus, and Paulus Orosius do maintain the same, with the greater part of our Gentile authors. Nevertheless, St. Augustine, and Josephus in his "Antiquities," say, that they were builded by Nimrod, assisted by the proud giants then living. But be it, that the foundation or reparation of them was done by Semiramis, it is sufficient that they were greatly ennobled by her.

The situation of the city was with a plain on the one side, and on the other ran the river of Euphrates. The model and figure of this city was in a quadrangle, and the walls wonderfully high, as also wrougbt with marvellous cunning. The matter was of stone, joined witb lime and cement, growing in the mines of that country, but especially in the great lake of Judea, where some time stood Sodom and Gomorrha, named Asphaltida, which yieldeth sucb a kind of slime or mud, as bindeth like pitch or glue, the very strongest that is to be found. Historians do disagree about the beight and largeness of the circuit, which might happen through the diversity of the measures they then used. Pliny saith, that the circuit of those walls was threescore thousand paces; so that one of the squares was fifteen thousand. He also saith, that they were two hundred feet in height, which foot exceeded by three fingers'-breadth the measure of the Roman foot; and tbe thickness was fifty feet of the same measure, which was indeed a matter very admirable.

Diodorus Siculus said, that the walls contained in all round about 360 stadii, and tbat they were so broad and wide, as six chariots might easily be trained in front together, without offending one another. The bridges, the mounts, the towers, and tbe gardens, Semiramis caused to be made, which were works of great astonishment. It is credibly set down in records, that she kept daily at this work three hundred thousand men, out of all the kingdoms which were subject to ber. Quintus Curtius addeth thereto eight stadii more in length, and said that they were an hundred cubits high; but Paulus Orosius saith, that they were 480 stadii in length, which amount (taking sixscore and five paces in every stadium) to threescore thousand paces, as Pliny said. Strabo said and affirmeth, that they contained tbree hundred eighty-five stadii, and also that they were so broad, as the former named chariots might in that manner go on them, and yet not hurt or hinder one another in their passing along together.

Moreover, authors do report marvellous things of gardens made upon the arches and towers, wherein grew trees of unmeasurable height. Jolius Solinus confirms the same with Pliny. Some among the authors do avouch, that the walls without were engirt with ditches, full of water, as large and deep as an indifferent wide river. In this city there was a hundred gates of metal, very admirable. And for conclusion, all that is written of the greatness and height of tbo walls, may well be credited, because, in truth,

this city was the proudest in the whole world, and long time held the universal monarchy, which is an especial argument of her greatness. And the same is also described by Aristotle, when he saith, that being once taken with enemies, they that dwelt at one end or side of the city, had no advertisement thereof, till three whole days space after.

The *second* place of the World's Wonders, we give to the Colossus of the Sun, which was at Rhodes. It was a statue, or a figure of a man, offered by the Gentiles, and dedicated to the Sun, and some say to Jupiter. It was made of metal of an incredible greatness, and in height also like a huge tower; so that it could hardly be imagined how it was made and raised in that manner.—Pliny, who discourseth on all things, saith, that it contained threescore and ten cubits in height; and although, at the making of it, there were many good workmen continually laboring yet were they twelve years before it could be perfected, and it cost three hundred talents. He that undertook the workmanship thereof, was named Cares, an Indian by birth, and scholar to Lysippus.

This statue was so immeasurably great, as it seemed, that the earth could not any longer sustain it, because, according to Pliny and Paulus Orosius, it stood not above six and fifty years; at the end of which time it fell, by reason of a great quaking and trembling of the earth. After which fall, and namely in the time of Pliny, many went to see it as a thing to wonder at. For, saith he, there were few men found that could embrace the great fingers of this statue; so that the very least of his fingers was greater than any other statue's, how great soever. And yet he speaketh of an hundred other colosses of meaner stature, which were also at Rhodes.

Returning then again to our wonderful colossus, I say that it lay there ruined a very long time ago, even till the days of Pope Martin I., which was in the year 600, when the infidels, and the Sultan of Egypt, their captain, came upon the Rhodians, and according as Platina writeth in the life of Pope Martin, and Antonius Sabellicus, in the third part of his book, they carried away that which they found of the relics of this colossus, and they find nine hundred camels to be laden with the metal.

In the *third* place, we determine the Pyramids of Egypt; and undoubtedly, if that be true which historians have written of them, they are things deserving admiration. These Pyramids were certain buildings, which began beneath in quadrangle form, and so rose up (in a diminishing manner) a huge height, in the shape of a pointed diamond.

Among all other pyramids, historians make particular mention of three which were in Egypt, between the city of Memphis, which is now Cairo, and the isle that now maketh or createth Nilus, named Delta, one of which is ranked among the seven wonders. For it is said, that to the making thereof, there were continually employed three hundred and threescore thousand men, and the work lasted twenty whole years. Many do affirm it, and particularly Pliny, in speaking more amply, alleging twelve authors for his warrant, as Diodorus Siculus, Strabo, Pomponius Mela, Herodotus, Ammianus Marcellinus, and many more, whereof, some say, that the foundation and groundwork of this pyramid covered and contained eight days' journey of ground; others say seven, and most agree on six, and as many (little more or less) in the height. Pliny saith, that each quadrangle or square contained 883 feet in breadth. The stones were marble, brought out of Arabia, and Pomponius Mela maintaineth that the most part of them were thirty feet in largeness. Whereby may be gathered, that so many thousand men must need be busied, some in cutting and squaring those stones, others in bringing and carrying them, and others in laying them, besides the mighty multitudes employed for fetching them so far off, and about other necessary occasions.

Of the other pyramids the like is spoken, at least of the other two forenamed, one whereof was made by the vanity of the kings of Egypt, who were the very richest in all the world.

I find it recorded also, that those pyramids served for sepulchres to their kings. And whosoever doth well consider the multitude of Hebrew people that served in Egypt, and by whom the kings made their cities and fortresses to be builded, will not be much amazed hereat, in regard that it is very certain, that six hundred thousand men on foot, besides a great multitude of women and small children, departed out of that servitude, and that all of them were employed, and served in those wonderful works; whereby it is no marvel at all, that such buildings should be made.

The *fourth* marvel or wonder was the Mausolæa, (now callled *Mausoleum*). Artemisia was wife to Mausolus, king of Caria, a province in the greater Asia. This woman (according to Aulus Gellius, and other historians) so dearly affected her husband, as it was generally recorded for a most notable example. Her husband, the king, dying first, she lamented his death with tears and complaints, more than were of ordinary custom. Needs would she erect a tomb or sepulchre for him, answerable to the extraordinary love she bore him; and such, indeed, it proved to be, that

it was recorded amongst the seven wonders of the world, The stone of the whole structure was of a most excellent marble, consisting of four hundred and eleven feet in circuit about, and five and twenty cubits in height; it had also about it, six and twenty columns of admirable stone, and likewise of as famous sculpture.

The building was open on all sides, with arches of seventy-three feet in wideness, and it was framed by the hands of the most exquisite workmen then to be found. The perfection of the work was such, and that on the whole body so sumptuous and beautiful, as partly it was therefore called Mausolæa, and in regard also of the king, for whom it was made; so that even to this very day, when any tombs of such superficial art are made, they are called mausolæas. Of these things mention is made by Pliny, Pomponius Mela, Herodotus; Strabo also remembereth them, so doth Aulus Gellius, and many other historians. It is found written, that Artemisia, after the death of her husband, lived in continual tears and mourning, and that she died before the work could be fully finished; having drunk the bones of her husband, beat into powder, which she burned and buried in her own body, that it might be the sepulchre for his.

The *fifth* edifice of these wonders, was the Temple of Diana, whom the Gentiles adored as a goddess, and it was builded in the city of Ephesus, in Asia, in the province of Ionia. Of this temple, great speeches were made throughout the world, so that one named Democritus wrote a particular book thereof. Pliny, writing of this temple, saith, that the Amazons caused it to be built, and that it contained four hundred and five and twenty feet in length, and two hundred and twenty feet in largeness. The work was so admirably artificial, that it had 220 years to the perfecting. It was built in a lake, to prevent the peril of earthquakes; and it is said withal, that on the foundation was laid great store of coal dust and wool thereupon, the better to make firm and sure the moist and marshy place. It had an hundred and seven columns or pillars of most excellent marble, and each of them was made by all the kings of Asia; thirty-seven of them were of most curious, cunning and sculpture, and all the others of the choicest marble.

All historians do consent with one accord, that the pillars of this temple supported the planked cieling of wood, the most excellently wrought that could be devised, and that this whole covering was of cedar, and all the doors and wainscoted works were of cypress.

Yet afterwards, a villain, seeing this solemn and sovereign building, conceived a lewd desire to burn it, as, indeed, he did. And being taken for the fact, confessed that he did it to no other end but to leave a famous renown of his deed to the world. Solinus and Strabo both say, that he was named Herostratus, and that of him came up the usual proverb, that when any man would strive to be famous for some vicious deed, people would commonly say—This is the renown of Herostratus.

The *sixth* wonder was the idol or image of Jupiter Olympus, which was in his temple in Achaia, between the cities of Ellis and Pisa; and the place was named Olympus, as also the temple, in regard of Jupiter Olympus, of whom write both Strabo and Pomponius Mela. They maintain that this statue or image, which stood in the temple, was much renowned, as well for artificial perfection and admirable workmanship, as also for the greatness thereof. It was made of porphyry, some say of ivory, and by the hand of Phidias, the most excellent carver and engraver for imagery, in gold or ivory, that ever was; albeit, Pliny nameth divers others. Strabo saith, that the excellency thereof consisted in the greatness; and yet the matter which made it more admirable, was in the being wrought of porphyry, knit and united together of infinite small pieces. Some say that Phidias was taxed with one only imperfection, to wit, that he had not proportioned the image to the capacity of the temple, because he had made it sitting, and so great, as when due consideration was made, what the height thereof would have been, if he had made him standing upright on his feet, the temple had no way been able to have contained him. Nevertheless, the renown of this image did most highly illustrate the place.

Now, concerning the *seventh* wonder, some say that it was a tower which stood in the Isle of Pharos, near to the city of Alexandria, in Egypt. Pharos was a small island, long and narrow, seated on the coast of Egypt, over against the mouth of Nilus, which, in former time (according to Pomponius Mela and Pliny) was wholly, as it were, engirt with firm land, and afterward in the times of these authors, the sea embraced this firm land, excepting only a bridge, whereby men went from the one place to the other. In the firm land is the great city of Alexandria, builded by Alexander the Great, which city was afterwards a colony of Julius Cæsar. In this isle (named Pharos, after the name of a great pilot, who belonged to Menelaus, and was there buried) the kings of Egypt erected a tower of marble, marvellous in height and cunning workmanship, upon a mountain environed with water; the artificial performance of which tower was such that it cost 800 talents, which value four hundred and fourscore thousand crowns, after the computation of Bud

æus. And it was built for no other purpose, but to set up in the night-time a lighted fire thereon, beacon-wise, to guide and direct such ships as came to take landing there; and this tower, according to the greatest opinions, was erected by King Ptolemæus Philadelphus, and the master architect that made it was named Sistratus, which is confirmed to us by Pliny.

Cæsar, in his "Commentaries," highly praiseth the height and workmanship of this tower; and saith, that it was also called Pharos, as taking name of the island.

Thus, this tower was the last of the wonders, although by divers it is not named in their number, but instead thereof, the hanging gardens of Babylon are reckoned, whereat we have already hinted. Cœlius Rhodiginus, discoursing on the seven wonders of the world, doth not insert this tower of Pharos, but the Obelisk of Semiramis, which was 150 feet in height, and 24 feet square in a quadrangle, so that the whole circuit was 90 feet, and this stone was so taken whole, out of the mountains of Armenia, and by the command of Semiramis, brought into Chaldean Babylon. But in truth, when due consideration is made, how it should be taken out of the quarry, brought thence, and erected up on end, it might appear a matter incredible, if antiquity had not yielded things as strange, and certified to us by authors well deserving belief, yea, and of other great obelisks made by the kings of Egypt. Pliny describeth how they are fetched forth of their quarries. Of the pyramids, obelisks, statues, and colosses, mention is made by Polyphius, in the beginning of his book, called "Hypnerotomachia." Therefore, I need not to make any further relation of them, fearing I have offended already, by presuming upon the reader's patience, in what hath been said concerning these seven wonders of the world.

RUNGA.

BY WILLIAM OLAND BOURNE.

"Not far from Shingona Holly stood a temple of the idol Runga. * * * There was a lamp standing before the idol but it had gone out; and there was a garland of flowers hung around its neck; but it was withered; and as the beams of the roof had fallen in, the image was covered with dust and dirt."

Near the village of Shingona, in a fertile Indian plain,
Stood a massive idol temple where the demons held their reign;
There it stood upon a hill-top, with its gloomy pillars high,
As it lured the pilgrim onward, standing out against the sky.

There the worshipper of Runga, with his many offerings came,
Falling down in adoration at the idol's sacred name;
And they flocked around the altar, and their offerings humbly laid,
As they cried aloud to Runga, and their willing homage paid.

And they cried aloud to Runga, but he never heard their prayers,
And they cried from morn till evening, but he never soothed their cares;
And they rung their bells to call him, but he never stooped to hear,
For an idol deaf was Runga, though they wept the bitter tear.

There the poor benighted Hindoo, in his darkness long was led,
While the sighing millions perished, and were numbered with the dead,
But the idol that they worshipped, and the god that they adored,
Was of wood grotesquely graven, yet they blindly called him "Lord:"

Then there came a Christian teacher, and he said to all the throng,
"Will ye worship still your Runga, whom ye now have worshipped long?
Do ye make a god of Runga, and in him put all your trust?
He is helpless! If you leave him he will crumble into dust.

"Let alone your idol Runga! Take no further care of him!
He can't save himself from ruin, neither head, nor foot, nor limb!
And he cannot save his temple, but to ruin it will fall,
And your eyes will see that Runga is no god on whom to call."

Then the poor benighted Hindoos pondered as they stood and heard,
And they said to one another, "There is reason in this word!"
And they looked at ancient Runga, and they left him there alone,
Coming back to see him standing, senseless as a block of stone.

Lo! the lamp upon his altar flickered till it died away,
And the light was strange and gloomy, for it had no sunny ray;
And the ancient faith in Runga died in many a trustiug breast,
When they saw the darkness gather round the temple's honored guest.

Then the richly chosen garland from the Indian garden strung,
Lost its bloom and quickly withered, though around an idol hung;
And its freshness and its fragrance, with its gorgeous beauty died,
In the mouldering gloom and silence which the brooding god defied.

And the temple is decaying! From the gilded roof o'erhead
All the massive beams are falling where the worship long was said;
And the ceiling on old Runga, in a thick enfolding crust,
Wraps the idol in the silence in a kindred shroud of dust.

Even so as fell old Runga shall the countless idols fall!
And the darkness of oblivion shroud them with its funeral pall!
While the voice of love and mercy bids the worshippers draw nigh
Where the radiant cross of Jesus gives redemption from on high.

In the dark yet living temple shall a heavenly light appear,
While the spirit turns to Jesus with its love's most grateful tear;
And the flowers shall shed their fragrance in the wealth of their perfume
And in blissful fields shall ever with the Rose of Sharon bloom.

THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.

When I think of the past, and with quivering glances
Look back on my spring and my summer suns,
I feel it is true, that, as age advances,
Life's river more coldly and darkly runs.

Yet far be the spirit of fretful repining,
That life's dewy morn cometh back no more—
That I bask not again in the noon of its shining,
And dream the bright holiday ne'er will be o'er!

All fled though they are, and though memory weepeth—
Frail sorrower she—over time's decay,
The disciplined spirit a tranquil eye keepeth
In faith of the dawn of eternity's day!

And though darkling and cold, beneath evening's shadows,
Speeds on to its ocean life's sin-billow'd stream,
'Twill gush out afresh in the ever green meadows,
As "clear as the crystal," and "still" as a dream.

And by its bright banks, love-enamell'd and glowing
With glories transplanted from Eden's pure bed,
Will Blessedness walk, royal trophies bestowing
On all who have wash'd in *the blood that was shed*.

ROMANCE OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

BY ION.

The beautiful, the noble, and the good are all about us; even on our every-day path, the life which is about us lacks not for the poetry which filleth all things. How many-phased is this life about us! Here may we read tales of high chivalrous devotion, of deep-souled, earnest heroism. It, too, has its tales of true and tenderest pathos, its sorrows too deep for utterance, its tragedies stern and terrible. Mystery is about it and in it. Now you hear a wild exulting shout of jubilance and glee, and in a moment a prolonged and agonizing wail of most tragic sorrow. You see the bright beaming face, covering perchance the guawed and cankered heart. There is the seemingly staid, sad countenance, hiding, it may be, a soul full of secret, hypocritical gladness. And all about you, you see a dread struggle and battle of life—some combatants with closed lips, and firm unblenching eye; others, with trembling aspect, giving vent to oft-repeated sighs and groans. Oh, the mystery of the burden of life! We pace our busy, crowded streets, our thoughts the while winging their way through old historic lands, and scenes, and ages, recking not of the sad sorrow which is eating away the heart of the maiden who has just passed us, spite of her heroic struggles to forget the cause of all her misery; nor of the soul-conflicts of that young man, as he nightly tosses on his restless pillow, in vain endeavoring to solve the mystery that surrounds him; nor of the desolateness of that old man who had just buried the last friend of his youth, and whose sorrows heavily press upon his bowed head. And how we miss the gladness which abounds in the world, spite of sin and sorrow, when we transport our thoughts to some far distant clime and age! Beautiful nature is everywhere present, and that to make us glad. All pleasant sights and sounds will greet our eyes and ears if we will but open them and attend. The bright, happy faces of friends are ever ready to smile upon us. Children—often so like dew-drops on the flower of life, soon dried up by the scorching sun—these with their innocent gay prattle we may have for our companions:

> To look upon the fair face of a child,
> Feels like a resurrection of the heart,
> Children are vast in blessings; kings and queens,
> According to the dynasties of love.
> The might and the delight of nature lies
> In them, and for them earth is what it is.

Then there is in the frolicsomeness of youth, and the harmonies struck out by the meeting of two fair souls who decide evermore to sing in concerts; and those gay hearts, who bear everything cheering, having a merry laugh and witty jest at life's petty ills, yet withal full of general genial seriousness; and the gentle, loving ones, ever ready to soothe the sorrowful, and relieve the weary and over-burdened; these and numberless other sources of joy and gladness we miss when we neglect to read the book of life about us.

Life is a great poem, full of tragedy and pathos, comedy and laughter, mad fun and sad sorrow; having strange plots and *denouements*, but bearing the impress of a great unity, manifesting a serious Godward earnestness of purpose; and nowhere can we study this great poem so well as on our daily life-path, in the life which is about us.

STANZAS.

> Come not, when I am dead,
> To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,
> To trample round my fallen head,
> And vex the unhappy dust thou wouldst not save.
> There let the winds weep, and the plover cry;
> But go thou by.

> Child, if it were thine error or thy crime,
> I care no longer, being all unblest;
> Wed whom thou wilt; but I am sick of time,
> And I desire to rest.
> Pass on, weak heart, and leave me where I lie.
> Go by—go by!

The Rainbow in the North—Is the title of an elegant little work from the press of the CARTERS, giving an account of the first establishment of Christianity in Rupert's Island by the English Church Missionary Society, by one of its Missionaries, Rev. S. Tucker. It portrays an aspect of the missionary work not so familiar to us as some others, and conveys a great deal of local knowledge which the intelligent reader will be glad to possess; but the best of the book is its description of the effects of the Gospel, and the sweet, simple fruits it produced. It is well adapted to encourage our faith, and stimulate to greater earnestness in the great missionary work, and deserves, on all accounts, a wide perusal, which we hope it may obtain.

The Bible in the Family.—A very interesting and valuable work, illustrative of the duties and blessings of the family, and of the influence of pure and undefiled religion upon them, has been issued, with this title, from the pen of Rev. Dr. Boardman of Philadelphia, and published by LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co. They are written in a lively style, sometimes piquant and shrewd, always earnest and engaging. There are some topics handled which are not often introduced into the pulpit—but which most properly fall within the sphere of the Christian teacher. Some of the customs of fashionable life are sharply rebuked; some of the notions, which are as common as they are wrong, are arraigned before the great principles of charity and truth with a kind of judicial severity that exposes their wrong in the strongest manner. There is appended to the volume Dr. B.'s sermon at the funeral of Charles Chauncey, Esq., on the relations of Christianity to the Legal Profession, which is a very eloquent and tasteful tribute to an eminently worthy man. The book presents, on the whole, an unusually valuable and engaging discussion, which the Christian family may peruse with great profit.

Neander's Exposition of the Epistle to the Phillippians—Has been recently translated by Mrs. H. C. Conant, the accomplished lady of the Rev. Dr. Conant, of the Rochester University, and published by L. COLBY & Co. It is brief, but has a breadth and scope which are worthy of the master hand of its author, and breathes a deeply pious and fraternal spirit. It is not a merely verbal commentary, but a full explication of the apostle's meaning, sometimes given in paraphrase, and sometimes descriptively. It is a work that the student and the private Christian will find equally valuable, and for which the thanks of the Church are due to the learned lady who has given it so fine a version.

A New Method of Learning French—Is propounded in a new work from the pen of Prof. Lasquelle, of Michigan University, and published by M. H. NEWMAN & Co. It is constructed on the general plan adopted so successfully by Mr. Woodbury, in his German Grammar, published by this house—a mingling and constant interchange of the analytic and synthetic processes of learning—which is the true method. The grammatical principles are fully developed, and then applied by a series of progressive exercises which show their rationale and meaning. It combines all the peculiarities of the Ollendorf system with the old system of the grammar, and makes the pupil's progress both easy and sure. It is a very copious and elaborate work, supplying the pupil with the material for all his necessary elementary study, and going over the ground with great thoroughness.

Sacred Streams—Is the title of a graphic description of the Ancient and Modern History of the Rivers of the Bible, by Philip Henry Gorse, with an introduction by George B. Cheever, D.D., and published by STRINGER & TOWNSEND. The author has brought within the scope of his subject the physical geography and natural history of the Orient, the relics which now exist of former grandeur, and much of the history of the Bible, and woven them together in a very agreeable tissue, mingling information, moral truth, and poetic sentiment, in pleasant and tasteful proportions. A great variety of illustrative engravings are thrown in, which add to the interest of the work. We profess no great admiration of this sentimentalizing use of the Scripture history. We hardly know of any writer that has succeeded in adding much impressiveness of beauty to the simple phrase of Scripture, by elaborate fine writing. The references made to the recent discoveries of Layard, Rich, Rawlinson, and others, are valuable. Dr. Cheever has prefixed a beautiful and characteristic little essay, suggested by the thought of a river, which spreads itself out under his skillful hand, to a varied and many-sided analogy, full of instruction and grace. The work is finely got up, and will serve a good holiday purpose.

Neander's Fourth Volume.—The fourth volume of Prof. Torrey's admirable translation of Neander's Church History, has been issued in a handsome full sized octavo, by Messrs. CROCKER & BREWSTER, of Boston. Prof. Torrey states, in his preface, that Neander had been engaged, for a period as long as any one occupied in the composition of the preceding volumes, on another volume, which was to bring the history down to the era of the Reformation, where the author designed to stop. It is probable, and most earnestly to be hoped, that that volume was so nearly prepared as to allow of its publication, and thus the completion of this greatest historical work of the age. The last act of Neander's life was to dictate a sentence of it to his amanuensis. "That it may be finished," says Prof. Torrey, and in so saying he utters the hope of every reader, "must appear highly desirable to every one who is capable of appreciating the minute and comprehensive learning, the scrupulous fidelity, the unexampled candor and simplicity of spirit, the unobtrusive, but pervading glow of Christian piety, which have thus far so eminently characterized every portion of this great work."

The present volume embraces what Neander included in his fifth division of Christian history—the period from the accession of Hildebrand to the Papal chair, whose masterly genius and energy gave to the Papacy the characteristic feature it wears to this day, to the death of Boniface VIII. —from A.D. 1073 to 1294. In some respects this is the most spirited and most complicated era of Church history. Popery became compacted into the iron system which has given it such a terrible unity and power—the separation from the Greek Church was consummated—the Schoolmen had their culmination in this period. Neander's analytical genius had an ample field in delineating the progress of doctrinal and philosophical opinions of that busy time; and from the space he devotes to the subject, we doubt not his sketch will present the most comprehensive, acute, and masterly exposition of the dogmatic history of the period, anywhere to be found. The translation, like that of its predecessors, does great credit to the taste, scholarship, and accuracy of Dr. Torrey.

Sacramental Meditations and Advices—Is an old work, handsomely republished by the Messrs. CARTER; by the late John Willison of Dundee. It has the fervor and unction of the best style of seventeenth century theology. Thorough in its discussion, earnest in spirit, faithful and searching in its analysis of motives, it harmonizes admirably with the solemn purport of the great ordinance, and is well adapted to lead the mind of the communicant into trains of reflection fitting the occasion. Its antique air rather facilitates than injures its moral impression.

Olive Leaves—Is the title of a beautiful volume of tales and sketches, from the accomplished pen of Mrs. Sigourney, and published by the CARTERS. The finest moral tone, and the most graceful literary taste, are their universal characteristics, making a volume that would enliven any family circle, and shed light and peace upon any mind.

The Better Covenant.—A concise, spiritual and thorough discussion of the practical aspects of the great Scriptural Doctrine of Mediation, written some time ago, by Rev. Francis Goode, a clergyman of the English Established Church, and chaplain at Clapham, so well known as the residence of Wilberforce, Thornton, Macaulay, Milner, and others; the founder of the evangelical party in that communion, has been issued, in a new and neat edition, by the Messrs. CARTERS. It is a work whose fullness of Scriptural exposition, correctness of spirit, ability and tone, we may cordially commend to Christian families, as one of the best of its excellent class.

The Late Mr. Lowrie.—A volume of some fifty sermons, preached in China, by the late Rev. Walter M. Lowrie, missionary of the Presbyterian Board to that country—whose violent and lamented decease will be remembered—published by the CARTERS, commemorates the name and character of a most estimable man, and earnest, promising missionary. As sermons, they evince more than an average of ability, and are noticeable for that fullness with which the great doctrines of grace are discussed.

Memorials of the Life and Trials of a Youthful Christian, in pursuit of Health—Is the title of a biographical sketch and collection of the late Dr. Nathaniel Cheever, written by his brother, Rev. Henry T. Cheever; and introduced by an essay by Dr. George B. Cheever. The beautiful affection which has instigated and pervades the volume, is one of its most charming features. With all allowance for fraternal partiality, the subject of the memoir was an unusually ripe and experienced Christian, and the memorials left by him are replete with a spirit that is better than genius. The work, in many respects, is one of very great interest, and will form a most useful manual for young Christians. As an exemplification of youthful piety in its better aspects, it would be well fitted for the Sabbath School Library, as well as for the Christian fireside. Published, handsomely, by C. SCRIBNER.

The Life of a Vagrant—Is the title of a singularly interesting and suggestive work, disclosing, in the history of a man redeemed from the lowest depths of misery and degradation, the intellectual and spiritual impulse which true religion is able to impart to the mind. Told in an easy and unaffected way, the story has great interest, while its moral lessons are continually pointing to many of the proudest aspects of truth, and revealing the best points of Christian faith. It is highly recommended by the celebrated Mr. Binney, of London, who speaks of it as one of the most remarkable narratives he ever read. Published by R. CARTER & BROTHERS.

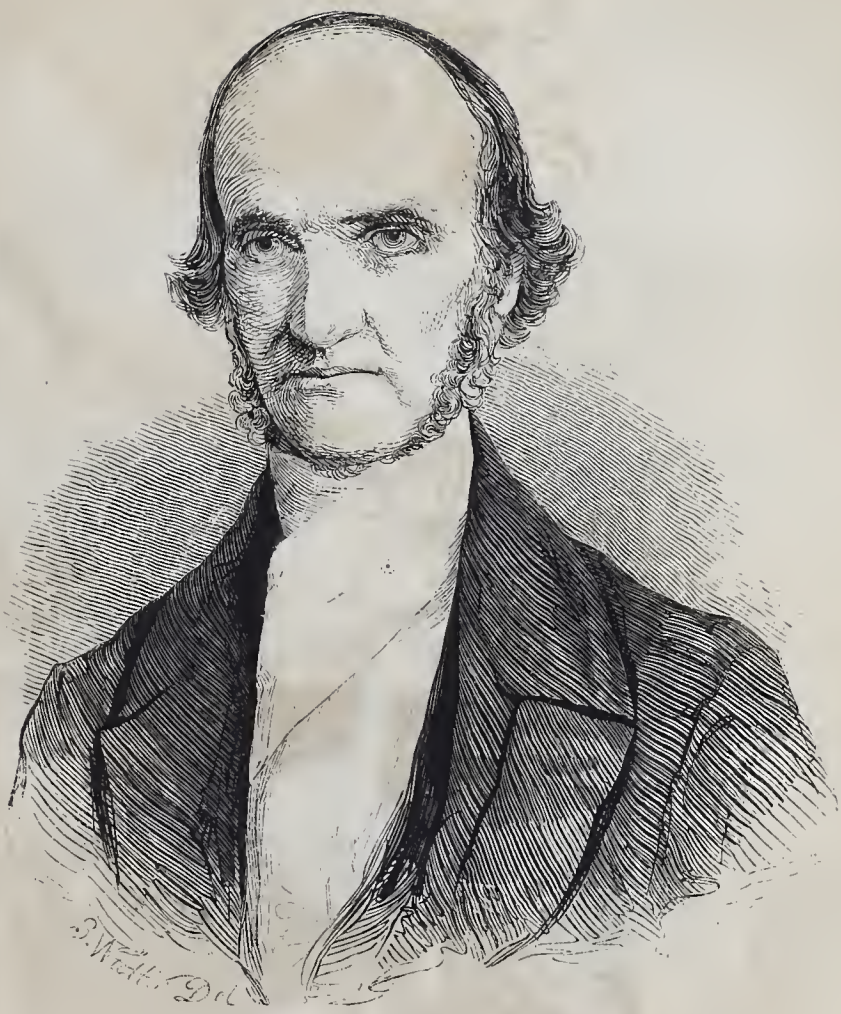
The World of Waters—Is the title of a little work for children, by Mrs, Osborne, and published by the CARTERS. Its object is to describe, by means of the supposed voyaging of a young emigrant, the principal countries of the world, in an easy ,graphic way, calculated for children. It is neatly illustrated, and will make a good and useful impression.

The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World, from Marathon to Waterloo—By Professor Creasy, of the London University (published by the HARPERS), is an admirable volume, a portion of whose contents will not be new to many of our readers. Some of the earlier papers were published at intervals in the "Eclectic Magazine." These have been re-written and enlarged, others added, and the whole connected by brief historical summaries, indicating the general course of events during the intervals between the battles. To our own mind, the most interesting of the series are those three great conflicts which, at different times, decided the question of supremacy between the Oriental and the Occidental races, and the prevalence of the forms of civilization peculiar to each. At Marathon the first check was given to Eastern power, and Greece was suffered to exist. Three centuries later, it seemed that the genius of Hannibal was about to decide the question in favor of the Orient, and Carthage was to be mistress of the world. The battle of Metaurus, was that which resulted in his expulsion from Italy, and the consequent destruction of Carthage; and the issue was fixed for twelve centuries. Then the East, invigorated by a new religion, broke into Europe; in six months overran Spain, which it had cost the Romans six centuries to subdue, poured over the Pyrenees, and seemed about to carry Mohammedanism all over Europe, and to instal the Koran, instead of the Bible, at Rome, and Paris, and Oxford. Had Charles Martel lost the battle of Tours, all was lost. Europe would have been as Asia Minor now is, and her harbors, now crowded with the commerce of the world, only lurking places for Barbary pirates. Among the other battles which Professor Creasy enumerates as decisive ones, are Hastings, which settled the ethnological character of the English race: the defeat of the Armada, which drew the line between Protestanism and Catholicism in Europe; the victory of the Americans at Saratoga, which frustrated the British plans for the conquest of the Colonies, and turned the scale in favor of American Independence; and Waterloo, which gave form, for a time, to the political institutions of Europe. The admirable plan of the author has been admirably executed. The greater number of the battles he has selected are undoubtedly those in which the fate of the civilized world has been decided; the crowning summits of the dykes which have marked out the channels in which the current of civilization was to run. We know of no writer who has equal power of painting a battle in terms alike removed from those vague generalities which are common to all battles, and from those professional technicalities which are intelligible only to military men. The book stands at the head of recent works of its class of rhetorical histories.

Washington Crossing the Delaware.—This magnificent historical painting by Leutze, is now on exhibition at 659 Broadway. It depicts one of the boldest and most stirring events of the Revolution. It breathes the very spirit of courage, patriotism, and heroism, and seems to quicken the pulse of admiration in the heart of every beholder. Washington, the chosen leader and guardian of his country, in that stern conflict and crisis of peril, stands erect in the boat, in the midst of floating masses of ice, with his eyes fixed on the opposite shore, with a countenance calm, firm, and with an expression of determined resolution to save his country, and revive the desponding spirit which then pervaded the public mind. The whole painting is life-like and spirit-stirring. It does the mind and heart good to contemplate it and study it; which we trust will be done by many lovers of art, and lovers of their country's history and honor.

The late Fair of the American Institute—Was highly successful and creditable to American skill and enterprize. Every year gives increasing evidence of advancement in the varied productions of the arts, agriculture and manufactures, the annual exhibition of which excite a healthful stimulus to effort and emulation in multiplying the number and quality of human comforts.

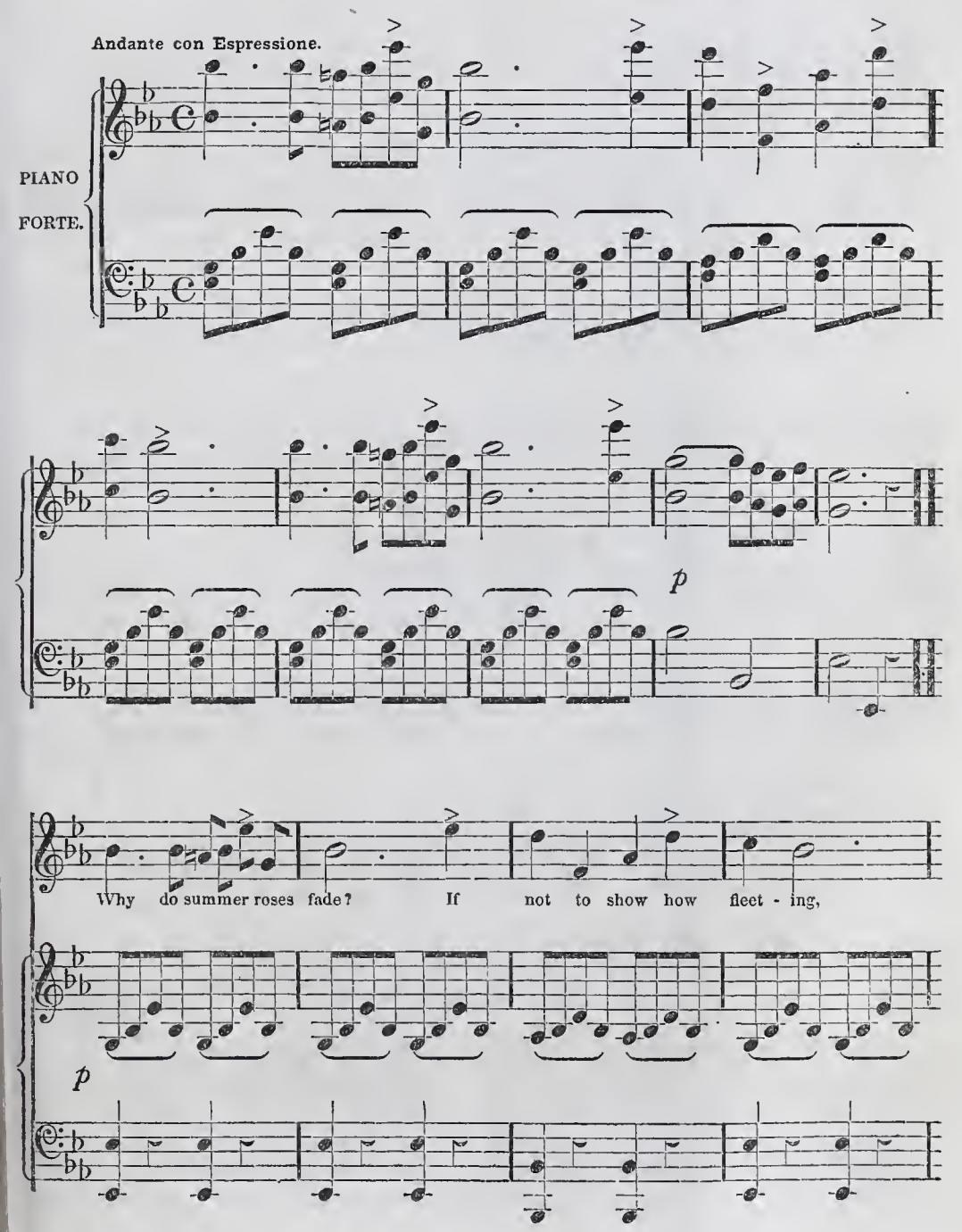
ENGRAVED BY J SARTAIN THE ORIGINAL BY A DEVERIA



STEPHEN H. TYNG, D. D.

Why do Summer Roses Fade?

WRITTEN BY J. E. CARPENTER. COMPOSED BY GEORGE BARKER.



All things bright and fair are made, To bloom awhile as if a - fraid, To

cres. . . . . . .

join our summer greeting? Or do they on - ly bloom to tell, How brief a sea - son

p

love may dwell, Or do they on - ly bloom to tell, How brief a season love may dwell?

f

Then while summer roses last,
Oh! let's be friends together,
Summer time will soon be past,
When autumn leaves around us cast,
And then comes wintry weather.
Surely as the summer day,
Friendship, too, will pass away.

But though summer roses die,
And love gives place to reason,
Friendship pass without a sigh,
And all on earth pass coldly by,
It's but a wintry season.
And friendship, love, and roses too,
The spring-time shall again renew.

THE MARTYRDOM OF POLYCARP.

BY REV. RUFUS BABCOCK, D.D.

Among the various objects which excite human admiration, few are comparable with the high achievements of man himself. In the world's history, the brightest page is filled with the record of those who have nobly dared, and nobly done, and nobly died. Perhaps it was hardly to be expected,—while obtuseness or indifference to moral distinctions was so generally prevalent,—while the moral sense was so little excercised and cultivated,—while so much disguise was intentionally cast around the purposes of the more prominent actors,—that much accuracy of just discrimination should be manifested, in meting out to each his righteous award.

The word, *martyr*, originally meant only a witness; and the corresponding derivative words had a signification equally definite and limited. In process of time, as the circumstances under which the act of witnessing became scarcely less interesting than the testimony itself, the two became combined, and, by a natural and easy transition, this adventitious idea, in the end, usurped the place of the primary. In many minds, the term, martyr, now suggest only the idea of a sufferer, not a witness. In others, the two ideas are still combined.

Towards the latter end of the second century of the Christian era, under the reign of the younger Antoninus, whose philosophy, much as it has been extolled, did not preserve him from the caprice and cruelty of becoming a persecutor of a portion of his subjects, the imperial decree for this purpose was again issued. Imagination may follow the pretorian guard, which bore this rescript from imperial Rome to her subject cities of Asia Minor. The swift galley, freighted with the deadly mandate, may be followed, as she swept her proud course along the shores of classic Greece, and, threading her way between the smiling islands of the Archipelago, entered a long winding bay, upon its eastern boundary. As the evening sun gilded its peaceful waters, how little in harmony with the murderous purposes of that noble galley are all the surrounding objects! At the head of that bay, on the declivity of a mountain, running down to its very shore, there then stood (and still stands, after destruction ten times repeated) the city of Smyrna, the queen of Anatolia, extolled by the ancients under the title of "the lovely," "the crown of Ionia," "the ornament of Asia." "Chosen," says our countryman Stevens, who recently visited it (and whose charming volumes, depicting it and innumerable other objects of interest and instruction, who has not read?)—"chosen with that happy taste which distinguished the Greeks in selecting the sites of their ancient cities, its bold slope, which extended quite down to the bay, covered by tiers of houses rising one above another, now, but not then, interspersed with domes and minarets, the monuments of the Moslem faith; and crowned on the summit of the hill by a large and solitary castle." That galley, so deeply freighted with destruction, reaches the shores, and the officer in charge hastens to the proconsul's palace, with the bloody mandate in his hands. The next day's sun shall witness the execution of this stern decretal.

"Search out these doomed men," said this appointed executioner of Rome's authority. "In the meantime, let no means be spared, to prepare, to excite, to exasperate the minds of all the populace, against those who are to be the subjects of imperial vindictiveness. Let the Jews be embittered against the votaries of that Messiah, who is by them so much abhorred. Let the artisans, whose craft has been endangered by the deserted shrines of our temples, be invited to exterminate the sect which threatens their overthrow. Let all the inveterate, long smothered prejudice against these innovators, be now aroused and rekindled. With all these means, see to it that the love of excitement, of games and gladiatorial sports be turned in the same direction. Let the multitude be stimulated to crave fresh victims, and applaud even the most sanguinary execution of the laws." When prejudice is thus backed by unlimited power, it is easy to see with what fearful celerity such orders might be executed.

We must pass over, with slight notice, the events which transpired during the first few days of the pouring forth of this persecuting fury. Why should we dwell on the anguish and torture inflicted, by scourging the flesh, till its power of

endurance was exhausted; then stretching the mangled and swollen frames of these victims on the rough points of sea-shells, or upon the alternate heads and points of spears; then casting their gory bodies, while life yet remained, to the most voracious wild beasts? But these forms of torture, revolting and horrid as the bare mention of them may seem, were, in reality, among the mildest which their ingenuity excercised itself in applyiug to these unoffending, unresisting subjects.

One of these victims, a young mau of unusual distinction and promise, named Germanicus, was particularly eminent, as a martyr. And though the proconsul,—moved, it may be, by his youth, his noble family, and lofty bearing,—strove earnestly to persuade him to have compassion upon himself, and, by complying with the idolatrous practices required of him, save himself from the tortures and cruel death which otherwise awaited him, he hesitated not, but even irritated the wild beast which was led forth against him. Upon this "glorious death," as subsequent historians denominated it, the whole multitude, amazed at his courage, and at the fortitude of the whole race against whom this persecuting rage was directed, began with one voice to call for the aged patriarch, as a more distinguished victim than those who had already suffered. He had not, amid these scenes, presumptuously courted persecution and danger, nor did he timidly shrink from it. By the warm persuasions of his friends, he was at first induced to retire before the furious storm. But now, that the public voice thus called for him by name, and the officers came to arrest him, though a further opportunity of escape was open to him, he nobly rejected it, saying, with the spirit of willing self-sacrifice, "The will of the Lord be done," With a benevolence worthy of the disciple of him who prayed for his murderers in death, he ordered suitable refreshments to be set before those who came to arrest him. Then, when he had offered up an humble prayer,—remembering in it, with minute particularity, all that had been connected with him,—breathed forth with such fervor and humility as melted the iron-hearted soldiers who had seized him, they led him to the city. But who are these, in a chariot of state, that come to meet the venerable prisoner by the way? They are no less personages than Herod the Irenarch, or head officer of the police, with his father Nicetes. They persuade him to take his seat by their side, and with insinuating deference to his gray hairs, they strive to win him from his steadfastness of purpose. "What great harm can there be in addressing divine honors to Cæsar, and offering, at least, one grain of incense upon the Idol's altar?" At first he remained silent, and they, encouraged, renewed their solicitations. Perceiving their misconception of his feelings, with great dignity and calmness, but so firmly as utterly annihilated their hopes of success, he answered, "I shall never do what you advise me" Then they turned their flatteries to the coarsest abuse, and thrust him from their car with inhuman violence. Injured by the fall, he bore the indignity with uncomplaining meekness, and, fast as the totteriug steps of age would bear him, he hastened to the stadium. The proconsul was already there. To the question, "Who art thou?" he fearlessly replied, "I am Polycarp." The renewed attempts of this vice-regent of Rome, to induce the venerable man to swear by Cæsar, or perform some other act, incompatible with the sacred dictates of his conscience, he steadily resisted.

"Revile Christ, and swear; then will I dismiss you," said the proconsul.

Polycarp replied, "Eighty and six years have I served him, and he never did me wrong; how, then, can I now blaspheme my king that has saved me?"

The governor still continuing to urge him to swear by the genius of Cæsar, Polycarp said, "Hear my free confession: I AM A CHRISTIAN; and if you would know what Christianity is, grant me a day and listen to me."

The proconsul said, "I have wild beasts at hand; I will cast you to them unless you change your mind."

He answered, "Call them; for we have no reason to change from the better to the worse, but it is good to turn from wickedness to virtue."

Again he urged him. "I will cause you to be consumed by fire, should you despise the beasts, and not change your mind."

Polycarp answered, "You threaten fire, that burns for a moment, and is then put out; but you consider not the coming judgment, and the fire of eternal punishment, reserved for the wicked."

The Governor, astonished at his confidence,—that he not only refused to retract, but contiuued undismayed, his countenance brightening with joy,—sent forth the herald to proclaim in the middle of the stadium, "Polycarp confesses himself a Christian." This was equivalent to pronouncing the sentence of death against him; and that bloodthirsty populace, idolaters and Jews, with united vociferation, cried out, "This is the teacher of Asia, the father of Christians, who causes our gods to be forgotten, teaching the multitude neither to sacrifice nor worship them."

"Burn him alive!" "Burn him alive!" was now shouted and rëechoed through the throng. Fuel was collected from every side, with surprising avidity; their victim stood bound before them. He required no fastening to the stake, but calmly said, "He that now gives me strength, will enable me to remain unmoved, even upon the pile."

Then breathing forth an humble prayer, more full of lofty virtue and true piety than heathen philosophy ever conceived,—in which, be it remembered, his privilege of bearing witness, in this martyr death, for the truth of the religion of his Lord, was distinctly and gratefully recognised,—he was made to suffer the cruel punishment prepared for him. His brethren and fellow-disciples then gathered up his bones, and deposited them in an appropriate sepulchre.

Let us consider the elements of real greatness evinced by the true martyr. Wisdom, benevolence, self-control, a firm tenacity of purpose, which remains unshaken in most adverse circumstances, and cheerful, generous self-denial, for the accomplishment of any noble end, especially one which is widely promotive of human happiness, have pretty uniformly received the approval, as they deserve the homage and the imitation of mankind. But where else will these be found in such perfect combination and harmony, as in the character of him who bears witness for the truth, on some topic of transcendent interest and value, and who is willing to seal that testimony with his blood? He sees the truth clearly. Its value, its adaptedness to promote the happiness of those around him, is obvious to his view: and when he sees that truth assailed, its illuminating influence checked, its power and progress impeded, he is also called, it may be, to abjure it. How many opposing influences conspire to bar up his way, and turn him from the high and holy purpose of bearing his "witness of sufferings," in behalf of that truth! Self-preservation, the love of life,—that strongest of our impulsive principles,—conspires with fear of suffering, or of shame, while a temporizing expediency, which puts on the garb of prudence, joins in the effort to cause him to falter. But all these combined do not outweigh his regard to truth, and his benevolence to those who need its salutary influence. How noble, too, that exhibition of firmness, which preserves from irresolution, when motives and impulses so powerful, would incline him to hesitate! What self-control, to hush the commotion within, and, undaunted, survey the accumulated terrors without!

This spirit evinces its superiority, not only by the principles which it developes, but by the circumstances and concomitants of its exhibition. Viewed in comparison with some of the objects of highest admiration, as they are usually regarded, this claim will be made more obvious. The warrior has personal courage; but how low a rank would justice award to it, under the circumstances of its usual exercise! Maddened by a passing excitement,—lured on and sustained by the high-wrought sympathy of the hour,—almost every sense taken captive by some specious or powerful hallucination,—how little, at such a moment, is requisite to carry him onward in the current, even to the peril of life! Very little surely, more than mere animal impulse, and that not of the noblest kind. Those who have willed the contest, and who set the opposing masses in hostile motion, do not generally share the personal peril. These master-spirits, who play the desperate game of war, have long since discovered, and many of them have honestly testified, that high moral excellence is quite incompatible with those fighting qualities which are most estimable in those who are compelled to be pliant instruments of the unhallowed ambition of their master. The common soldier may sometimes think; and the sober exercise of even a few moments' reflection will be sure to unfit him for his employment. Like that private, who was observed musing in melancholy mood, after one of the bloody battles of the Peninsular war, and when asked the reason of his dejection by his commander, replied, "to think how many widows I have this day made for six pence." A score or two of such *thinking* soldiers would be more dreaded in the army or the camp, than the united influence of the most debasing vices. *These* fit men to be the supple tools of arbitrary power. Reflection throws barriers insurmountable in the way. How unlike the courage which needs such appliances and concomitants, is the heroism of the martyr! No maddening passions carry him on in thoughtless frenzy. No confused din of martial music, and the cannon's roar, with shouts, and groans, and bustling strife, make him forgetful of duty and of right, but in the calmness of the soul's collected powers, with a moral vision purified and exalted, he sees truth, immortal truth, to be more valuable than life, and nobly makes the exchange.

The philosopher may exhibit a sincere and ardent love of truth, both in its pursuit and its manifestation. But will the love of it which bears him on so serenely in the closet, and in his silent inquiries and observation,—will this rise to an adequate height to make him the suffering witness in behalf of that truth to others? How many of the amiable and distinguished votaries of Science, to whom she has unfolded her choicest arcana, and laid bare her richest gems, have, with cowardly timidity quailed before the array of deter-

mined opposition! Galileo could demonstrate the revolution of the earth; but he could not, or did not, bear an unhesitating testimony to this truth, when prejudice backed by power demanded his recantation. Nor does this case of mental or moral imbecility stand alone in its class. Under similar severity of trial, it would probably be the rule, rather than the exception. Indeed it may reasonably be doubted, whether abstract scientific truth, unconnected with the moral nature of man, has power or adaptedness to elicit, and attract to itself such a degree of benevoleuce, as the martyr spirit requires.

Statesmen may give proof of decided sagacity; their plans of goverument and their codes of laws may indicate vast and profound researches after truth, in the science of government, and high appreciatiou of its worth. But how few of them have been willing to leave their owu testimony of suffering, to carry conviction to the minds of those for whom they legislate, of their own love, ardent, strong, immovable, for "the useful, and the beautiful," which their own codes and constitutions evince! True, there have been patriots, who, for their country's cause, to promote in some way its welfare, have nobly given themselves up to death. But the number of such, especially of those who have done it in a spirit allied to martyrdom, is exceedingly small. For, assuredly, by no fair construction, can we include in this number those who take arms of offence, and wield them for the destruction of their fellow men. Hopes of personal success, and of consequent domination, the spirit of self-aggrandizement, and in fine, the low, base aims of mercenary warfare, are generally the preponderating elements in the character of your fighting patriots. The true martyr never dies with arms in his hand, for the plain reason, that the most successful battle can uever settle a disputed matter of right. As Newton said of a fine poem, "it proves uothing." Nor can it be made to occupy the place of testimony for the truth.

ROSABEL.

BY WILLIAM OLAND BOURNE.

My Rosabel was bright and fair,
How bright and fair was she!
An angel was my Rosabel,
An angel fair to me!

Her eye was like a fount of light
That in the azure shone,
So clear and blue, I fondly dreamed
Of light when she was gone.

Her golden ringlets fell in waves
Of gently moving curls,
While ruby lips but half concealed
A queenly set of pearls.

Her voice was like a wind-touched harp,
Hung 'mid the perfumed flowers,
When golden eve's soft whispering breeze
Makes melody for hours.

She had a light and airy step,
And moved with matchless grace,
Her footsteps on the gossamer
Would scarcely leave a trace.

She seemed to all as e'er to me,
A gentle, meek-eyed dove,
Whose hand with lustrous jewels shone—
The pearly deeds of love.

Her heart was pure as morning light,
A gushing, sparkling spring,
Where dwelt a spirit musical,
That never ceased to sing.

And I, in many a sleeping hour,
And many a waking dream,
Have tinted pictures of my joy
That still unfading seem.

My Rosabel was bright and fair,
How bright and fair was she!
An angel was my Rosabel,
An angel fair to me.

But such too early pass away,
They seem not long for earth;
They fade, and find a purer home,
In climes where they have birth.

When first we saw the paling cheek,
And watched her changing eye,
We could not make our hearts believe
That Rosabel could die.

And I—No! let the secret keep
Its sorrow in my breast;
I could not think that we must part
When she lay down to rest.

She passed as autumn passed away,
And faded like a flower,
To leave my heart as desolate
As our own cherished bower.

Her lovely spirit passed away,
To heaven's unsighing sphere,
And left me sorrowing, here to wait
My sadly closing year.

And when I think of Rosabel,
My pictures come again,
So filled with life, I think I see
And hear her now, as then.

How bright and fair is Rosabel!
How bright and fair is she!
An angel is my Rosabel—
In heaven she waits for me.

ONE OF THE GRACES.

"The greatest of these is Charity."

"Please, cook," said Mrs. Fleming's housemaid, as she entered the kitchen with the tea-things, "Miss Marion wishes you to boil some calves-foot jelly to-night for poor Mrs. Eastlake. Mistress said you might, and you are to get a calves' foot directly."

Such a rattle and clatter of fire-irons ensued on the issue of this mandate, that there was no doubt in the world what view cook took of the matter; and when the rattle and clatter of the tongs, &c., had subsided, there began a scarcely more pleasant sound, the noise of an angry woman's tongue.

"I go and get a calves' foot! not I. I boil calves'-foot jelly at this time of night! Miss Marion must be crazy. Well, for my part, I think charity should begin *at home*. There's no charity to me in ordering me to slave here after jelly when my day's work has been hard enough."

"Cook, the woman is very bad, and she longs so for jelly, and to be sure you are too kind-hearted to make a trouble of making it," said the milder-spirited housemaid.

"I shan't go for the foot at any rate, and the boy is gone, so how the jelly is to be made, I don't see," said cook, who accordingly sate herself down resolutely to mend her stockings.

A pale, gentle-looking girl was the witness of this scene, and a very observant witness too. She was a dress-maker, and had just come to receive some new spring dresses from the Misses Fleming, with orders to finish them, without fail, by Saturday night. It was now Wednesday evening; the dresses, three in number, were to be flounced nearly to the waist; but young ladies who are very charitable in broth making and almsgiving, sometimes forget that dress-makers' eyes ache, and that their backs grow weary, and that, in fact, they are the veriest slaves that toil for their hard-earned bread; but let them pass. Kate Hall was sitting to rest for a few minutes before commencing her walk homewards, when the conversation just recorded took place.

"Did you say that poor Mrs. Eastlake was ill?" said Kate to the housemaid. "Dear me, and those little children! What is it that is the matter with her?"

"Why, she got about too soon after her confinement," said the housemaid, "took cold, and neglected it, and now she has had inflammation of the lungs, and has been given over; but to-day she is a little better, and the doctor has given her leave to have some jelly, and the young ladies, when they were out visiting their district to-day saw her, and came home and gave orders about the jelly, as I told cook. Poor creatures, it is so melancholy to see the three little children, one a baby too, with no one, as we may say, to look after them. I went there yesterday, and it was quite heart-breaking."

All this time cook was industriously darning, but showed no signs of going to the butcher's for the foot, and as the housemaid could not be spared, because there were visitors, Kate considered, and considered truly, that Mrs. Eastlake stood a poor chance of her jelly. Hastily, therefore, bidding the servants good night, the young dress-maker departed. She did not leave her bundle of muslin, for her mind was not quite made up. She, therefore, toiled all the way up the long hill which led from the Flemings' door with her troublesome burden of dresses, and she stood at the top of the hill awhile hesitating whether to take the turn which led to her home, or to go to the butcher's for the calves' feet. She was not very strong—few dressmakers' girls are—but she thought of those weaker and more suffering than herself, and the resolution was taken. To the butcher's she went. The butcher stood at his door enjoying the haling air of the summer's evening, and amusing himself with the gossip and the talk of the busy village street. Business was over, and he did not look particularly amiable at having to turn in for the foot. However, on hearing it was for Mrs. Fleming, he rather changed his tone, and presented it to Kate, as butchers usually present meat, without any paper or wrapping whatever.

"Can you send it?" said Kate, kindly; "I am not going back."

"Can't send it to-night," said the butcher, "can't indeed. My boy is gone home, and my man and the horse are out. You had best take it, young woman, if they want it to-night."

So poor Kate had to go and leave her bundle down at the baker's, an acquaintance of hers, and to borrow a little basket of the baker's wife, and

then to toil back again to Mr. Fleming's house, weary and hot and breathless, just as the cook, with a face as hot as her own, though from another cause, was proceeding on the errand herself. Cook, although irascible, was not bad-hearted, and she thanked her very warmly. The circumstance was related to the young ladies by the housemaid, and a few commendations were bestowed on "the *obliging* girl." Thus they termed her self-denying act of charity. Yes, *charity!* Think you that the recording angel set down the Misses Fleming's gift, which cost them nothing but an easily-spared coin, under the head of charity, and took no note of the self-denial of the young dressmaker, in an act for which she neither received nor expected human applause?

The jelly went to Mrs. Eastlake the next morning. The ladies' charity and goodness were extolled by the neighors. Kate sate at her dress-making, and thought. Of what did she think? —that pale, industrious little creature. Not of the gay colors of the lilac muslin, with a wish that she owned such a dress; not of the money which she was to receive, and which should buy her something almost as good, and, made in the same fashion, would look quite as pretty. Oh no, Kate was not thinking of herself; she was remembering the poor mother on her sick bed, and revolving in her mind some means to help her. She did not know much of Mrs. Eastlake, but she was her fellow-creature, she was in sickness and necessity, and that was quite enough for Kate. Kate Hall had heard a sermon on charity a few Sundays before (and so had the Misses Fleming by-the-by), which very much impressed her. She thought then, as she looked on the minister, with her blue, earnest, thoughtful eyes. "Ah, if *I* could but be charitable! but I am a poor girl. *I* can't give away money, and *I* have no time to visit sick people. I cannot be charitable." Soon, however, she thought differently as he expounded the true meaning of the words, and she began to hope that in some respect she might be an imitation, though an humble one, of Him who was kind and good to all.

Kate really loved the Saviour, I should tell you, and thus she was prepared to exercise that charity which never faileth, which hopeth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things. One remark of the preacher's struck her very much—I am not sure that the Misses Fleming heard it; Kate did, I know—that true charity never existed where there was no *self-denial*. Charity, does not consist in almsgiving merely. The Christian charity of which the apostle speaks, has a far wider, nobler meaning. It does not necessarily require any self-denial to give money to a society, or to relieve the necessities of a poor neighbor. There may be much money given, and little charity in such ways, but it sometimes requires considerable self-denial to withhold an unkind or a slanderous suggestion about another, and truly it demands much of the spirit of Christ to hope all things, and to believe all things. Where can we find morality so pure and elevated as that of the gospel of Jesus Christ?

As Kate sat sewing, a thought came into her heart that she could help Mrs. Eastlake—she would at all events try; and so her nimble fingers worked away, and she felt as bright and happy as only good charitable thoughts can make us. How the Misses Fleming would have laughed to hear Kate, the dress-maker that they patronized, called *charitable;* she that only earned enough by her hard labor to supply the wants of herself and a crippled sister, with whom, and the God she loved, she was left alone in a world that had not dealt very kindly with them. She had only lately set up as dress-maker for herself. When her mother died a few months previously, she found that she could no longer retain her situation at Mrs. Tavenor's, the principal dress-maker of the little country town, and, therefore, resolved to trust to her own exertions at home for a scanty maintenance, and to nurse and tend her dear sister Bertha.

The love of those two sisters was enough to make a paradise, even of their little lodging. The poor feeble cripple, who had lain five years, suffering under a hopeless spinal disease, just able to do a little of the lightest of the sewing if Kate were very busy, was a kind, happy Christian. Kate had lately, very lately, begun to follow in her sister's footsteps, and now they were going hand in hand to heaven. She that was so weak and frail in body, that she needed to be lifted daily from her bed to her couch, was the strong, hopeful christian, and the counsellor and strength of her darling sister, Kate.

And now you must fancy Bertha as she lay watching her industrious sister. She often watched her, but the quick eye of her love—(Bertha's sickness had not made her selfish)—the quick eye of her watchful love saw that there was something on Kate's mind

"Kate, what are you thinking of?" Kate started.

"Of poor Mrs. Eastlake."

"Are you? and so have I been thinking of her ever since daylight, Kate. Don't you think, dear, we might help her?"

"Sure enough, Bertha, my darling, I long to help her; but see my work, how can I be spared? Here are all these dresses to finish by Saturday,

"But *could* we not do without the money, Katy?"

Kate laughe

"Well, Bertha, we very likely *must* do without the money whether I take the dresses home or no; but the Misses Fleming won't do without their dresses, I fear."

Bertha paused.

"Yet the Misses Fleming are such good young ladies, go about so much amoug the poor; surely they would wait; and I have set my mind, Kate, on your running over to see this poor woman. She has a thoughtless husband, I know; she is almost a stranger here, too, and has no friends; so do, dear sister, leave your work; there, I can pipe that flounce; run off dear, do; I want nothing; go, there's a dear sister."

Kate's bonnet was soon on. "The running over" was literally more than half a mile, for Mrs Eastlake lived at the extreme end of the village. She had only lately come to settle in S——, where her husband, a thoughtless, and some said, an idle man, had obtained a situation as gardener. They were not so very poor as they were friendless. Mrs. Eastlake had known better days, and passed with her bad neighbors as "very high." Be that as it may, she found, that on a sick bed, she had no one to come and smooth her pillow for *love's* sake; and, oh, what worse desolation can there be?

The Misses Fleming having heard of her sickness had visited her very kindly, had given her plenty of advice, such as to put out her children to nurse, which would have been all very well, only, that putting children out to nurse costs money, and Mrs. Eastlake had but little money. They told her she ought to have a regular nurse, and not to depend on the litte ignorant servant girl. Good advice too, but money, money again. An old lady, a neighbor, had come in as frequently in the course of the day as she was able, and the girl of sixteen did as well as girls of sixteen usually do, but that was only moderately, it must be confessed. The Misses Fleming talked a great deal, but, with the exception of sendiug the jelly, did very little. The case was rather puzzling to them: money was not so much wanted as help, such as they could not or did not render.

Charity is not a loquacious virtue by any means. It is a quiet but active, thoughtful but effective angel. It was nearer Mrs. Eastlake's pillow than she imagined when Kate, the poor dressmaker, stepped in. She had no money in her purse; no jelly, nor blanc-mange, nor wine in her basket, but she had kindness in her voice, love in her expression, self-denial and benevolence in her heart, as she entered Mrs. Eastlake's cottage. Two little children were playing in the garden, unwashed, uncombed, fretful, and quarrelling; the baby of about two months old lay in its cradle, breathing hard, in one of those heavy slumbers, obtained as the slumbers of poor people's children too often are, by sleeping drugs.

Jane, the servant-maid, with her hair all streaming down behind, and twisted up in curl-papers before, was cooking, or trying to cook, at the dirty dusty grate. The husband was out at work, and Kate's visit was most seasonable. There was no occasion for ceremony; Mrs. Eastlake saw in a moment that Kate's motive in coming to see her was one of true charity, not of common curiosity, and from that moment they were not strangers. Kate now proceeded to smooth the pillows, to lay the miserable dirty covering straight, and resolved in her mind that she would bring a pair of her own coarse clean sheets that night. She then sponged the sufferer's face with warm water, all noiselessly, quietly (Kate had had sad experience in sick-nursing), and after making the room as tidy as she could in a first visit, without appearing to take liberties, she went down stairs and spoke to the children. They were more difficult to set to rights than the sick-room. However, she told the maid to wash the two elder, and this being, after considerable screaming, accomplished, she asked the poor mother's permission to take them home with her for a few hours. Now, mark, there was more of the principle of true charity here, than in going without a meal. Kate did not feel disposed to take charge of two turbulent children under five years of age. She had her fears, moreover, that they might annoy her precious Bertha; but she saw that this was likely to relieve the mother more materially than anything else, and accordingly she did it. It was now two o'clock, and she dare not stay, she said, for fear Bertha should want anything; so taking the two little creatures by the hand, who were pleased enough with the change, they proceeded homewards.

It seemed almost a hopeless task to help Mrs. Eastlake, so at least thought Kate, as she toiled this hot summer afternoon up the weary hill, which led to their humble lodging.

Bertha had wanted nothing, she said, but she looked pale with her exertion in sewing, and Kate felt condemned for bringing the children; but Bertha loved little children. Most good, gentle, Christ-like persons do. How can we look coldly on those whom the Saviour blessed? So whilst Kate got the dinner ready—and there was

not much preparation in that—Bertha called the little ones to her couch, and amused them by stories, and then by letting them have the gay snips of the lilac muslin to play with, and the pincushion to fill with pins, which kept them quite amused, and Kate never admired her sick sister more in her life than now. An *unselfish* invalid is a beautiful and an admirable rarity. Bertha was such an one.

Kate was a little anxious, a little flurried, and Bertha had again to cheer her.

"What now, Katy dear? Be quick and dine, and you shall sew very hard, and I will amuse the children, and then you will have time before night to run over, and make Mrs. Eastlake comortable for the night."

"But the dresses, Bertha?"

At this moment, Miss Fleming came in.

"Oh, Miss Hall, I only called to say, I hope you won't fail to let us have our dresses on Saturday night, in *good* time. We thought you seemed rather doubtful."

"Indeed, Miss Fleming, I am," said Kate. "I don't like to promise if I have any doubt, and I do fear I shall not get them all done. Those flounces, Miss, take so much time."

"But we *must* have them," said Miss Fleming, with rather more asperity than exactly became a "sister of charity." "If you cannot undertake them, I must take one of them to Mrs. Tavenor," but, remembering Mrs. Tavenor's high charges, she added, "Oh, I shall *quite* expect them."

"Miss Fleming," said Bertha kindly, "could you not give us until Tuesday? They shall be finished well, and certainly by that time, but I do not think it is possible to get them done before unless we get assistance, and that, you know," here Bertha blushed, "takes from our profit. We could not make you dresses at the price we do if we hired help."

Miss Fleming, however, was obdurate, and Kate therefore gave the reluctaut promise.

The children were taken home at seven, happy and clean. The clean sheets were on the sufferer's bed; the poor baby taken to a married friend of Kate's, a poor woman, but a kind one, who gave the little pining, exhausted creature, the food it needed from her own motherly bosom.

"I will keep it for the night, Kate," she said, as she saw how the babe had nestled down and slept. "It is only the same as having twins for a while, John," said she to the husband, who looked a little anxious, not grudgingly, but he feared for the fatigue of his young wife.

The warm bath and the motherly touch, and careful tender treatment, told on the infant before long, and Kate ran with the good news to Mrs. Eastlake, that baby was fast asleep at one end of the cradle, and her friend's little Fanny at the other. Mrs. Eastlake slept better that night than for many a preceding one.

"It is twelve o'clock, Katy dear," called Bertha from her little room; "come, come to bed."

"Not yet, Bertha. It is ouly by sittiug up all night that I can fiuish my work by any possibility. Go you to sleep, dear, for what shall I do, Bertha, if you are worse?"

Morning dawned, and still the young girl sat and sewed. The Misses Fleming slept; and the next day they were out again, blithe, healthy, and refreshed, visiting their sick poor district as usual, and passing for young ladies who did a great deal of good.

Now it is a question whether this visiting of the poor involved any self-denial with the Misses Fleming. To be sure, if the cottages were very dirty, they soon bustled out, and bought a bottle of lavender water of the chemist without delay; but there was little very squalid poverty that came under their notice; and if the day were fine (when it was very wet they did not go out), it was rather a pleasant occupation for them twice a week. Do not misunderstand me; I would not detract from the advantage and propriety of such efforts amongst the poor; but I want you to see how far we may perform such acts in the sight of men, and yet in the sight of God we may be verily wanting. The Misses Fleming could not know that Kate would have to sit up all night long to work at dresses, without which they could have done perfectly well. But why did they not? Ignorance in such a case was a sin, because they might have known. Who that looks on a fashionably-made dress but *must* know that the work which it contains has cost close, hard labor; and that to press for an article of apparel within a given time, just to gratify a whim of vanity, is barbarous cruelty. It is a fault of heart, believe me—a want of kind consideration and charity, for which no alms giving in the world can atoue in His sight whose standard of love is, "that ye love one another *as* I have loved you." Oh, for more of that charity which never faileth: which, amongst the "all things" that it endureth, is content to deny itself for another's self!

"Well, Mrs. Eastlake, how nice and comfortable you look this morning," said the Misses Fleming, as they entered the sick-room where the weary girl had already been; "you have got a nurse at last, I hope."

"I have indeed, Miss, but a nurse who comes for love, not for pay."

"Who?"

"Kate Hall, Miss Fleming."

"Kate Hall, our dressmaker! I did not know you knew her."

"I did not, Miss, but I know her now. She came all of her own free will, twice yesterday, and again to-day; got a friend of hers to take my poor baby; kept the children all day yesterday. Oh you don't know what she has done for me!"

The Misses Fleming were young; they knew but little of human nature, and it seemed to them that Mrs. Eastlake's gratitude almost exceeded the obligation; but they did not say so.

Saturday night came, and at eight o'clock a ring at the bell animated the young ladies, one and all. Mary Anne, the housemaid, entered with the dresses. They were fitted at once, and pronounced to "set admirably." Mary Anne still waited.

"Miss Hall hopes, Miss, you will excuse her for asking you to pay her to-night, but she would be very thankful for the money."

"We will call and pay her on Monday," said Miss Marion; "she can't do anything with the money on Sunday, I suppose."

Kate had to struggle for a few moments, but charity triumphed, and I am not sure but that this was the noblest triumph of all. The "charity that never faileth" was that cherished by the Halls. Poor Mrs. Eastlake's illness was lingering and trying enough to test any impulsive or fitful kindness. The Misses Fleming sent wine and jelly now and then, but their visits were less frequent. She did not seem to care for them, they said, and there was no doing any thing to help her, poor thing! Kate thought otherwise; often would she take her work, and sit by the lonely bed-side, cheering her with pleasant tones and hopeful words, correcting her errors, and often reading to her in her long-neglected Bible, till at length the poor creature's heart was opened, and she understood the Scriptures, and received the word with joy. But she faded with the autumn leaves, and scarcely had her new life begun on earth than she was taken from the evil to come into the safety and blessedness of heaven. Who shall say that Kate's mission was a tiny one?

The hour is twilight, the autumn mist is chilling, and few persons are abroad—few but those who, like the little dressmaker, have to toil for their daily bread. She has just left the Fleming's house with her load of dresses to alter, and to make, and to modernize, and is thinking of a happy evening with her dear Bertha, and the book that Bertha is to read, when she feels her dress pulled, and looking round sees the face of an old acquaintance, but so altered, so haggard, that until she speaks she does not fully recognise her. It was Anne, an old companion of hers at Mrs. Tavenor's, who had left her employer two years before to take a situation as lady's maid, and of whom Kate had heard a very moderate account, so much so that she shrank from her.

"Do not shrink from me, Kate, it is my only hope. I am come to you, the best friend I ever had. I am humble now; I am, indeed. I have no character, no home, no friends but you and Bertha. Give me a hearing to-night, Kate Hall, and the blessing of her who is ready to perish will sound in your ears."

Poor Kate! she still shrank and hurried on; but Anne followed with all the desperation of her sorrow, and they reached the lodgings. Happily, the landlady, a very good sort of woman, (so called), but of a very *hard* kind of goodness, was out, and Anne pressed eagerly in, and was soon in the little parlor. Bertha, whose face was not to the door, was hearing little Susy Eastlake say her evening prayer, before sending her home with the kind woman, who, it may be recollected, took care of the infant, and who now took charge of the three motherless children. They stood still to listen; Bertha looked, as she always did, calm, placid, and happy, but paler than usual by the lighted fire, and the little light-haired girl who knelt by her couch was just saying as they entered, "Forgive us our trespasses *as* we forgive them that trespass against us." Anne sobbed aloud, and Bertha looked up.

It was not a strange tale, that of the poor, homeless, motherless, hopeless girl. It was a sad story, but, alas! not an uncommon one. Love of dress and gayety had, in the first instance, induced Anne Forster to leave her honest calling, and to take the tempting situation of lady's-maid in a gay and worldly family. Her conduct there had been light and giddy. She had made bad acquaintances—had deceived her employer, and was at length dismissed in disgrace, with a general charge of flighty and unbecoming conduct, quite sufficient to prevent her obtaining another situation. And now she was come to her native village, with a faint hope that those who had known her in her better days would take compassion on her now; but oh, none so disbelieving in her profession of penitence as the inhabitants of S——. "They wondered at her thinking of such a thing as that they should recommend her!" Mrs. Tavenor shut the door in her face; Mrs. Fleming's housemaid told her not to dare to come any more; she had heard enough of her doings. And it was only Kate of whom she had any hope—Kate and her sister.

The two sisters heard her story. It was evident that she had been wrong, giddy, and flighty,

but she longed to alter; she said so, at least, and their charity believed it. How meekly and like a child she listened to the faithful Bertha; and with folded hands and an humble heart, sate shrinking from *them* now as one unfit to approach those pure and pious women. They made her no promises, but they did not spurn her. They procured her a bed at an old neighbor's, and spoke words of kindness and hope, giving her the gospel message of reconciliation, you may be sure—and then they knelt down and prayed, and hoped for Anne. Theirs was the charity, you know, that hopeth all things. What had they in their power to do for this poor girl? Not much, it is true, but they did what they could. They gave her employment—for their business was steadily increasing, and they often needed help. They gave her counsel and instruction, and encouraged her by a little judicious notice to redeem the character for steadiness and propriety that she had lost.

Years afterwards, Mrs Tavenor's business was taken by Kate Hall, and the best assistant in her work-room was Anne, the all but lost Anne.

THE GREATEST OF THESE IS CHARITY.

BUNKER HILL AND CALVARY.

BY REV. C. G. CLARKE.

Bunker Hill is among the household words of Americans. It occupies a prominent place among our most cherished ideas. Its enunciation wakes up the gushing emotions of the soul. Nor will it cease to be the centre of precious recollections, while earth rolls and patriotism lives.

It is right and proper that it should be so; for there commenced the mighty struggle for right—*for nationality.* The painful events, which there transpired, were harbingers of the final and glorious results of the conflict. The foundations of our national temple—the temple of liberty—were there laid and cemented with blood. Yes, the choicest blood of the land was there poured out like water. The sacrifice for freedom and right was there laid upon the altar. From that spot, and from that fearful hour, sprang into existence a nation—a nation destined by Heaven, we trust, to do more for the renovation, the salvation, of the world, than any other on the footstool.

Already it has done wonders, in opening the eyes of the masses, long under the crushing heel of despotism, to an acquaintance with their rights. It will—it must—do more. We shall bear the torch-light of liberty, and the more precious light of religion, to all the down-trodden and benighted, throughout the earth. Surely, then, Bunker Hill is a mighty word.

But there is another hill more blessed than that. Up Calvary, the well-beloved son of God toiled, bearing his cross. There he suffered and groaned and died. How much more precious was the sacrifice, there offered up, than the other! The sacrifice was laid upon the altar of love—not of country or of friends—but of enemies. Nor was it offered amid the thunder and havoc of war, but the more fearful rockings of earth, the shakings of the temple's foundations, and the rending of its veil. There the powers of darkness were defeated.

Hence, the mighty Conqueror arose, leading captivity captive, procuring gifts for man. There was achieved our liberty; liberty to draw nigh to God; liberty to devote ourselves to the service of Heaven; liberty to worship our Maker without hinderance or restraint; liberty to hope. There was laid a sure foundation, on which rests the temple of truth, which is to rise glorious and eternal—whose top-stone is to be brought forth in heaven, "with shoutings of grace, grace unto it." What rich blessings cluster around Calvary! Rich in present enjoyment—rich in future anticipations. Yes, the story of Calvary is to be told on every hill-top and valley of earth. It is to pour consolation into myriads of souls, in their final struggle—turning "the shadow of death into the morning." It will be the inspiration of the eternal song,

MAN'S EXTREMITY, GOD'S OPPORTUNITY.

BY REV. JONATHAN BRACE.

This sentiment has become a proverb, and like most proverbs, is founded in truth. It is a *fact* that divine intervention may be expected in behalf of man, and more especially in behalf of *the friends of God*, when *necessity* calls for it.

> "Just in the last distressing hour
> The Lord displays delivering power;
> The mount of danger is the place
> Where we shall see surprising grace."

Of the truth of this familiar apothegm, it is not difficult to find illustrations.

Look at the Israelites in Egypt. They were ground down by oppression, and "sighed by reason of hard bondage." A season came, however, when the cruelty exercised against them became extreme,—when they were not only forced to labor, but their very offspring were doomed to die. When this season came, when murder took off the infants, and threatened to extirpate the seed through whom the promised Shiloh was to come,—*then*, the Lord "showed himself to Moses in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush," and commissioned and endowed him to be the triumphant champion of his abused people.

The Israelites went up harnessed out of Egypt. Pharaoh, repenting of his permission to let them go, "made ready his chariot, took six hundred chosen chariots," and his mighty men of valor, and followed in close pursuit. Nothing however is done on the part of God, till there seems but a step between his people and destruction. When they had reached the Red Sea, which lay as an impassable barrier before them, when mountains rugged and high prevented their escape on either side, and the hosts of the tyrant thirsting for blood were hard upon their backs, then it was, that the salvation of the Lord was shown. "And the Lord said unto Moses, Lift up thy rod, and stretch out thine hand over the sea and divide it, and the children of Israel shall go on dry ground through the midst of the sea. And the Lord said again unto Moses, Stretch out thine hand over the sea, that the waters may come upon the Egyptians, upon their chariots and their horses." And he did so; the sea returned to its strength, overwhelming all the hosts of Pharaoh, so that there remained not so much as one of them!

Jehovah had declared that "the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head." His advent was looked for with interest. Types, shadows, and emblems, prefigured and betokened his coming; yet century after century rolled away, and no Messiah! But when the darkest hour had arrived, when the world was crowded with idols, "when reason, tired and blind," could do nothing for the relief of man, and philosophy nothing,—when Satan, besides possessing the souls of mankind, had begun to claim their bodies also as his, when the sceptre had departed from Judah, the law-giver from between his feet, when the Jews were slaves to the Romans, and Herod an Edomite, king; then, He comes; then the

> "Star of the east,—the horizon adorning,
> Guides where the infant Redeemer is laid."

Christ entered into a ship, and his disciples followed him. While the sun shone clear, the winds were favorable, the motions of the ship easy, and the waves curled gently around her, their Master "was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow." But when there arose a great tempest, insomuch that the billows beat violently, covered the ship, and threatened to ingulf him and them; then he arose, and rebuked the winds and the sea, "and there was a great calm."

The Apostle Peter is apprehended, thrust into prison, and delivered to four quaternions of soldiers to keep him. There he remains, though "prayer is made unceasing by the church unto God for him,"—until the night previous to his contemplated execution. When that crisis came,—the very night before, by a decree of Herod, he was to be brought forth,—brought forth that his enemies might make him a public victim to their rage, put him to death like a wild beast for their entertainment; then, an angel finds his way to him in the gloomy dungeon, and light shines in upon the darkness, and his fetters fall off, and the iron gate leading into the city openeth of its own accord, and Peter is free!

At the commencement of the Christian dispensation, the wrath of the wicked waxed hot against the church; but when this wrath was the hottest, when that barbarous persecutor Dioclesian was so confident of the success of his measures to annihilate the church, as to cause pillars to be erected with the inscription, "*Deleta superstitione Christiana*,"—the Christian superstition is destroyed,—her deliverance under Constantine the Great was just at hand. Constantine succeeded Dioclesian.

After the decease of Constantine, the church suffered severely under the Roman pontiffs. But when truth was adulterated, virtue driven to cloisters, and piety had almost become extinct,—when the grave of spiritual Religion was dug, and she, to human appearances, was about to descend into it, the Lord raised up Luther, and kindred minds and hearts of zeal and courage, who infused into her precious body, vitality and strength. When the Dominican Tetzel was peddling his indulgences in the streets of Wittenberg, the Scarlet Lady throned upon the hills was in her glory, and then it was that she received a wound, from which she has never recovered, and we pray may never recover.

And just previous to our Saviour's second coming, we have reason to think that Zion will be wrapped about with the blackest clouds. "When the Son of man cometh,"—was the significant interrogatory of Christ,—"when the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?" That is,—religion will be at a low ebb; believers in him be very few. Yet, at this juncture, when the gospel shall be trampled upon, scoffers cry "where is the promise of his coming?" and when the torrent of iniquity shall seem to be bearing down all before it,—Gog and Magog, in the plenitude of their strength and fury,—"the earth corrupt before the Lord, and the earth filled with violence;" then, too, shall "the Lord arise, and his enemies be scattered!"

Other illustrations of the fact,—that "Man's extremity is God's opportunity,"—it were easy to produce. But these may suffice. Jehovah *does* appear in behalf of men, and especially in behalf of *his people*, in times of despondency and distress.

If we are asked *why* He proceeds upon this principle? several reasons may be assigned. His attributes are hereby glorified;—His attributes of wisdom, power, compassion, goodness, forbearance, and long suffering. His attribute of *wisdom*. It displays superior wisdom to devise means for the removal of *great* difficulties. He is the most learned and skillful physician who can master the most violent and dangerous diseases. And when matters have reached such a pass that all which *human* knowledge can do is unavailing, God manifests *his* wisdom by a successful interposition. When informed by a messenger of the sickness of his friend Lazarus, "Christ abode two days still in the same place where he was." Not because he did not love Lazarus, but because he would glorify himself in raising him from the dead. In bringing the counsels of the heathen to nought, and making the devices of the prudent of none effect; in turning wise men backwards, and circumventing the crafty designs of the arch apostate, he makes a signal illustration of his wisdom.

His attribute of *power*. The weaker his Church, and the more energetic and malignant her enemies, the mightier that arm which upholds the Church, and conquers these enemies. Hence, when in the case of Pharaoh's hosts, who, breathing out threatening and slaughter against Israel, cried, "I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil; I will draw my sword, I will devour them:" God blew with his wind and the sea covered them, and they sank as lead in the mighty waters; he eminently glorified his power. And very natural was the exclamation of the redeemed Jews, as they beheld horses and riders submerged in the waves, and their carcases driven upon the shore,—"The Lord is a man of war, the Lord is his name, the Lord is our strength."

His attributes of *compassion* and *goodness*. It is the part of compassion and goodness to relieve distress; and the deeper the distress the greater the mercy. When the Church faints; when friends are far from her, and sighs are wrung from her, then the kindness of her covenant God appears. A brother is born for adversity; and so is a father; and when neither can assuage misery, then the pity and benevolence of Jehovah appear in taking us up; and he often waits till then that he may be impressively gracious unto us. "I will heal thee of thy wounds," said he, to Zion, "because they called thee an outcast, saying this is Zion, whom no man seeketh after."

His attributes of *forbearance* and *long suffering*. He shows that he cherishes no malicious feelings towards the creatures he has made, and though they do wickedly, that he is willing to be patient, and grant them space for repentance. Not till the cup of iniquity is quite full, is the struggling bolt of justice loosed, and sent abroad on its mission. Not, sometimes, till the question arises whether his people shall be destroyed, or their foes destroyed, does He destroy the latter.

Further,—by acting upon this principle,—a spirit of prayer and supplication is awakened.

We naturally rely upon our own resources,—dislike to be laid under obligations to another, and are disposed to resort to numerous expedients before supplicating aid. Hence the little prayer that ascends from our earth—for prayer is the breath of want. It is an humble confession of self-impotence, an extorted acknowledgment of another's superior ability. But in man's extremity, he calls upon God, and those who are wont to invoke Him, then invoke Him with increased fervor and importunity. When did the childreu of Israel cry unto the Lord? When "they lifted up their eyes, aud beheld the Egyytians marching after them, and were sore afraid." When did the disciples cry—"Lord save us, we perish?" When a storm of wind came down upon the lake. When did Peter pray? When he saw the heavy swell of the sea, and was beginning to sink. When was the Psalmist most earnest in his pleadings in behalf of himself and friends? When enemies came in upon him and them like a flood. "Have mercy upon us, O Lord," is his cry,—"have mercy upon us,—for we are exceedingly filled with contempt." It is in the hour of perplexity and distress, when men's hearts are failing for fear, and for the looking of those disasters which may befal them,—it is then, that, like the mariners bound with Jonah for Tarshish, they "arise and call upon God;" and since Jehovah enjoins prayer as a duty, and would encourage it, He often brings the children of men into straits, that so they may feel the necessity of it, and appreciate the value of it.

He acts likewise upon this principle, to increase the confidence of his people in him.

Beholding how they have beeu rescued and sustained in six troubles, they may feel confident that they will be borne triumphantly through the seventh. Hence, David, when remonstrated with against exposing himself to the might and fury of the gigantic Goliah, properly replied—"The Lord, who delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine." And when the Church marks how signally she has been saved, when wofully sunk, she may feel "strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might." As Abraham could not but confide in God, that he would take care of Isaac, after that He had redeemed him from the knife and the flames, by the intervention of the lamb caught in the thicket, so the spiritual children of Abraham may learn from the repeated deliverances of the Church from the ferocious passions of those who would exterminate her, that "Jehovah is in the midst of her, and she cannot be moved."

We may say, too, that such deliverances are well calculated to dishearten the enemies of Christianity. They may see, in these instances of Divine interposition, that there is a vigilant, able guardian of truth, and the friends of truth, and that it is useless to war against it and them. And were they not infatuated they would see that truth and Christiauity are impregnable,—that "there is no enchantment against Jacob, nor any divination against Israel." Like the natives who, having chased the pious captain Wilson, and having seen him plunge into the Coleroon, a stream full of alligators, and emerge safe on the opposite bank, were so struck at the hand of God in his preservation, as not to discharge their arrows but retire silent and thoughtful from the pursuit; so *they*, were they not smitten with madness and blindness of heart, would acknowledge that a Divinity is on the side of the gospel and Zion, and all endeavors to destroy either is the height of folly. "Truth crushed to earth will rise again,"—and the Church attend the funeral of all other societies. Indeed, truth and the Church will survive the general conflagration,—will rise from the ashes of the world like the fabled Phœnix, and spring upwards immortal.

The sentiment, therefore, with which we commenced our article, is founded in fact, and is happy in its bearings on God and humanity.

THE PRESS.

A MILLION tongues are thine, and they are heard
  Speaking of Hope to nations in the prime
  Of Freedom's day—to hasten on the time
When the wide world of spirit shall be stirred
With higher aims than now—when man shall call
  Each man his brother—each shall tell to each
  His tale of love—and pure and holy speech
Be music for the soul's high festival!
Thy gentle notes are heard like choral waves,
  Reaching the mountain, plain, and quiet vale;
  Thy thunder-tones are like the sweeping gale,
Bidding the tribes of men no more be slaves;
And earth's remotest island hears the sound,
That floats on ether wings the world around.

WILLIAM OLAND BOURNE.

EARLY LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

It is now some eighteen years since I was a boy, and lived in the country, yet nearly every scene that I then beheld is as fresh before me, as the events of yesterday. Those who have lived in contemplation of the works of nature in youth, rarely lose the memory of one of her charms, though after years may call them to the dusty streets and turmoil of cities. In hours of weariness, and solemn thought, the recollection of pastoral landscapes, and the free unfettered heart of youth,

> "Clothing the palpable and familiar
> With golden exhalations of the dawn,"

comes over one like "airs from heaven." Nature is a mighty healer of sorrow and wrong, and a gentle minister of goodness to those who listen to her teachings. "She speaks a various language," but always one of serenity and beauty. No storm of passion mars her divine aspect, no sorrow mingles in her manifold harmonies. Even the dark and solemn in nature leave a softening and elevating impression on the mind. The cloven peak of the mountain; the deep chasms; the thunder storm, and the illimitable sea; never jar on the most sensitive heart, though its own passions, and the miseries of mankind, are a torture and a discord. It is but the deep bass of the organ; the crash in the harmony; the shade of the picture: and, so far from depressing, lifts us above the level of mortal life and men, and we feel

> "A presence that disturbs us with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts: a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
> A motion, and a spirit that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thoughts,
> And rolls through all things."

Oh ye dwellers in the dust and noise of cities, ye weary-hearted money-getters, rich and poor, come out into the green world of nature; and bathe your souls in the living waters of beauty. There is a blue sky over the woods and fields, though you hardly ever see it for the smoke of your manufactories: you walk on hard brick pavements, but the fields are carpeted with grass, and sown with wild flowers. Look at the sickly trees that try to shade your walks, but fail miserably in the attempt; and then come out into the grand old forests of your native land. There you may rove for days in eternal twilight and coolness, breathing odors at every step; your pale cheeks will become ruddy with the rose of health; your thin frames will grow hardy and muscular, and your hearts nobler, and more divine, than they ever can be in counting-houses and gas-light. Your legers may be heavy on the Dr. side, and all good debts; but the book of nature (if I may be allowed an opinion in the matter,) is far richer, and more trustworthy. There is no bankruptcy here, not even in winter, when all is covered with snow and ice. If the fruits are gone then, and the harvests all gathered in, the woods are hung with jewels. Every man may have a private Golconda of his own, and be as rich as he (and the frost) pleases. I have no doubt, from the hearsay of others, (for I have never been blessed myself by the lady in question,) that fortune is a very pleasant thing. I should not object, as a particular favor to some friend, to receive a small annuity, say five hundred per year; but as many thousands could not keep me from the country, and rural enjoyments.

> "I care not, Fortune, what you me deny,
> You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace,
> You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
> Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
> You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
> The woods and lawns, by living streams, at eve.
> Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
> And I then toys to the great children leave;
> Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave!"

In my last paper of this title, I left myself at Hingham Hill, a juvenile: how long I remained in that beautiful place, I know not; I can remember nothing distinctly after leaving it, till we went to reside in the little town of Abington, some miles distant. There I spent some, nay, I may say all, the happiest years of my existence. I cannot do the town, or my life at that period, justice. I was a simple, happy boy there; and

many a time since I have tried to recall what I felt then, and what all children must have felt in the same circumstances; for all men are full of poetry, and wonder, and beauty, in their early years:

> "Heaven lies about us, in our infancy."

Life seemed a dream; nothing was real; or all things were lifted above reality: the dusty road that ran by the door was not a common road; the old barn was not a common barn; the cherry tree, by the stone wall, was as wonderful as if it had been guarded by the Hesperides. Everything was strange and wonderful: there was a shape in mist and cloud, a presence in the blue sky and the light of summer: every day was an epoch, every boy a friend, every little lass a sister and a sweet-heart. Childhood added to the universe

> "The light that never was on sea or land,
> The consecration, and the poet's dream."

The finest poet does no more, not often as much, as the child: the child feels, the poet describes; and happy indeed is he, if he can describe these things, and the sensations and moods to which they give birth, with sufficient distinctness, or indistinctness, as the case may require, for others to recognize them, and him, as something loved and known of old. It has always seemed to me that the poetry of dreamy sensation is the most difficult and most ethereal of all. Few men succeed in this walk of the Muses. Apollo himself seems to hold the clue.

Our cottage was by the roadside, a small, black-boarded building, which must have seen some twenty years when we moved into it. I see it before me now as plainly as the building next door, which blocks the sky from my window. One half the cottage curtain has slipped from its loop, and blows out through the open sash. An old flower-pot, crusted with moss, stands in the window. It is a rose. Up the sash steals an ambitious creeper, wild vine, morning-glory, or the common garden bean, as the case may be. A smooth block of stone, one step in height, lies in front of the door, from which a path runs through the closely-nibbled grass in the yard, to the road. From the corner of the house, on the left, a line of picket-fence forms the end of the garden wall. There, in old time, we used to have the greater part of our flowers. They were not over-choice, I fear: red and white hollyhocks, poppies, and peonies, with other like gaudy attempts in the floral way; now and then a stray rose, or a bunch of fringed pinks, but for the most part the "common people of nature." I never have been able since to bear the sight of flowers in a garden: they seem in an unnatural state there, like a party of ladies at the opera. Let me have them (both flowers and ladies) in their homes, in the woods and fields, where the dew can wash their cheeks, and the sunshine press them to its glowing lips.

Of all my early pleasures, the chiefest was to rise on a spring morning and look from my chamber window through the tufts of snow-blossomed peach trees, over the misty, fresh, soft green fields below, and beyond the neighboring farm house, on and on, till the gray woods belting the horizon barred my eager vision. The sight of a green field in spring always gives me an unutterable feeling of luxury and pleasantness. I take the landscape into my soul as a lover drinks in the image of his beloved one, and often, in after years, recall the moment that impressed it upon my memory. Not a bough is missing from the trees, not a dew-drop or daisy from the grass, and the very light and shade which then made it beautiful and peculiar, are painted eternally on the picture.

There was an old wood on the right and back of the cottage, where it made an elbow around the corner of the fields, and stretched away in a level line till it was lost in the distance. At one point the trees seemed to have shrunk together to form an aisle; for some ten or twelve feet they opened, and hardly joined their branches over the space. Spots of sunshine, moving eastward or westward, might be seen on the dead leaves which carpeted it, from morning till sunset; and when the sun went down, patches of moonlight lay there like drifts of snow. I was never weary of tramping in the leaves on holidays and after school hours: their sharp, quick rustling is a pleasant sound, and the scent which embalms the whole air exceedingly fresh and delicious. The larger boys of the town were in the habit of setting snares for partridges, though I believe none of them ever made his fortune from the sale of game. Squirrels were plenty, but exceeding shy. We used to see them occasionally scampering from branch to branch; and once or twice a day we were sure to hear some stray mastiff barking in the distance. Tradition, on such occasions, always said that he had driven one to his hole; but as he generally went home without his victim, those who prized the canine race declared it something else, and not a real squirrel. The robin redbreast used to build his nest in the pine trees; and we children loved him for the sake of the

"Babes in the Wood." I have my doubts now about that ancient feat of sextonship; but I love the robin yet, and often dream of his "red stomacher."

But perhaps the forest was more beautiful in autumn than at any other period of the year. To be sure, the flowers we used to gather through the summer were all gone, and berries were not to be had at any price; but the glory of the fading leaves amply compensated for them. I never expect to be so happy again, as when I used to walk up and down the aisles of that old forest, gazing at the illuminated leaves, which interwove like rainbows, and made a dome over my head; and under my feet it was the same: myriads and myriads of leaves, all touched and tinted with the most gorgeous hues from the palette of autumn. The most common colors in this infinite kaleidoscope were yellow and purple, running off into all shades and tints: sometimes variegated and clouded; sometimes barred and flecked; and sometimes of a single hue, blushing through all their stems and fibres. Look where I would, it was a realm of enchantment, more beautiful than a dream; and hour after hour, lapped in the most delicious dreams, I used to wander over the fallen leaves I feared to crush. I always think autumn more beautiful than winter in its effects on woodland scenery: the glittering icicles on the sleety bough remind me too much of those abominable prisms which dangle from large chandeliers; besides, when the sun melts them, they form an unpleasant reminiscence of dew.

The road, as I have already said, ran past our door, and just above the cottage on the right, for about a quarter of a mile, through the forest I have been describing. On either side the frequent rains had washed from its edges large gullies, which were generally overgrown with low bushes, plentifully sprinkled with briers; nor did they lack, among other attractions, or nuisances, as the reader is inclined to view them, a large supply of spiders, and their webs: these in some degree were forgotten and forgiven, however, for the sake of the blackberries which they surrounded. We might be seen, as we went to school in the morning, stooping over some monster vine, with black lips, when we should have been in hearing of the bell with which the mistress always rang us in. I have an indistinct memory of sundry floggings for being late, and dirty-fingered; but how could I help it, when blackberries grew by the roadside? The flowers of learning were cultivated amongst us; the three R's (reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic) highly valued in that part of New-England; but none of us could, or would resist blackberries!

Before we came to the end of the road, the woods terminated in two or three pastures, at the end of which another road branched off to the right and left: we used to hate the sight, because it led us to our old school-house; nor do I think we were at all remarkable in our dislike, since I have never been able to discover in children of later time any great love for scholastic pursuits. Between you and me, reader, I am inclined to think the whole system of modern education based upon a fallacy. Why children of a tender age should be made to sit on hard benches six hours a day, in the heat of summer, or the cold of winter, conning tasks which never can be of the slightest use to them, theoretically or practically, is more than I have ever been able to determine; nor have I ever been able to find any one who could. If we would bring gymnastics and bodily training in with some of the best of the present studies, we would be the benefactors instead of the tormentors of the juvenile classes. Again, until the curiosity of a child can be awakened and aroused, all that ever can be drilled into him will fail of its desired effect. Learning by *rote* is not learning: wisdom and stimulated memories are two different things, as the world will one day find out.

I remember that in my school-days I was generally perfect in my lessons. I could tell you the height of the Himalaya Mountains, or the width of the Amazon; the extent of the great wall of China, or the length of the Grand Lama's great toe. I was well "filed up" in the different gases, the various "*gins*" of the chemical bar, and could determine to a nicety the amount of air in a vessel which had been exhausted by an air-pump: the amount was "*nil*;" and "*nil*" have been all the advantages that I have derived from this most interesting of sciences. All that I learned at school has vanished like a morning mist, and I believe it is so with men in general. My curiosity was not stimulated as it should have been, and what I learned to-day, as a task, was forgotten to-morrow, as a pleasure. All this will be mended before many years have past, or dunces will be multiplied to an alarming extent.

I believe the old custom of teaching by women has in some degree fallen into disuse in that part of the country now. I passed by the old school some year or two ago, and saw a village pedagogue, a young sickly-looking student, in the ancient desk; but when I was a boy the school-

master was unknown there. My earliest teacher was a woman, and I hope my latest will be.

"The very first
Of human life must spring from woman's breast;
Your first small words are taught you from her lips;
Your first tears quenched by her, and your last sighs
Too often breathed out in a woman's hearing,
When men have shrunk from the ignoble care
Of watching the last hour of him who led them."

Well do I remember the pleasant face of Mistress Richmond, and the blue silk dress that she wore then. She was a mild and beautiful woman, or so she seemed to me in my juvenile days. Many a reward of merit have I received from her fair hands. Do they give them to the children now, I wonder? They were simple, plain things enough—little slips of paper with a bee-hive, or something of that order, for a vignette, and the cabalistic words, "Reward of merit, presented to (blank) for good behavior and proficiency in (his or her) studies. So-and-so, Preceptor." To the mind of some, these little things may seem unworthy of notice, but if you reflect a little, my friends, you will find all the world crazy on the same point. The artist and literary man is desirous of a favorable notice in the pages of some influential review; that is his "reward of merit." The soldier wishes his brave deeds to be chronicled in the Gazette; that and a two-penny medal is his "reward of merit." The merchant desires his name to be good on 'Change, and in the ledgers of his banking friends; that is his "reward of merit." In fact, I doubt very much if any of us are sinless enough to "cast the first stone" at this folly.

I wonder where my old school-fellows are now. The greater part, if living, are no doubt married, and well-to-do in the world. I know one or two of them are, for I pass their farm-houses, and certain chubby youngsters that there can be no mistake about, every time I visit Abington. They have forgotten me; the ties of boyhood and school friendship are soon broken; but the man who has no greater evil than that to complain of is happy. It is when we grow older, and only then, that our hearts become stable enough to receive deep loves and passions. The child will quarrel with his friend one moment, and make friends with his enemy the next. Where are the old books that I used to study—the dog's-eared spelling-book, and the Parley's Geography? Was there a *bona fide* man like Peter, or so profound a word-knower as Noah Webster, or was it all a fiction? And the cracked slate and pencil—have they gone the way of earth? or do they do duty under the dirty cuffs of some urchin of to-day? I saw my old seat in the corner when I was there last, but the books and the slate were gone: the initials that I was whipped for carving were missing too; nor have I yet, as Ralph Hoyt once said, "carved them on the scroll of fame." How we used to play! how idle we boys were in the olden time! School was a torture to us, a pound into which we were driven unwillingly, and we determined to make the best of it, and we did—when we could elude the vigilance of the mistress and the monitors. Poor woman! our idleness and bad temper must have been a sore trial to her. We little thought that her heart might ache, and her head throb, at our peevish stupidity. We were like the world, and had no pity or love for those who taught us truth and wisdom.

"They learnt in suffering what they teach in song."

The school-house branched off to the right from our cottage road; but at about the same distance on the left lay the old blacksmith's shop of "Uncle Nat." (He was everybody's uncle! like those kind-hearted gentlemen of English farces.) No village is complete without a smithy: how could it be, when even Olympus was not itself when Vulcan was absent? From the days of Tubal Cain, the oldest iron worker on record, down to that of the apprentice of yesterday, blacksmiths have been a favorite and honorable class of men. I never heard of any one (who ever heard of one?) who was not a jolly fellow, and good withal, though a little fond at times of blue Mondays. I have known many of the craft, and always liked them vastly, even the one whom I once knew. But, to go back to my uncle Nat, he was a fine old Cyclopean fellow, swarthy and huge. His head is now bald, and his strong arm has lost much of its vigor and muscle: but he has not altogether lived in vain; his life has been profitable to him and to us.

"Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of Life,
Our fortunes must be wrought,
And thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!"

Some two or three years ago I visited the old forge, and while there I could not but put in verse a description of it. The piece has no merit but an exact fidelity to the truth of things in their detail and atmosphere. It may, or it may not be poetry, but it is at least truth. As a slight reminiscence of my youth it is pleasant to me; I hope it may be to others; but anything that recalls their youth cannot be wholly uninteresting: so, if you please, we will go over the

BLACKSMITH'S SHOP.

Beside the road in Harley town,
  There stands an ancient blacksmith's shop:
Whose walls and roof are dark and low,
  Wih chimneys peeping o'er the top;
Some two or three on either side,
But only one with fire supplied,
Which puffs its smoky volumes high
In dusky wreaths along the sky.

Harrows, and teams with splintered shafts,
  And broken wheels, are standing round;
And molten coals and cinders lie,
  In scattered heaps along the ground:
And in the yard beside the door,
You see the square old tiring floor,
With grass and weeds and waving sedge
Bent down around its trampled edge.

Fronting the door the anvil stands,
  With burnished surface broad and clear;
The rusty pincers, dropped in haste,
  And heavy sledge are leaning near;
While hammers, tongs, and chisels cold,
And crooked nails, and horse-shoes old,
With all the tools renowned of yore
In blacksmith duties, line the floor.

Beneath the window stands a row
  Of dusty benches, rough and rude;
And bars and files are thrown thereon,
  And vices on the edge are screwed;
And see the last year's almanac,
With songs and ballads torn and black,
And battle prints by sea and land,
That line the walls on every hand.

The forge is in a little nook
  Before the chimney slant and wide,
And, in a leather apron clad,
  You see the helper by its side:
Nodding his head and paper crown,
He moves the handle up and down
Beneath his arm, with motion slow,
And makes the rattling bellows blow.

Hard by, the blacksmith folds his arms,
  And swells their knotty sinews strong;
Or turns his iron in the fire,
  And rakes the coals, and hums a song:
But when his heat throws out its light,
He hurries to the anvil bright,
And sledges fall with deafening sound,
And sparks are flying thick around.

The village idlers lounge about,
  And talk the county gossip o'er;
And now and then a farmer's man
  Drives up on horseback to the door;
And reapers come from pastures near,
And Ned, the ploughman, with his steer;
And passing teamsters broken down,
O'erloaded for the neighboring town.

From morning's break to evening's close,
  In early spring and autumn time,
The dusky blacksmith plies his craft,
  And makes his heavy anvil chime;
And oft he works at dead of night
Like some deep thinker, strong and bright,
That shapes his strong, laborious lore,
In iron thoughts for evermore!

THE USE OF TEARS.

BY MRS. L. G. ABELL.

When the blinding tear-drops stand
  In the eye unused to weep,
Oh! 't is then an angel band
  O'er the heart blest vigils keep.
Through those tears a ray doth shine
  Never, never seen before,
Light and glory all divine,
  Gleaming through those tears the more.

There are *scenes* the eye sees not
  When the world attracts it most,—
Claiming ear and eye and thought,
  Inner life, and beauty lost!

And how cold and hard and low,
  As the iceberg of the Pole,
Is the heart till melting flows
  Love through *tears* into the soul.

When we sit in Eden-bowers,
  Earthly joy but dims the sight;
Swiftly haste the world-lit hours,
  Blinding with their meteor light.
Tears are messengers of Love
  Angel-borne, in mercy given,
Bringing visions from above,
God and glory, light and Heaven!

A FEW HOURS' SAIL.

BY MRS. JULIA SMITH.

It was a lovely summer afternoon. The white clouds were piled up like palaces against the blue sky. The air was fresh, and the waters over which we glided were smooth and calm. A few moments after we had taken our seat upon the boat, the wind blowing too keenly to be agreeable, I walked to the "Saloon" for shelter. It was filled; and many glad, bright faces and cheerful voices were there. I was trying to get a place for myself among them, when I came very suddenly upon one whose appearance startled and attracted me—a young man evidently very ill and very helpless. His face was handsome, and the thick, dark hair lay in masses over his forehead. His eyes were closed, and the lashes touched the round, red spot on his thin cheek. I lingered by him, unable to resist the strange fascination and wonder which grew upon me. Why was he there so ill, among that careless crowd? He was propped up in a rocking chair, gasping for breath. Near him was an old man, who tended him from time to time and watched him tenderly.

A few moments after, I learned his story. It was a simple story. In boyhood he had lived in the quiet country, with a kind female relative. He had attended school, and been also taught the lessons of this life and the life that is to come, in the town of ——. He had left his home to follow a stern business which men must follow, and settled in a large and populous city. He had friends, and gained a comfortable support.

But he was taken ill, and he longed for the green trees and kind voices which had blessed his childhood. He tossed and tossed upon his feverish bed.

His poor heart beat and throbbed at thought of all the pleasant things he might never be allowed to see again. As he grew weaker and weaker, the desire grew stronger. He remembered the church, the Sabbath-school, the walks on the grass, and the song of the bird. With an appeal which no one could resist, he begged to be taken from the city, to die at home. And at the last, within a few hours of his probable decease, he was placed upon this boat. It was his only hope, his only prayer! And so, on that calm summer day, he was carried down among the crowd. And there he sat, waiting the termination of the few hours' sail. How faint he seemed! how his large eyes looked up imploringly for strength! The boat never seemed to move as slowly!

Fainter and fainter grew the poor young man. *Will* he reach his home? They raised him up, gave him cordials, wetted his pale lips, and fanned his white forehead. And there was the crowd! so full of life—so full!—that their voices were not even hushed at the sight of a soul about departing. Go on! go on, mighty steamer! faster, and faster, and faster! his breath is failing.

Raise him up gently. Call back the flying moments; bathe his hands, his face, his temples. There! he revives. Among the persons on the deck is a minister of the gospel. He has just now heard of the sick young man. He is at his side, and his head is on his bosom. Strange accident, some might call it: blessed providence instead. This minister once taught the dying man the way to endless life. Yes, they are now side by side. The boat has touched at last; there is a stir, a gleam of light in the young man's eyes. The passengers all leave, and he is laid upon a couch. Strong men bear him along in the cheerful light of day. The minister goes with him. On, on, on, they gently carry him. Will his breath fail him now? A few more steps, and he will arrive. The sunset lingers on his pillow, and it plays in the locks of his rich hair. The sweet air fans him, the blue sky is over him. He is almost home. They put down the couch and bathe his face. Yes, he lives! he lives! They take him up again, and in a moment he is at the door of his longed-for resting place. Calmly and without a tear does his kind aunt welcome him. He is lifted in, and placed before an open window. There is no bustle, no confusion. The peace which the world cannot give is with them both. She smooths his hair, presses her lips to his brow, gives him some restorative, and then sits by his side. He looks happy and bright. *He is at home!* The life-blood seems to rally, and

the pulses to grow strong again. A physician has arrived, and he gives him hope that he may live on through the whole night. This is all he wants. There is a young fair girl beside him now! Noiselessly she came, and placed her hand in his. This was his dream of *joy*, this his desired happiness, to look once more upon her kind, fond face. She was to have been his bride; and under the old trees in the sweet moonlight, by the side of the clear brook, she promised to be his. They had walked to church together, they had knelt in prayer, they had sung hymns out of the same book, they had taken the same vows, at the same time, in the same place, and they had sat down together at the table of the Lord. And he felt that he *must* have her by his side when he was about to die. And she *was* there! In the rush of the crowded city, in the bustle of business, amid the whirlpool of excitement—*there* he could not pass away from earth. And God! *his* God, who had blessed him in his childhood, had heard his earnest prayer, and had granted his last earthly wish.

The next morning word was sent to me that he was dead. Gently and quietly he had breathed his last; and as the messenger replied to my inquiries, he told me, with large tears streaming from his eyes, that the young girl had been with him all the time, and he died with her hand in his own. The funeral took place two days after. Every one mourned the loss of the young and the good, but every one gave thanks for the mercy which shed so bright and sweet a halo round his dying bed.

From the above incident we may see how valuable, and lasting, and sustaining are the impressions of early life. The influences of the Sabbath-school, and the few words of pious instruction given in the springtime of the heart, are never to be forgotten. Years can never change them, and all the din and harshness of the world cannot shut them out. Take courage then, ye Christian ministers! courage, ye teachers of the Sabbath-school! and you, who have failed to recognize the whole value of a true and faithful affection, see what it can do when the King of Terrors calls away the soul.

How kindly has our heavenly Father ordered all things, and in the virtuous and pledged affections of earth given us a foretaste of the ever-enduing happiness of heaven!

FLOWERS AND FLINTS.

Bright flowers upon a roadside grew,
All sweet, and soft, and fair;
They felt the summer sun, and threw
Sweet perfume on the air.

But when old winter came, and cast
His hoary frost around,
No perfume rose upon the blast;
They wither'd on the ground.

Dark flints upon that road there lay,
All hard, and rough, and bare;
They never felt the sunny ray,
Nor scented summer air;

But, when around old winter threw
His bitterest frozen ire,
Beneath the steed's steel hoofs there flew
A ruddy stream of fire.

Bright sparks that dimm'd the glow-worm's light
Gave beauty to the eye,
Spangled the sable pall of night,
And cheer'd the passer-by.

Thus feeling, use, and beauty dwelt
Alike in flowers and flints;
And yet the influences they felt
Were varied as their tints.

So are there on the world's highway
Hearts like those flints and flowers:
Some only need the sunny ray,
And some the sterner powers.

Tender and flowery ones are there
Who feel the softest dew,
Spread sweetest perfume everywhere,
And beauty ever new.

And there the hard and flinty part,
Who genial influence quell;
But ever in the hardest heart
Both use and beauty dwell.

And by life's wayside is not one
But may be made to feel—
By winter's frost or summer's sun,
Soft dew or harden'd steel.

SLEEPING AND DREAMING.

Sleep results from a constitutional bodily necessity; the attention of the mind must be withdrawn from the body, or the machinery of nerves and blood-vessels cannot be properly repaired and fitted for further action, because wakeful life is attended by rapid waste of physical power, in consequence of the direct operation of the mind on the substance of the organs. The body requires rest, *the mind does not;* and the body needs it only because the structure of its parts will not bear the incessant operation of the mind upon it. Unless the nerve-matter be rendered quite unfit for the use of the mind, it is always roused into action whenever an appeal is made to the soul by any influence. In short, it is manifest that the thinking and acting principle does not sleep at all in the sense in which the body sleeps when the mind is not using it; for the mind is always ready for action whenever the organization is in a fit state to convey impression and to be employed. As surely as physical phenomena excite sensation during sleep, as in some dreams, so surely do they prove that during sleep there is no absolute suspension of the faculty of perception. That we awake at the bidding of a bodily necessity, as also we fall asleep, is an evidence that the mind only partially retires from the senses till outward occasion demands the physical operation of the will.

It is evident that the integrity of mental action is not dependent on the waking activity of the brain, or at least of that portion of it which is more immediately connected with the senses; for, notwithstanding the last-mentioned facts, we possess incontrovertible evidence in preceding facts that the mind is sometimes employed more clearly in *profound sleep* than when the attention is in any degree directed to the senses. Dr. Abercrombie relates, that an eminent lawyer had been consulted respecting a case of great difficulty and importance, and, after several days of intense attention to the subject, he got up in his sleep and wrote a long paper. The following morning he told his wife that he had had a most interesting dream, and that he would give anything to recover the train of thought which had then passed through his mind. She directed him to his writing-desk, where he found his opinion clearly and luminously written out.

It is contrary to all the physiology of the case to conclude, as some most hastily have done, that it is but a lighter kind of sleep which is associated with somnambulism; for this condition results from nervous exhaustion, and is apt, like delirium, to occur in the most marked manner in persons in whom the quantity of blood is deficient. The difficulty of arousing such patients is always in proportion to the completeness of the attack; that is, in proportion to the energy with which the will is at work without attending to the body—a sufficient proof that the sleep, whether partial or perfect, is yet profound. This kind of sleep never seems to happen but when the nervous system demands unusual repose, being greatly worn by some bodily irritation or mental disquietude. The abuse of the passions most frequently predisposes to its worst forms. That the mind should act thus vigorously when the body is exhausted, and be most energetic when the heart beats low and the cheek is blanched, is, at best, but indifferent attestation to the truth of the theory that requires mind to be merely the effect of blood acting upon brain, or a kind of compound engendered by their mixture, which will be most strongly manifested when the mixture is most active, like the electric fluid from the acid and the metals in the galvanic trough.

Dr. Darwin ("Zoonomia," p. 221) relates a case which he witnessed of a young lady, who, after being exhausted by violent convulsions, was suddenly affected by what he calls reverie. She conversed aloud with imaginary persons; her eyes were open, but so intently was her mind occupied, that she could not be brought to attend to external objects by the most violent stimulants. The conversations were quite consistent. Sometimes she was angry, at other times very witty, but most frequently inclined to melancholy. Indeed, it appears that this reverie only exalted her natural versatility of temper and intellect. She sang with accuracy, and repeated many pages from the poets. In repeating some lines from Pope, she forgot a word, and after repeated trials regained it. In subsequent attacks, she could walk about the room, and, although she could not see, she never ran against the furniture, but always avoided obstacles. Dr. Darwin convinced himself that in this state she was *not capable of seeing or hearing in the ordinary manner.* It is observable in this case that volition was not suspended; she regained by effort the

lost word in repeating the poetry, and deliberated according to the natural habit of her mind; yet, when the paroxysm was over she could not recollect a single idea of what had passed in it.

The relation between dreaming and somnambulism is remarkably exhibited by the manner in which the current of dreams may be directed in certain individuals, by impressing their senses during sleep. An officer engaged in the expedition to Louisburg, in 1758, was so peculiarly susceptible of such impressions, that he afforded his companions much amusement by the facility with which they could cause him to dream. Once they conducted him through a quarrel which ended in a duel: the pistol was placed in his hand, he fired, and was awakened by the report. They found him asleep on a locker, when they made him believe he had fallen overboard. They told him a shark was pursuing him, and entreated him to dive for his life, and he threw himself with great force on the cabin floor. After the landing of the army at Louisburg, his friends found him one day asleep in his tent, and evidently much annoyed by the cannonading. They then made him believe he was engaged, when he expressed great fear, and a disposition to run away They remonstrated, but increased his fears by imitating groans; and when he asked who was hit, they named his particular friends. At last, they told him the man next him had fallen, when he sprang out of bed, rushed out of the tent, and ended his dream by falling over the tent ropes. He had no recollection of his dreams.

The following instance is related in the first volume of the "London Lancet:"—George Davies, sixteen years old, in the service of Mr. Hewson, butcher, of Bridge Road, Lambeth, being fatigued, bent forward in his chair, and resting his forehead on his hands, fell asleep. After ten minutes he started up, went for his whip, put on his spurs, and went to the stable. Not finding his own saddle in the proper place, he returned to the house and asked for it. Being asked what he wanted with it, he replied, to go his rounds. He returned to the stable, got on the horse without the saddle, and was proceeding to the street, when, with much difficulty and force, he was removed from his horse. He thought himself stopped at the turnpike gate, took sixpence out of his pocket to be changed, and holding out his hand for the change, the sixpence was returned to him. He immediately observed, "None of your nonsense; that is the sixpence again; give me my change." When 2½d. was given to him, he counted it over, and said, "None of your gammon—this is not right—I want a penny more;" making the 3½d., which was his proper change. He then said, "Give me my *castor*,"(meaning his hat,) which slang term he had been in the habit of using, and then began to whip and spur to get his horse on. Mr. Hewson related the circumstanc in the patient's hearing, of a Mr. Harris, optician, in Holborn, whose son, some years since, walked out on the parapet of the house in his sleep. The somnambulist joined the conversation, and observed that the boy lived at the corner of Brownlow street. After being bled he awoke, got up, and asked what was the matter, (having then been one hour in the trance,) not having the slightest recollection of anything that had passed. His eyes remained closed the whole time.

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

My mother's voice! I hear it now!
Her hand is on my burning brow,
As in that early hour,
When fever throbbed through all my veins,
And that kind hand first soothed my pains,
With healing power.

My mother's voice! It sounds as when
She read to me of holy men,—
The patriarchs of old:
And gazing downward in my face,
She seemed each infant thought to trace,
My young eyes told.

It comes—when thoughts unhallowed throng
Woven in sweet deceptive song—
And whispers round my heart,
As when at eve it rose on high;
I hear, and think that *she is nigh*,
And they depart.

Though round my heart all, all beside,
The voice of friendship, love, had died,
That voice would linger there,
As when soft pillowed on her breast,
Its tones first lulled my infant rest,
Or rose in prayer.

THE NUMBER SEVEN IN SCRIPTURE.

FROM THE WASTE-DRAWER OF A CLERGYMAN.

That there was some mystic idea attached to the number seven, is plain, by its being made the number of perfection among the Jews. The rabbins maintain that seven things were created before the foundation of the world—the law, repentance, paradise, hell, the throne of God, the temple, the name of the Messiah. The reason which Philo and Josephus give for the number seven having been held sacred by the sect of the Essenes, may have been very satisfactory to themselves, but to us it conveys no meaning. "It is," say they, "because it results from the sides of a square added to those of a triangle." Cicero is not more explicit, when he says that seven "is the knot and cement of all things, as being that by which the natural and spiritual are comprehended in one idea." That the Creator rested on the seventh day after the world was formed, and ordained that the seventh day in every week from thence should be kept holy, in commemoration of the glorious work, seems to have invested the number with peculiar sanctity, and accounts for its being so often connected with matters pertaining to religious worship. This connection is so striking, that, in reading the Bible, it cannot escape observation. Not only was a Sabbath ordained in every week, but sabbatical years were instituted. Every seventh year was a Sabbath of rest, and set apart for leaving the ground untilled, "to maintain, as far as possible," Calmet observes, "an equality of condition among the people, in setting the slave at liberty, and in permitting all, as children of one family, to have the free and indiscriminate use of whatever the earth produced; to inspire the people with sentiments of humanity, by making it their duty to give rest, and proper and sufficient nourishment, to the poor, the slave, and the stranger, and even to the cattle; to accustom the people to submit and depend on the divine providence, and expect their support from that in the seventh year, by an extraordinary provision on the sixth"—a blessing which the Creator graciously promised and miraculously fulfilled. In like manner were the Israelites provided with a double portion of manna in the wilderness on the sixth day, for a supply for the seventh day. Every seven times seventh year was a jubilee The great feasts of unleavened bread and of tabernacles were observed for seven days. The seventh day of the seventh month was ordained a feast for seven days; and the Israelites remained in their tents for seven days. Seven days of mourning was the allotted observance. The men of Jabesh-Gilead, after they had performed the funeral rites of Saul and his sons, fasted seven days. Joseph mourned for his father seven days. Miriam was shut up for seven days, to be healed of her leprosy. The number of animals, in many of their oblations, was restricted to seven. Balaam prepared seven bullocks and seven rams for a sacrifice. In cleansing the temple, King Hezekiah offered a sin-offering of seven bullocks, seven rams, and seven he-goats. The friends of Job, who sat by him for seven days and for seven nights, offered, as an atonement for their sins, seven bullocks and seven rams. Seven bullocks and seven rams were also David's offering, when he was bringing up the ark; but the most inhuman sacrifice which is noticed, is that of Saul's seven sons, who were offered to avert a famine. Abraham gave seven ewe-lambs to Abimelech, as a memorial of his right to a well. The law was ordered to be read to the people every seventh year. The young animals were not to be taken from their dams for seven days. By the law, man was commanded to forgive his offending brother seven times. Among the ceremonies enjoined at the consecration of Aaron and his sons for the priesthood, we find that the priest was to abide seven days and seven nights at the door of the tabernacle. Seven priests, bearing seven trumpets for seven days, encompassed the walls of Jericho seven times, and on the seventh day the walls fell. Seven days were decreed for an atonement on the altar; and for seven days the priest's son was to wear his father's garments. In the religious ceremonies of purification and consecration, the oil or water was to be sprinkled seven times; and the offering of blood was to be sprinkled seven times before the altar. Naaman was to be dipped seven times in Jordan. If the walls of a house appeared to bear any traces of the infection of leprosy, the owner was to be

commanded by the priest to leave it, and it was to be locked up for seven days. If there was any suspicion of infection in clothes, they were to be brought to the priest, and locked up for seven days. If, on the seventh day, the supposed marks of infection had increased on the house, it was to be destroyed. If the marks of infection on the clothes were plainer on the seventh day, they were to be burnt. The ark of God remained with the Philistines for seven months. Solomon was seven years in building the temple. At its dedication, he feasted seven days. In the tabernacle there were seven lamps. The house of wisdom, in Proverbs, had seven pillars. There were seventy elders of Israel. Jacob served seven years for the sake of Rachel, and seven years more did he serve for her, for the love which he bore to her. On the seventh day of Laban's pursuit, he overtook Jacob. Samuel commanded Saul to sojourn at Gilgal for seven days. Jesse made seven of his sons to pass before Samuel. The elders of Jabesh entreated Nahash the Ammonite seven days' respite. The son of the Shunammite sneezed seven times when restored to life by Elisha. Noah had seven days' warning of the flood. According to divine command, he took the fowls of the air and the clean beasts by sevens into the ark. The ark rested on Mount Ararat on the seventeenth day of the seventh month. In seven days Noah sent out a dove, and waited seven days after her return, to send her out again. Seven years of abundance and seven years of famine were foretold in Pharaoh's dream of the seven well-favored and the seven ill-favored kine—the seven full ears of corn, and the seven blighted ears of corn. Seven times did Elijah send his servant to look for the cloud. King Ahasuerus had seven maids, seven days' feast, and sent for the queen on the seventh day. In the seventh year of his reign, Esther was brought to him. The fiery furnace into which Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego were cast, had been made seven times hotter. Nebuchadnezzar ate the grass of the field seven years. The vision of Daniel was seventy weeks. Enoch was the seventh after Adam. The psalmist offered praise to God seven times a day. Our Saviour was the seventy-seventh from Adam in a direct line. He taught that forgiveness of an offending brother should not be restricted to seven times, but should extend to seventy times seven. On one occasion he exemplified his discourse with seven parables. Seven loaves were all that the disciples supplied him with, when he miraculously fed the multitude, who took up seven baskets of the fragments which remained, after they were satisfied. Out of Mary Magdalene he cast seven devils. The apostles planted seven churches, and appointed seven deacons. Sceva's seven sons were overcome by the evil spirits which they were endeavoring to cast out.

Through every part of Scripture, we find the number seven brought forward in a remarkable manner; in the declarations of the Creator; in the precepts of our Saviour, and in proverbs and prophecies; in feastings and fastings; in oblations and visions; and in all the historical details, and in all the foreshadowings of futurity. God threatened to smite his people seven times for their transgressions. If the slayer of Cain was to be punished seven times, the slayer of Lamech was to be punished seventy times seven. Perfection is compared, in Scripture, to gold seven times purified in the fire. The Revelation tells of seven golden candlesticks, of seven stars, of the Lamb with seven horns and seven eyes, of the book with seven seals, of seven spirits, of seven angels, of seven kings, of seven thunders, of seven thousand men slain, of seven vials of wrath, and seven plagues. When the years of the world shall have numbered seven thousand, many commentators believe that a new dispensation will be disclosed. The importance of the number seven is not lost sight of when we close the sacred volume. Rome, seated on her seven hills, professes, in her religious creed, to acknowledge seven sacraments and seven deadly sins. In some of their most solemn processions, we find that seven acolyths, bearing seven tapers, precede seven deacons, who are followed by seven priests. Mahomet has his seventh heaven Among our superstitions we find that the seventh son of a seventh son was to be dedicated to the medical profession. We have heard the phrase of being frightened out of our seven senses, though we cannot tell what they are. Nursery lore treats largely of seven. Pousett and his seven brothers we remember as special favorites; and we recollect the high consideration in which the seven champions, the seven wise men of Gotham, the seven-leagued boots, and the seven wonders of the world, were held; and the mysterious awe in which the legend of the seven sleepers was involved. A little while, and the turmoil of life begins. We hear of the squabbles of families and the strife of men; and we learn hence that those of a house are sometimes at sixes and sevens, and are told of the seven years' war. We turn from such things to the blessings of peace—the cultivation of the fine arts; and we remember that music owes all its charms to seven notes; and that painting is indebted for all its variety of tints to seven colors.

THE TEMPTER'S VISIT TO A SICK MOTHER.

BY MRS CHARLES F. BUSH.

I FELT myself piercing the thick veil of gloom,
Which darkens to mortals the way to the tomb:
I scanned it all well, for I thought myself there,
A prey for the worms as they seek for fresh fare.
Death's Tyrant stood o'er me, and watched with delight
For the pallor and fear that should sicken my sight;
But what was his rage, and what his despair--
No terror, no anguish, no sorrow was there!
Seest naught, wretched mortal, to terrify here,
In the coffin, the shroud, the pall and the bier?
My heart trembled not, while my firm lips replied:
On the cross for my soul, my Saviour has died!

Transported with fury, the demon apace
Commanded the winds to his fiercest embrace,
And at eve as I gasped to catch the faint breeze,
It came madly rushing through dark waving trees;
The wind's bitter howl and the lightning's quick flash
Followed, peal after peal, the thunder's deep crash.
The monster gazed on me, and looked for dismay,
But calmness and peace on my countenance lay.
What means it, poor wretch? and wilt thou not dread
The storm of Jehovah that bursts round thy head?
My heart with firm faith pointed, Lord, up to thee,
And answered: My Saviour! himself died for me!

Now changed grew the spectre in aspect and mien,
Though plainly his garments of sin could be seen,
And at night's deepest hour to my sick-bed he stole,
And whispered, he'd show a sweet scene to my soul:
Thy three tender little ones silently keep,
In the bosom of night, their fond moments of sleep;
In the clear, sunny morn, they will wake and will moan
For the mother, *so willing* to leave them alone!
My cry of deep woe to the Lord scarcely sped,
When far from my sight the dark tempter had fled!
O Lord, my sure refuge! I still turn to thee,
For my Saviour has died *for them* and for me!

And now I am waiting, still lingering here,
Am waiting and watching for my God to appear.
This visit I thought was thine own, dearest Lord,
Soon upward to waft me to thy pure abode,
But 'twas the "Deceiver," sent only to test
My love and my faith, and to make me more blest.
In my pilgrimage now my prayers shall ascend,
That my strength to thy glory I all may expend;
That when my dear Lord shall himself truly come,
The Spirit shall carry my *works* to His home,
And with all the redeemed my song shall then be,
My Saviour has died! for the world and for me!

THE WARRIOR AND THE POET.

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO'.

ONE ruled in camp and state, and one
In glorious realms of heart and mind;
And both a conquering race have run,
And in their victories bless'd mankind.

They 've nobly won their burial-place,
Deep in a nation's reverent heart!
The lyre SHE touched with all the grace
Of peerless genius, linked with art,

The sword HE held, are silent each:
Oh lay these emblems gently down
Close by our dead—within their reach—
And with them lay the laurel crown.

For they have won the noblest meed,
A nation's sad, bereavement-tears;
And grandly will their histories read
To glistening eyes of future years.

For her how high the thoughts of pride,
How full the thankful hearts will swell,
For love and power stood side by side
To teach her their bewildering spell.

They 've nobly won the noblest meed,
The honors which most proudly shine;
His fire-nerved soul, of daring deed,
And hers who sang with "bards sublime."

They struggled through life's toilsome ways,
Undaunted, wheresoe'er they led;
They counted wearying years but days,
O'er which *one* sun its love-light shed.

They struggled well—they died outworn—
High let their grand memorial rise;
They braved the battle-shock and storm,
A crusade-cross upon them lies.

No more on him the government—
No more for her the sickening strife:
The chief has scaled Time's battlement—
She tunes her harp to angel-life!

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH-BED.

BY E. W. B. CANNING.

It was a summer sunset. All the west
Was strewn with gorgeousness—a cloudy sea
That surged with golden glory. Day's last smiles
Were dying on the mountains, and the breeze
Forth in its twilight joyance came to kiss
The folding flowers, and with their stolen sweets
Lull Nature to her dreams. The busy hour
Of gathering to rest was come; the eye
Of toil watched wearily the ling'ring sun,
And ached to slumber. Carolling good night,
Sought the plumed songster his repose. The vale
Looked dreamy as the gathering mist grew deep
Upon its bosom; and began the rill
To lift a louder clamor from afar.

The lattice of an humble cottage stood
On the calm scene unclosed. A woodbine hung
Its rich, dark burden in luxuriance
Above the trellis, wooing dalliance
Of the soft zephyr, and its green festoons
Contrasted with a curtain beauteously,
That shook its folds of spotless white within.
No eye looked forth in gladness thence, to trace
The step of evening on the landscape far,
And watch the stilling pulses of a world:
The chamber of the dying opened there.
There was a hush of tongues within, and he
Who pressed the pillow that should be his bier
Looked with a Christian's hope beyond the tomb.
Death's hand was busy; for his frigid brow
Was dampened, and the fallen cheek had lost
Its mantling life-blood. Every nerve grew still,
And from each feature looked mortality
In ghastly triumph. Life's last energy
Smiled at the conqueror through the eye, that shot
Unearthly lustre to illume the wreck
Of beauty and of manliness. Alas!
That death should quench that glory, as it beamed
Like beacon on the boundary of Time.
There was a calmness in the upturned gaze,
Quickening at times to splendor, that bespoke
A spirit loosening its earth-clogged wing,
To sweep the fields that lie beyond the stars:
Ay—read it not e'en now in holiness
The mysteries of immortality,
And conned the gloried rhapsodies of heaven?

The stillness deepened, and the twilight gloom
More sombre waxed upon the shadowy walls.
Noiselessly trembled in the breath of eve
The clustering woodbine, and the insect's drone
Which boomed without, or, sudden down-dropt, hushed,
Startled the deep solemnity—when lo!
There burst a beam of sunset splendor bright
Athwart the casement, and its golden glow
Lit the calm features of the dying man.
Beauteous mockery! that fain would catch
A borrowed brightness from that radiant eye
That lit itself where light knows no decline.
And hark! was it an angel's voice that spoke?
Softer than murmurs of the far-off grove,
There floated strains of untold melody;
And thus an unseen minstrel seemed to sing:

Come, spirit immortal,
Thy pinion is free!
And hosts of the blessed
Are waiting for thee!
O come, for earth's shadows
And sorrows are o'er,
And the tear-drop of anguish
Shall trickle no more.

Spread, spirit immortal,
Thy glorious wing!
A seraph shall guide thee
Where seraphim sing.
Thy warfare is finished,
Thy sins are forgiven;
The ransomed shall welcome
Thine advent to heaven.

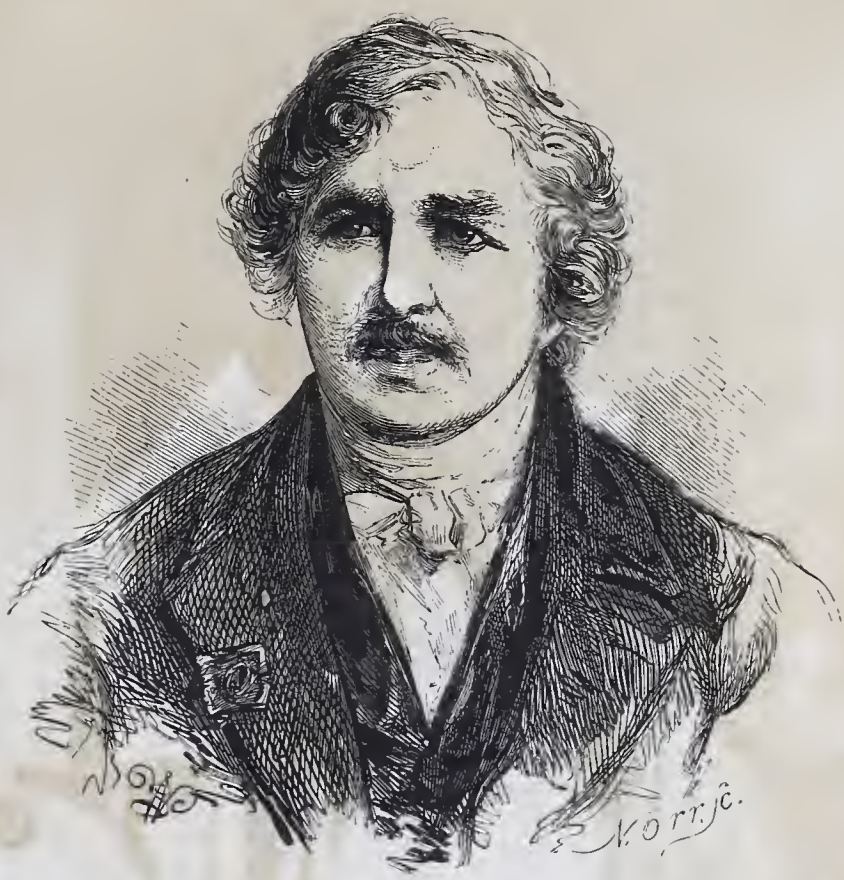
Away, for they call thee
To dwell with the blest,
Where joy never dies,
In the land of their rest,
Where the bright brow of love
Is undimmed by a frown,
And the conqueror beareth
The harp and the crown.

Haste, spirit, they're shouting
With raptures unknown;
Thou'lt bend with the triumph
That circles the throne.
Lo! splendor immortal
Illumines our way!
Heaven opens! God smileth!
Haste, spirit, away!

The airy harp was hushed; yet lingering.
The latest numbers lengthened, softening still,
And like a dream of beauty died away.
The sunbeam faded, and the parting soul
Leaped to the joyous summons forth, while burned
The latest smile of ecstasy behind.

ENGRAVED BY J. SARTAIN *THE ORIGINAL BY SARAH SETCHELL.*

THE HEART'S RESOLVE.



Daguerre

Where the Weary are at Rest.

WRITTEN BY ELIZA COOK. MUSIC COMPOSED BY J. H. TULLY.

Andante Sostenuto.

1. Grief is bit - ter o'er the dust When we hear the churchyard knell, But

e - choes of an up-ward trust Float a - round the toll-ing bell. Self - ish, e - ven

Rit.

Colla voce.

in our Love, Sor - row may be - come too deep, And Faith and Patience

Rall. A Tempo.

of-ten prove The stroke is kind that bids us weep. . . Think while mourning, broken hearted,

Rall.

Dim. Rall.

O'er the friends that cheered and blest, We shall fol - low the de - part - ed Where the

Cres.

A Tempo. Ad lib.

wea - ry are at rest, Where the wea-ry are at rest, at rest.

Colla voce.

It is well that we should sigh,
When the dark death-shadows fall;
But there is an eternal sky
Behind the tear-cloud of the pall.
Though the hour of parting flings
Burthens that we groan to bear,

II.

Hope, sweet bird of Promise, sings
In the yew tree of Despair;
Let us hearken while her story
Whispers to the aching breast,
"Those ye mourn are crowned with glory,
Where the weary are at rest."

NAPOLEON AS A CIVILIAN.

BY H. B. STANTON, ESQ.

The record of the French Revolution, is one of the most appalling chapters in the annals of mankind. Divine Providence manifests its wisdom and beneficence in educing good from evil. Amid the general wreck of much that was valuable in civil and religious institutions, this unprecedented convulsion destroyed great wrongs in state and church, and secured to the people numerous political and ecclesiastical blessings, which, though often held in abeyance, have never been wholly lost during subsequent mutations in the government of France. The greatest of all the prodigies to which this mother of prodigies gave birth, was Napoleon. He was its legitimate child, its favored heir: and in all the attributes of daring innovation, impetuous energy, boundless ambition, transcendent genius, and love of battle and blood, he was the faithful representative of his terrible parent. As a military commander, we may search the history of the race for a more splendid name. Alexander's conquests may have been more extensive,—Cæsar may have encountered more armies, and won more victories,—but these great captains only met and subdued untrained hordes of tumultuous barbarians, whose reckless courage and untutored tactics made them an easy prey to the steady bravery and solid phalanxes of Macedon and Rome, while Napoleon achieved his triumphs over armies as well marshalled, as amply provided, as regularly disciplined, as his own. In fair fields, and often against tremendous odds, he conquered the bravest troops, led by the ablest generals that modern Europe could furnish.

Whenever the eye falls upon the name of Napoleon, it always associates with it the slaughter of Arcole, of Marengo, of Wagram, of Austerlitz, of Leipsic, of Waterloo. His life is so shrouded in "war-cloud's rolling dun," that we are apt to forget that some broad rays of cheering sunshine relieved with their brightness the general gloom that enveloped his career. So splendid was his genius in the field, and so imperious his will in the cabinet, that we do not always remember that he was something more than a brilliant conqueror, and a despotic emperor. It is nevertheless true, that many of the seeds were sown during his rule whence have sprung those salutary reforms in politics, law, education, religion, commerce, agriculture, and the arts, which, amid revolutions and counter-revolutions, have distinguished the progress of France since the dawn of the present century. He was not a mere military chieftain, robbing the families of a kingdom of their first-born, and tracking blood and tears over a continent. His capacity was not limited to the stratagems of a battle, nor the manœuvres of a campaign. He had a mind eminently adapted to comprehend and transact civil affairs; and it is this phase of his character, and this department of his career, that will cause his name to be more than remembered by those coming generations that will execrate his mere warlike achievements. In the science of government, in the principles of jurisprudence, in the arts of diplomacy, and in a broad and comprehensive genius for political administration, Europe, during his ascendancy, could boast few equals, and still fewer superiors. Had not his fiery soul so inflamed his ambition for conquest, and the jealousy of his enemies so kindled his resentment, that he was almost always involved in wars of aggression, or of resistance, his civil rule would have more abundantly proved that he possessed all mental qualifications requisite to render his reign as illustrious in promoting the arts of peace as that of any prince who ever wore a crown.

His extraordinary talents as a civilian shone forth conspicuously when he rose to the station of First Consul. For ten years the country had been tossed to and fro on the waves of a revolution. One of the oldest thrones of Europe had disappeared in an earthquake that shook the world. Constitutions had subverted constitutions. Factions had devoured factions. Clubs had demolished clubs. The blade of the guillotine had dripped with the best and the worst blood of France. Louis, Mirabeau, La Fayette, Vergniaud, Danton, Robespierre, Barras, Sieyes—king, tribune, patriot, orator, conspirator, terrorist, miscreant, philosopher—had each reigned his hour, and been murdered, banished, or overthrown. The

whole frame-work, not of government merely, but of society itself, was in ruins. The due administration of the law had not only long since ceased, but the supreme tribunals of justice, the minor courts, and the judicial offices of all grades, had either become wholly extinct, or were rendered worthless by inutility, and contemptible for imbecility. The old systems of jurisprudence, of police, of municipal administration, had, to a great extent, expired with the old forms of government, and no new ones had arisen to supply the places thus made vacant. The magistrates and officials of all sorts in the departments had ceased to exercise their functions, or performed them independently of all national control, or owed a feeble allegiance to the central Directory, a body ever at the mercy of Parisian mobs, and always weak, vascillating, and tyrannical. Some of the remote provinces were wholly destitute of ministers of justice, or acknowledged rulers of any kind. Hordes of bandits roamed over the sparsely populated sections of the country, infesting the roads and the hamlets, robbing and assassinating at will, and sometimes carrying depredation and dismay to the very gates of the metropolis. The prisons were in a frightful condition, having long been the common receptacles of the victims of public vengeance and private malice. The finances of the republic were in a distracted and deplorable state. The taxes were not collected at all, or were squandered or embezzled by the collecting officers. Thousands of miles of roads, and hundreds of bridges, were out of repair, broken down, and rendered impassable. Banks and bankers were ruined, and a regular system of national currency was unknown. Trade languished, commerce furled its rotting sails, agriculture lay waste, and the mechanic arts mouldered in decay. The schools and universities were either abandoned or dragged out a lingering existence for the want of public support. The Sabbath was abolished, the altars of religion were desecrated, and the ministers of Christianity were crowded by thousands into the prisons. In a word, life, liberty, and property had so long been the sport of violence, caprice, and pillage, that they had lost their value, and were hardly worth preserving. A nation, one-half drunk with human blood, and the other paralyzed with terror, had, amid the whirlwinds of anarchy, sown the seeds which had produced these fruits of ten years of faction and revolution. In this condition did Napoleon find France when, by the prowess of his audacious sword, and the *prestige* of his brilliant name, he suddenly raised himself to the executive chair of the Consulate.

The revolution of the 18th Brumaire had placed three persons at the head of the government, Bonaparte, Sieyes, and Ducos, each possessing equal powers. Bonaparte was the youngest of the consuls. He was wholly inexperienced in civil administration. Ducos had served in the Directory. Sieyes had sat in the first National Assembly, and in the convention, had represented France at foreign courts, been a member of the Directory, been always employed in digesting the various constitutions which had risen and fallen during the past ten years, and was a profound thinker, and a luminous writer. He might be called the Jefferson of the French revolution. He was upwards of fifty years old. But Bonaparte knew his man. He had bent Ducos to his purposes before he consented to receive him as a colleague. At the first meeting of the consuls, on a bare hint from Ducos, Bonaparte, to the surprise and mortification of Sieyes, assumed the chair. From that moment his supremacy in the government was established. Returning home from this first session, Sieyes said to a party of distinguished politicians, assembled to dine with him; —"Gentlemen, you have a master; give yourselves no further concern about the affairs of the state. Bonaparte can and will manage them all at his own pleasure."

No sooner had he thus seized the helm of affairs, than the strong hand of the new pilot was felt in every movement of the storm-beaten and shattered vessel of state. He set himself at work, with characteristic energy, to reorganize the governmental fabric from its foundation to its capstone. A new constitution—the work of Sieyes's philosophical and theoretical pen guided by the comprehensive and practical mind of Bonaparte—was digested, approved, and proclaimed. The power and authority of the three new consuls, elected in pursuance of its provisions—Bonaparte, Cambaceres, and Lebrun—were speedily merged in the hero of the 18th Brumaire. He was nominally "First Consul." Practically, he was the embodied consulate, his colleagues being the mere instruments of his purposes, the witnesses of his administration. Two years sufficed to make him First Consul for life, with power to appoint his successor. He was then monarch in all but the name. And that only awaited his bidding.

But these two years! How he signalized them by his achievements in the cabinet and in the field! To the former our attention is chiefly directed. During these two years, the civil and criminal law was revised and systematized, Napoleon himself superintending the codification, and reducing to form with his own pen many of the more important provisions. He supplied

France, even to her remotest borders, with judicial, executive, and municipal officers, of all grades and descriptions, and exacted from them a rigid adherence to the rules which he prescribed for their control. He executed bands of robbers, and drove the affrighted remnants of these wandering hordes to seek shelter in the mountains. He appointed commissioners to repair the public roads and rebuild the bridges. He established regular conveyances for passengers and letters between the principal towns. He struck out a new financial system, by equalizing the taxes, and insuring their faithful collection and prompt transmission to the authorized receivers. He restored public credit, and gave an impulse to trade, commerce, manufactures, and the mechanic arts. He imparted new life to science and literature, revived the public schools, and promulgated a comprehensive scheme of popular education. He re-established the Sabbath, opened the churches for Christian worship, delivered the clergy from prison, and proclaimed freedom of conscience in matters of religion. He organized a novel and orderly police for the prisons. He brought into use some neglected valuable public works, and prosecuted the construction of new internal improvements with vigor. He opened the door for emigrants, long exiled from France, to return to their native land. He even entered the saloons of the voluptuaries of the capital city, and prescribed the fashions of the ladies, which, during the ribaldries of the revolution, had become scandalously indecorous. In a word, during this brief period, and while prosecuting wars and negotiating treaties with half the powers of Europe, he constructed for France, out of the chaotic fragments which the revolution had strown around, a regular government, to be administered upon fixed principles, and by known and responsible agents—a government that protected life, liberty, and property, to an extent which that country had not witnessed for ten years of confiscation, anarchy, and bloodshed.

Nor did Napoleon accomplish these reforms by merely committing the work to subordinate instruments, accompanied with a few general suggestions to guide their labors. Although he drew around him such talents as Sieyes, Cambaceres, Talleyrand, Fouche, Carnot, Constant, De Tracey, and Say, yet, in civil as in military affairs, his versatile and restless genius superintended the movements of the vast machinery which he had set in motion. Much of the work of reorganization was literally the labor of his own hands—all of it passed under his penetrating eye, and received its final impress and form from his plastic sagacity—and not merely the general outlines, but a large share of the details of the various departments of his complicated system of reconstruction, originated in his comprehensive mind. Undoubtedly he often conquered opposition to his plans by the mere force of his will. But his colleagues and ministers more frequently yielded to his views from an absolute and implicit conviction of the superiority of his judgment, or rendered to them that involutary homage which inferior minds always pay to the emanations of a master spirit.

And this was the work of a soldier of thirty years old, who, during the first two years of the consulship, in addition to these immense civil labors, reorganized and placed on a solid and effective footing every branch of the military service—declared war against all the enemies of the republic—conducted hostilities against England, Austria, Russia, Naples, and the Porte—led in person an army over the glaciers of the Grand St. Bernard, precipitated it upon the plains of Italy, and at a single blow, on the field of Marengo, crushed the flower of Austria, and brought back victory to the standards of France—re-established the Cisalpine republic—ratified a treaty of peace and commerce with America—dictated terms of peace to Austria, the two Sicilies, the Pope, Bavaria, Portugal, Great Britain, Russia, and the Porte—and, at the celebration of the second anniversary of the 18th Brumaire, was hailed by the people of France, amidst the most enthusiastic rejoicings, "The Grand Pacificator of Europe."

The name of the young Corsican adventurer had now become celebrated in every part of the world. At no period in his career did he ever stand so high in the estimation of his countrymen universally, as now. Jacobins, republicans, constitutionalists, legitimists, all united to do him honor. He had brought order out of confusion—he had vindicated the supremacy of the law—he had restored the dignity of government—he had secured to industry its reward—he had rebuilt the altars of religion—he had organized victory—he had caused the name of France to be respected and feared by cotemporary nations. In a moment of enthusiasm the republic made his consulship commensurate in duration with his life. The transition was easy from the consular robes to the imperial purple.

Though impartial history must record, that, while swaying the sceptre, a love of military glory shaped his civil administration and dictated his foreign policy, yet, in gratifying his lust for conquest he did not always forget that he was the ruler of a great and generous people, who deserved something more at the hands of an idolized chieftain than war. If his administration was characteristic of the ambitious soul and in-

flexible will that animated and directed it, it could boast that it never permitted anarchy to rear its head with impunity. If the law was but too often the transcript of the imperial wish, it was generally executed with impartiality, and was always supreme. The history of his reign proves that he was the author of many salutary political reforms. France boasts of valuable institutions which arose under the shadow of his throne. Her territory displays noble public works, the products of his energetic policy. His code, which not only controls the internal affairs of that vast people, but is daily cited before every judicatory of Europe, and is among the text-books of American commercial law, is an enduring memorial of his genius and wisdom, and fully justifies his proud declaration, that "when his victories were forgotten, he should stand before posterity with the code in his hand." While wrestling with all Europe in arms, his tireless mind was ever busy in devising schemes to advance the prosperity and elevate the condition of his subjects. His correspondence with his ministers of the interior, of justice, and of public works, in respect to education, prisons, the judiciary, the police, and roads, cauals, and bridges, pour a flood of redeeming sunshine over his character. He declared, and with no little semblance of truth, that his enemies would not give him opportunity to complete those great civil reforms, and those munificent improvements, which he meditated for the advancement and embellishment of his country. The armed offspring, the crowned soldier of a revolution, which signalized its advent by proclaiming fraternity and aid to all peoples struggling to throw away their chains, he complained, not without cause, that legitimate sovereigns would not allow him to be at peace with Europe. The world will ever be divided in opinion upon the question whether he really desired peace or preferred war. That the old monarchs of Europe determined to crush him, will not be disputed. That he as resolutely determined not to be crushed, admits of as little question. Circumstances made the conflict between them a war of mutual extermination, which drenched the continent in blood. However much Napoleon may have sinned against the cause of liberty (and he often trampled it in the dust;) and however much his royal enemies may have eulogized the cause of order (and they filled the world with their panegyrics;) it will ever remain true, that *he* was the armed apostle of the untitled masses, and *they* the crowned champions of the privileged classes of Europe. The principles which animated France to stand by him in the contest, were noble. The means which he too frequently employed in their vindication, were selfish. He abused the confidence which his subjects reposed in him; but that confidence sprung from a generous fountain. The doctrines that he emblazoned on the standards he bore in triumph from the Nile to the Baltic, from Madrid to Moscow, were, *the right of the people to choose their own form of government and to select their own rulers to administer it.* Though conscious of the purity and sublimity of his mission, as is apparent from all his writings and speeches, he had not sufficient self-denial, sufficient grandeur of soul, to execute it with forbearance and integrity. He was too vengeful, too ambitious, too fond of military glory, to be the faithful leader of European democracy in a conflict with ancient principalities and powers.

This approval of the *principles* that constituted the basis of the contest in which France was involved during the supremacy of Napoleon, will seem strange to those American eyes which have long been accustomed to look at these questions through a British medium. If we listen solely to the speeches of Pitt and Castlereagh; if we peruse only the pages of Scott and Alison, we shall readily give our verdict against Napoleon. But, if we permit Frenchmen to tell their story also, then shall we be prepared to give their great ruler the benefit of that "reasonable doubt" which is tantamount to an acquittal. That he was an ardent lover of France, none but the veriest slaves of prejudice deny. That he desired her supremacy in the scale of European powers, his every act testified. That his memory is enshrined in the heart of hearts of immense masses of the friends of republicanism in that country, recent events have proved. That he was not the vulgar soldier which his enemies have painted him, his true portrait, sketched by the unerring hand of impartial history, has shown. That the doctrines of liberty and equality thrown up amid the fire and blood of the revolution, and proclaimed at the mouths of the imperial cannon, are now slowly but surely working out the regeneration of Europe, coming events, which cast their shadows before them, will demonstrate to posterity.

ANCIENT AND MODERN INFIDELITY.

BY REV. DR. POND.

The religion of man, in the first ages of the world, was pure Theism. God revealed himself to our first progenitors as their creator and sovereign, and as the creator of all other beings and things. Whether the perverseness of men, previous to the deluge, was such as to result in literal atheism, we have no means of determining. In the renewal of the race, subsequent to the deluge, the religion of man, as at the first, was a pure Theism. Noah and his immediate descendants had abundant means of knowing God, and they regarded him as the intelligent creator and sovereign of the universe. But men at that period, as in every other, "did not like to *retain* God in their knowledge." They soon forgot him, and forsook him; and God gave up the great mass of mankind to the unrestrained indulgence of their own errors and lusts.

The most ancient of the philosophical sects of Grecia Propria was the Ionic. It was founded by Thales, one of the seven wise men of Greece. The successor of Thales was Anaximander. He first taught philosophy in a public school, and was the first to commit his philosophical principles and maxims to writing. He was born in the year 610 before Christ, and is generally regarded as the first speculative Atheist. He taught that matter, in its *substance* or *essence*, is the only thing which has existed from eternity; that all the appearances in nature, even those to which we attach the names of intelligence and will, are but different modifications or affections of matter; and that these, by an *inherent, plastic tendency*, are generated from itself. There is no need, therefore, of an intelligent, designing first cause. Matter itself, in possession, from all eternity, of these *inherent, plastic tendencies*, is competent to the production of all the phenomena in nature.

This species of Atheism is sometimes called the Anaximandrian, after the name of its author. It has also been denominated the Hylopathian, because it traces all the appearances in nature to spontaneously generated affections or modifications of matter. The same form of Atheism was taught by Anaximenes, the successor of Anaximander, and by their joint influence was widely diffused.

The successor of Anaximenes was Anaxagoras. He had the wisdom to discover the lurking fallacy in the reasonings of his predecessors, and the firmness to expose and reject it. He introduced into his philosophy a distinct, intelligent cause of all things. Matter being, as he clearly saw, without life or motion, he concluded that there must have been from eternity an *intelligent principle*, an *infinite mind*, which, having the power of motion in itself, first imparted motion to the material mass, and produced the different forms of nature. To Anaxagoras, therefore, belongs the credit of restoring to the Ionic school the pure light of Theism, after it had been obscured and lost by his immediate predecessors.

The Eleatic sect of philosophers belonged to the school of Pythagoras. The most of them were natives of Elia, a town of Magna Grecia, from which the sect derived its name. Among the teachers of this school, we find the second form of speculative Atheism which appeared in Greece. It originated with Leucippus and Democritus. It was afterwards embraced by Protagoras, who, on account of it, was expelled from Athens, and his writings were hurnt. These men were the advocates of pure *chance*. The universe, they taught, contained nothing hut innumerable corpuscles, or material atoms of various figures, which, falling into the vacuum, struck against each other; and hence arose a variety of curvilinear motions, which continued, till at length atoms of similar forms met together, and bodies were produced.

These philosophers, we are told, had many disciples, and, strange as it may seem, the above was the most popular form of Atheism of which we have any account in ancient history. In the next century after it originated, it was taught with great success by Epicurus, and became one of the distinguishing characteristics of his school at Athens.

The Epicurean philosophy made its appearance at Rome in the later times of the republic,

and was embraced by some of the most distinguished citizens, among whom were Piso, Atticus, and Pansa. The Epicurean system found an eloquent advocate in the poet Lucretius, who, with much accuracy and elegance, unfolded the doctrine in his celebrated poem, *de Rebus Naturæ* The same doctrine afterwards numbered among its votaries the elder Pliny, Celsus, Lucian, and Diogenes Laertius.

The third in the succession from Aristotle in the Peripatetic school, was Strato of Lampsacus. He taught a peculiar kind of Atheism, which has been denominated, sometimes the Stratonic, from the name of its author, and sometimes the Hylozoic. He supposed every particle of matter to possess within itself an inherent principle of life and motion, though destitute of intelligence; which principle is the only cause of the production and dissolution of bodies. He denied that the world was created by the agency of a Deity distinct from matter, or by an intelligent, animating principle; asserting that it arose from a force or life inuate to matter, and to every particle of it. This theory agrees with that first described, the Hylopathian, in representing matter as eternal; but differs from it, in that this ascribes a sort of animal though senseless life to each particle of matter, whereas that ascribed to matter in the general a plastic, generative tendency.

In the school of the Stoics, the intelligent mind was regarded as a celestial *ether* or *fire*, which pervaded the whole system, much as the soul of man does his body. Hence the universe was thought to be a species of animal, of which the Deity was the forming, guiding, ruling principle. From this account of the God of the Stoics, it must be evident that there was a strong tendency in their system to gross and palpable Atheism; and this tendency ere long showed itself. There were those among the Stoics, who regarded the universe as more a vegetable than an animal, and the life by which it was pervaded and animated as rather a plastic, vegetative nature, than an intelligent, active spirit. Among these Pseudo-Atheistical Stoics are reckoned Boethius and the younger Pliny.

The Pyrrhonic philosophers cannot be regarded as positive Theists, or positive Atheists; because they were not positively anything. They neither believed in the Divine existence, nor disbelieved it. They were universal skeptics. That everything was to be considered as matter of doubt, was the only point about which they had no doubt.

In the 13th century, complaint was made of infidelity as existing in Italy; but what form it assumed, or to what extent it prevailed, we have not the means of judging. Considering the intolerable corruptions of Christianity at that period, it would not be strange if thinking men were repelled from it, and driven off into the vortex of Atheism. The high repute and authority of the Aristotelian philosophy may have been another cause of the unbelief complained of. Although Aristotle was not himself an Atheist, we have seen that Atheism sprang up in his school, and almost under his own eye, in Greece. Strato, the founder of one of the ancient forms of Atheism, was but the third in succession from Aristotle, in the Peripatetic school. It will not be thought strange, in view of this fact, that at a time when the writings of Aristotle possessed at least an equal authority among professed Christians with the holy Scriptures, Atheism should make its appearance in the nominally Christian church.

Infidelity appeared again in Italy, in the sixteenth century. Among its alleged advocates, were Peter Pompanatius and Stephen Dolet; both of whom fell under the power of the Inquisition, and the latter was put to death.

In the following century, atheistical principles were disclosed in different parts of Europe. In 1615, Cosmo Ruggeri, a Florentine and profligate, died at Paris, who confessed, on his deathbed, that he regarded all that we are taught respecting a supreme Divinity, and evil spirits, as idle tales. In 1689, a Polish knight was put to death at Warsaw, under a charge of Atheism.

A few years previous to this, died the celebrated Spinoza, who is commonly represented as a Pantheist, but who (if his principles are correctly reported) was really an Atheist. Spinoza was by birth and education a Jew; and was a great admirer of the Cartesian philosophy. He lived and died in Holland. He taught that "God and the universe are one and the same thing; and that whatever takes place, arises out of the eternal and immutable laws of nature, which necessarily existed, and were active, from all eternity." He says again, that *nature itself is God;* and by its inherent powers necessarily produces its various movements." A person holding such sentiments, may call himself Jew, or Pantheist, or what else he pleases; he is in reality an Atheist.

Infidelity made its appearance in England in the sixteenth century; but it had not become matured into the form of Atheism, before the middle of the seventeenth. Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury did not profess to be an Atheist; yet he as well deserves the name as some who have been more open in their professions. He

"represents the human soul as material and mortal, discards all natural distinction between moral actions, and (keeping God quite out of sight) makes morality to depend entirely on the will of the civil monarch." His example was followed by John Joland, who lived at about the same time with him. Joland published a work entitled *Pantheisticon*, in which he avows himself a favorer and admirer of the philosophy of Spinoza, which acknowledges no God but the universe.

From England, infidelity was transported into France, in the early part of the eighteenth century. Voltaire, D'Alembert, and Diderot, assisted for a time by Frederic II. King of Prussia, entered into a secret combination to effect the overthrow of the Christian religion, and with it all the established forms and institutions of civilized life. In their hooks, prepared for general circulation, and actually circulated to the widest extent possible, we find the following doctrines, some of them standing alone in their naked horrors, others surrounded by sophistry and meretricious ornaments, to entice the mind into their net, before it perceives their nature: "The universal Cause, the God of the Jews and Christians, is but a chimera and a phantom." "The phenomena of nature, so far from bespeaking a God, are but the necessary effects of matter prodigiously diversified." "It is more reasonable to admit, with Manes, a two-fold God, than the God of Christianity." "We cannot know whether a God really exists, or whether there is the smallest difference between good and evil, virtue and vice." "All ideas of justice and injustice, virtue and vice, glory and infamy, are purely arbitrary, and dependent on custom. Remorse of conscience is nothing but the foresight of those physical penalties to which our crimes expose us. The man who is above the law, can commit, without remorse, any dishonest act that may serve his purpose." "The fear of God, so far from being the beginning of wisdom, is the beginning of folly."

The above extracts from the correspondence and published writings of these meu may suffice to show the nature and tendency of the dreadful system they had formed. At the same time, they, and others associated with them, were indefatigable in the diffusion of their principles. Their grand Encyclopedia was converted into an engine to serve this purpose. They poured forth tracts and books in great abundance, and, hy means of hawkers and pedlars, contrived to scatter them in all the provinces. By degrees, they got possession of nearly all the reviews and periodical puhlications. They instituted an office to supply schools with teachers. They acquired an unprecedented dominion over every species of literature, over the education of youth, and over the minds of all ranks of people, and thus prepared the way for those terrible scenes of revolution and bloodsded which were exhibited in France towards the close of the century. "The miseries," says Dr. Dwight, "which were suffered by that single nation, in the course of a few years, have changed all the histories of the preceding sufferings of mankind into idle tales. They were enhanced and multiplied, without a precedent, and without end. The whole country seemed to be changed into one great prison; the inhabitants to be converted into felons; and the ordinary doom of man commuted for the violence of the sword, the bayonet, and the guillotine. It appeared for a season, as if the knell of the whole nation was tolled, and the world summoned to its execution and its funeral. Within the space of ten years, not less than 3,000,000 of human heings are supposed to have perished, in that one country, through the influence of atheism. Were the world in general to be guided and governed by the same principles, what crimes would not mankind perpetrate; what agonies would they not endure?"

The reign of infidelity and terror in France was short; but the consequences of it are likely to be long. The land is far from heing purged at present, and whether it ever can he purged but by the slaughter of other millions—the pouring forth of additional rivers of hlood—remains to be witnessed.

The infidelity of Germany is of another type from that of France. It is less open, less ferocious, but probably not less deeply seated, or less difficult to cure. It assumes rather the Pantheistic form; is concealed under the specious name of rationalism; and creeps unwarily, not only into the seat of science, but into the holier sanctuary of the church. Not a few of the professed teachers of religion in Germany, it may be feared, are Atheists.

The infidelity of America is almost entirely of foreign extraction. The poisonous seed has heen brought here by unprincipled foreigners, who have planted and watered it, and waited till it has hrought forth its bitter fruit. The amount of Atheism in the United States, it may he feared, is not small. For the most part, however, it avoids the light. It seeks to hide its horrid features under some other profession or name.

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

One cold market morning, I looked into a milliner's shop, and there I saw a hale, hearty, well-browned young fellow from the country, with his long cart whip, and a lion shag coat, holding up some little matter, and turning it about on his great fist. And what do you suppose it was? *A baby's bonnet!* A little, soft, blue satin hood, with a swan's-down border, white as the new-fallen snow, with a frill of rich blonde around the edge.

By his side stood a very pretty woman, holding with no small pride the baby, for evidently it was *the* baby. Any one could read that fact in every glance, as they looked at each other, and the little hood, and then at the large, blue, unconscious eyes and fat dimpled cheeks of the little one. It was evident that neither of them had ever seen a baby *like that* before!

"But really, Mary," said the young man, "isn't three dollars very high?"

Mary very prudently said nothing, but taking the little bonnet, tied it on to the little head, and held up the baby. The man looked, and grinned, and without another word down went the three dollars—all that the last week's butter came to; and as they walked out of the shop, it is hard to say which looked the most delighted with the bargain.

"Ah!" thought I, "a little child shall lead them!"

Another day, as I was passing a carriage factory along one of the back streets, I saw a young mechanic at work on a wheel. The rough body of a carriage stood beside him; and there, wrapped up snugly, all hooded and cloaked, sat a little dark-eyed girl, about a year old, playing with a great shaggy dog. As I stopped, the man looked up from his work, and turned admiringly towards his little companion, as much as to say, "See what I have got here!"

"Yes!" thought I, "and if the little lady ever get a glance from admiring swains as sincere as that, she will be lucky."

Ah, these children! little witches! pretty even in all their faults and absurdities! winning even in their sins and iniquities! See, for example, yonder little fellow in a naughty fit; he has shaken his long curls over his deep blue eyes; the fair brow is bent in a frown; the rose-leaf is pursed up in infinite defiance; and the white shoulder thrust naughtily forward. Can any but a child look so pretty even in their naughtiness?

Then comes the instant change—flashing smiles and tears, as the good comes back all in a rush, and you are overwhelmed with protestations, promises, and kisses! They are irresistible, too, these little ones. They pull away the scholar's pen, tumble about his papers, make somersets over his books; and what can he do? They tear up newspapers, litter the carpets, break, pull, and upset, and then jabber unimaginable English in self-defence; and what can you do for yourself?

"If *I* had a child," says the precise man, "you should see."

He does have a child, and his child tears up his papers, tumbles over his things, and pulls his nose, like all other children; and what has the precise man to say for himself? Nothing—he is like everybody else,—"a little child shall lead him!"

Poor little children! they bring and teach us, human beings, more good than they get in return. How often does the infant, with its soft cheek and helpless hand, awaken a mother from worldliness and egotism to a whole world of new and higher feeling! How often does the mother repay this, by doing her best to wipe off, even before the time, the dew and fresh simplicity of childhood, and make her daughter too soon a woman of the world, as she has been.

The hardened heart of the worldly man is unlocked by the guileless tones and simple caresses of his son; but he repays it, in time, by imparting to his boy all the crooked tricks, and hard ways, and callous maxims which have undone himself.

Go to the jail, to the penitentiary, and find there the wretch most sullen, brutal, and hardened. Then look at your infant son. Such as he is to you, such to some mother was this man. That hard hand was soft and delicate, that rough

voice was tender and lisping, fond eyes followed him as he played, and he was rocked and cradled as something holy. There was a time when his heart, soft and unworn, might have opened to questionings of God and Jesus, and been sealed with the seal of heaven. But harsh hands seized it—fierce, goblin lineaments were impressed upon it, and all is over with him forever!

So, of the tender, weeping child is made the callous, heartless man; of the all-believing child, the sneering skeptic; of the beautiful and modest, the shameless and abandoned: and this is what *the world* does for the little one.

There was a time when the *Divine One* stood on earth, and little children sought to draw near to him. But harsh human beings stood between him and them, forbidding their approach. Ah! has it not been always so? Do not even we, with our hard and unsubdued feelings, our worldly and unscriptural habits and maxims, stand like a dark screen between our little child and its Saviour, and keep even from the choice bud of our hearts the sweet radiance which might unfold it for paradise? "Suffer little children to come unto *me*, and forbid them not," is still the voice of the Son of God; but the cold world still closes around and forbids. When, of old, the disciples would question their Lord of the higher mysteries of his kingdom, he took a little child and set him in the midst, as a sign of him who should be greatest in heaven. That gentle teacher still remains to us. By every hearth and fireside, Jesus still *sets the little child in the midst of us!*

Wouldst thou know, O parent, what is that *faith* which unlocks heaven? Go not to wrangling polemics, or creeds and forms of theology; but draw to thy bosom thy little one, and read in that clear, trusting eye, the lesson of eternal life. Be only to thy God as thy child is to thee, and all is done! Blessed shalt thou be, indeed, when "*a little child shall lead thee!*"

CONSOLATION.

BY MARGARET JUNKIN.

In a chamber where sickness and torturing pain
  Had reigned with a fearful control,
Were gathered a group who in bitterness wept,
  And anguish and sorrow of soul:
The lips that they kissed uttered voiceless farewells
  As their office they strove to fulfill—
The fingers they clasped gave no pressure again,—
  The hand had forgotten its skill.

They watch her thro' eyes that are blinded with tears,
  And they stifle the sobs which arise;
Unwilling that human emotions should jar
  On a spirit so near to the skies:
Too slow and too faint is the fluttering breath,—
  Too ghastly the hue of the brow!
They may give to the long pent-up torrent its way,
  It cannot disquiet her now.

Oh! moment of most insupportable wo
  To creatures of perishing breath,
When we shrink from the first fearful flash of the truth
  That we stand in the presence of death,—
That the lid which has closed will not open again,—
  That the heave of the bosom is o'er,—
That the look of affection will never return,—
  That the lips will be vocal no more!

Thus heart-wrung and desolate—palsied with grief
  No reason nor faith could allay,
They clung there as tho' they enfolded her still,
  And not the rent veil of her clay:

While she, with the fullness of joy in her soul,
  The path of the purified trod,—
Exultingly passed through the crystalline gates,
  And gazed on the glory of God.

She cannot look back to the group she has left
  So smitten, and orphan'd, and lone,
She cannot withdraw her rapt vision from Him
  Who sits in the midst of the throne:
In the bliss of beholding the long lost and wept
  So bright in their angel array,
What wonder if every remembrance of time
  Were blotted forever away!

But when with a vision more strengthened to bear
  The glories that burst on her sight,
The thrill of her rapturous spirit subsides
  To the calm of a seraph's delight,—
She will turn with emotion that never had known
  The depths of such tenderness yet,
To the loved ones whom even the converse of heaven
  Would win her in vain to forget.

And ye in whose sorrowful bosoms so long
  The passionate yearning will rise,
Think, think how the bonds that most bound you to earth
  Are binding you now to the skies:
How fast they are severing! Link after link
  Is loosed from the beautiful chain;
But ah! when the circle is perfect above,
  It will never be broken again!

STRUGGLING SPIRITS.

DIARY OF A CLERGYMAN.

A WELL-KNOWN author has published a book with the euphonious title of "The Battle of Life!" The battle of life! How suggestive! The best way to use the book in question is to stop at the title, and *think*. How many thousands of struggling spirits are there in England, not to embrace a greater portion of our globe, whose history is a battle of life! How many men, with grey hairs, who cannot recollect a day of their existence that was not engaged in this battle! Poverty, disappointment, sickness, bereavement, blasted hopes, and ten thousand other afflictions, come upon the field, and, single-handed, the true hero struggles with them all. The world is too busy to notice him. Engaged with its own affairs, it takes no note of his. He is not a worshiped hero—*except he conquer;* and then men praise him because he does well to himself; but it has no incense for him whilst he is in the act of struggling, although it is only then that he needs it, and although that is in reality the merit of his case. The merit lies not in the victory, but in the effort to obtain it. The world tests merit by success. This is one of its myriad fallacies. The merit is in the struggle. Heroes as great as any that have been crowned by the applause that waits upon achievement, have fallen in the battle of life, unnamed, unnoticed, unknown. Non-success and non-merit are not convertible terms. The principle that arms for the struggle, and the mode in which it is carried on, are the just criterion. The issue of the contest has little to do with it. The battle is not to the strong, nor the race to the swift. Perseverance in a good cause, conducted upon right principles, is frequently successful, but not always; and to insinuate a doubt respecting the soundness of him who fails, simply *because* he fails, is at once uncharitable and unjust. Men have died broken-hearted, after threescore years of incessant struggle; and shame upon the iniquity that brands them as cowards! for their broken hearts declare them true heroes. Their calamity proclaims that to the last they had fought. Broken hearts are sometimes the greenest laurels in the eye of virtue. Non-success is sometimes real victory. Everything depends upon what is in the man, and how and why he struggles. Failure has its lessons, as well as conquest; and the former are sometimes more valuable than the latter. They are not so easily read, however, for the obvious reason that the world does not see them so plainly. We hear of "the self-made man," "the architect of his own fortune," "the conquering hero," and then it puts the trumpet to its mouth, and blows a shrill blast, and "does obeisance;" but, when it hears of another, who has failed in the battle of life, albeit he was, in every intellectual and moral respect, equal to its favorite, and may have struggled, too, with greater energy, and for a longer period, it passes him by, with a "poor fellow!" or, perhaps, with the malignant innuendo, "Ah, there *must* have been something wrong there!" There is a prophet in Bricktown, whose vision is remarkably clear after the event. A friend of mine related to me the following conversation which he had with him lately:—

"Well, Mr. Seer," said my friend, "have you heard the news about your old townsman?"

"No; what about him?"

"He has obtained a valuable office appointment."

"Knew it," said Seer, looking wonderfully wise; "knew it; always prophesied that Keenlook would get on; always saw it in his eye—determined, fixed, piercing. Well done, Keenlook! An honor to Bricktown! Always said he would. Ought to be invited to a public dinner."

"A public dinner to Keenlook!" said my friend. "O, very well. Pray, Mr. Seer, have you had any intelligence of Alfred Richeart? I believe he is related to some families in this town, and you may have heard something of him."

"Richeart? He that was schoolmaster in Eaglefield?"

"The same."

"No, nothing lately. What's he doing now?"

"Fighting with difficulties, and can scarcely obtain bread for his family."

"Ah! I thought so; always said so. He'll never get on. What do you think? He kept Mrs. Smallsoul two years waiting for the balance of her house-rent. Sad that! How can a man get on that does not pay his way?"

"Has Mrs. Smallsoul not been paid?" asked my friend.

"O yes, at last."

"And with interest?"

"I believe so."

"Did she not also saddle him with law expenses?"

"So I have heard; and served him right, too."

"Now, Mr. Seer, I have only to say that the man whom you thus brand is a far greater, better, and more deserving man than him to whom you propose to offer the incense of a public dinner. Keenlook is a passable sort of man, as the world goes, and I have nothing to say against him; but there is not so much nobility in his whole life and history as there is in a single mental aspiration of Richeart. As a philosopher, a philanthropist, and a Christian, I admire and love him: from his writings, I have derived both pleasure and profit; his extraordinary modesty —sure sign of genius that—has kept him concealed and poor; and it was only the other day that I learned, to my surprise and grief, that the author of the 'Philosophy of Greatness'——"

"What!" said I, interrupting my friend. "You cannot mean the author of that sublime work?"

"I do, sir," said he, smiling, "and am not a little pleased to find that you both know and appreciate it. I am prepared, moreover, to prophesy, *before* the event, that, when you know Alfred Richeart personally, you will esteem and love him. You shall hear a little of his history and struggles, and perhaps you will then desire to see the man himself."

"You will greatly oblige me," I said; "but how did your conversatiou with Seer terminate?"

"O, he buttoned his pockets, afraid that I had a design upon them, and walked away, muttering some rubbish about 'useless book-worms that could not pay their debts,' and I left the earthworm in disgust."

Seer may be taken as a representative of the multitude in its hasty judgments. It does not reason, but leaps to conclusions. The silent struggle, the state of the heart, the mental disposition, are things beyond its province; consequently, it often condemns where praise is merited, and praises where condemnation is due. It is gratifying to believe that there is a day coming which will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and fulfill the promise that light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.

The substance of my friend's communication respecting Richeart was as follows:—Early thrown upon the world, with no capital but strong principles, whose seeds had been sown by wise parents, and sedulously cultivated by self-appreciation of their importance, he soon found them both a solace and a necessity amidst those trials and difficulties, which seem wisely intended for the discipline of men who are to be of any service to their fellows upon the platform of life. With a clear intellect, and well-balanced judgment, he commanded the respect and attention of those with whom he came in contact; but, being of retiring and studious habits, and of exceeding modest demeanor, he was comparatively little known. Those virtues for which he should have been admired, were in reality against his success in life; that is, against that material advantage with which men are in the habit of identifying success. His modesty led him to consider himself inferior to every one else; and though the solidity of his judgment and the logical conclusiveness of his reasoning were appreciated by thinking men, whenever, by much persuasion, he was led to take his place in a public meeting, he always felt himself unhappy at the souud of his own voice, and imagined that he had retarded, rather than forwarded, the interests of the cause —chiefly educational—which he had been pleading. Everything merely superficial he eschewed, and felt sorry when he saw the readiness of the majority in most public assemblies to be carried away by fluent oratory, which frequently conveyed but little information, and, more frequently still, had little or nothing to do with the question nominally under discussion. Partly from the necessities of existence, and partly from a desire to be of service to others, he adopted the ill-requited and little prized, though both onerous and honorable, profession of a schoolmaster. Doubting his qualifications for a more important and populous sphere, he selected, as the scene of his first educational efforts, a small town, whose inhabitants were both poor and ignorant of the advantages of instruction. "Hereditary bondsmen" to ignorance and superstition (those sable sisters that have long deluded mankind), they had no desire for that light which makes men free. Their stolidity and obstinate adherence to traditional usages, which are "more honored in the breach than the observance," severely tried his sensitive mind, and ultimately thwarted all his exertions for their benefit and that of their children. They sneered at his "newfangled notions," and made themselves merry at his desire to abandon the venerable custom of flogging.

In such a population as this, it is evident that a man of fine feelings was entirely out of place. Mr. Richeart struggled long, and was so far successful, as to gain the affections of the few chil-

dren who were allowed to remain with him. But prejudice and folly, having the strength of the current on their side, finally conquered, and our struggler left the place, poorer than he came, and sorrowful in spirit; but, upheld by faith, he was resolved to struggle on elsewhere. Honesty of purpose sustains a man. The strong conviction that right will some day rise to the surface, has enabled a man to hold on in the battle of life, who, without this faith, would have sunk in the mighty waters.

Richeart, on the recommendation of a relative, removed to a town some twenty miles distant. In consequence of the illness of his wife and child, he was obliged to remain three days and nights at an inn on the road. Medical advice was absolutely necessary for the sufferers. Having settled all his little accounts, with the exception of a balance of two pounds to the owner of the school-room, as already referred to by Mr. Seer, he had not the means left to pay a medical man. Perplexed and distressed, but still confident that he would not be forsaken, he mentioned the case to the landlord of the inn, expressing his desire to have a skillful doctor, but at the same time intimating that his means were very limited. After surveying him closely, with a pair of small, grey, twinkling eyes, looking out through layers of fat, his host asked him what he was, and what brought him into these difficulties. He rapidly told him the simple facts of the case, expressing great anxiety for his beloved wife and child. "Well, well," said the good landlord, "yours is a bad trade, friend. Schoolmasters and bookmakers ha'n't much to boast on, and some o' the clergy aint much better off;" and smiling at his own small wit, he called out "Jim! here. Jump across Blinky, and ride off to Dr. Kurem with my 'spects, and ask him to come here presently; and, d'ye hear, Jim? no loitering!"

Returning to the chamber of his earthly treasures, he endeavored to soothe his dear wife, by telling her that a medical man would soon be with them. This, however, seemed to awaken in her breast a fresh source of anxiety. "My dear, why did you this?" she inquired, "for we cannot reward him." "True, my love," he replied, "we cannot; but God can." "Yes," she said, I know it. All is well; and I reproach myself for doubting your wisdom, as I cannot doubt your faith in God." The arrival of the good doctor was speedy, and his skill happily tested. On the third day, he said, "Well, Mr. Richeart, you have no further use for me, I am happy to say. So, good by!"

"But, Dr. Kurem—I beg your pardon, sir—but your ——. I have not yet asked how much ——"

"Nor need you ask. I have heard your story from my fat friend down stairs, and I see its truth in your face. Nay, no words now! I know what struggles are. Twenty years—twenty years up to the chin in an adverse stream ought to teach a man sympathy with his fellow-men. I've got to shore at last, although you see it has made me grey; but a grey head is a good thing in my profession: people think it a sign of wisdom. Good-bye; good-bye! I've left a small box of very useful medicine with your good wife; but you need not open it until you reach the end of your journey."

So saying, Dr. Kurem sprang into his carriage, and drove off. The landlord was now called for, to whom poor Richeart, with a thankful heart, said, "Sir, I do not know how much I am obliged to you for bringing that excellent and benevolent doctor to us; and now how much have I to pay you?"

"Pay!" said Boniface. "I've looked at this here bill till I'm blind; but John says you had no more. If all my customers carried on this way, I might shut up shop. No wine, no spirits, no beer, and only one dinner for three days; nothing but breakfast and tea!"

"Why, sir," said Richeart, trying to smile, "I own that we are but poor customers; but we never drink any of these things, and it's better be economical than run into debt."

"Bah! it isn't worth —, so here goes!" and he tore the bill to shreds, saying, "I don't believe Kurem would charge you anything, no more won't I; but you can give a trifle to the servants."

Having reached the town, and secured temporary lodgings, Richeart's next effort was to search for a school-room, and to commence his profession. After many trials and disappointments, he at last succeeded in finding a place in the outskirts of the town, with the proprietor of which he made arrangements, and forthwith entered on his duties. At the end of three months, notwithstanding all his exertions, he had only seven boys under his tuition. He had to struggle against poverty and prejudice, amidst a people to whom he was a stranger; and now, the first quarter's rent falling due, he was again sorely agitated in mind. Want and care had visibly influenced his health; his beloved child had died, and another was born; his wife was extremely delicate; and the owner of the building in which he kept school was a harsh man, who knew not how to sympathize with sorrow, and threatened to eject him if the rent was not promptly paid.

He had recently finished the manuscript of his essay on the "Philosophy of Greatness;" and, though entertaining scarcely any hope of finding a publisher to purchase the copyright, the thought occurred to him that he would forward it to London, to an eminent publishing house. He did so. In the course of a few days, a letter arrived from Messrs. Octavo & Co., stating that they were obliged by Mr. Richeart's offer, but that their hands were full. Ultimately, however, the book was published, and met with the applause of the critics; but, beyond that, it brought no reward to the excellent author. By a series of providential circumstances, which he failed not to recognize, and for which his heart was deeply thankful, he was enabled to overcome pressing difficulties, and to struggle on in that place for ten long years. The battle of life has been with this most deserving man a stern reality. He struggles still; and he says that all that has occurred has only given him *vigor for the fight!*

LALITU.

TO MY DAUGHTER.

BY PROF. TAPPAN.

That waltz is like the merry bells
Upon the morn of May,
A rush of joyous sounds that tells
How human hearts can play—

How human hearts beat hopefully
When life is in its May,
Ere summer's prime comes soberly,
Or autumn's sere array.

I hear the sound of dancing feet,
The bursting laugh of youth—
Of boys and girls who laughing greet
In innocence and truth:

I see the sunshine on the trees,
The dew upon the flowers;
I hear the humming of the bees,
I scent the morning hours:

The birds are pouring on my ear
Their songs of early love,
And distant brooks are gurgling clear
Through meadow and through grove:

I hear a thousand homelike sounds,
What pleasant sights I see!
Mine eye o'erflows, my heart rebounds,
My youth returns to me.

Is it the music that doth give
These thoughts of May day morn,
That makes me seem again to live
When hope and joy were born?

Or is it that the torch is thine,
My only daughter dear,
And that thy soul awakes in mine
These melodies so clear—

The echoes of thine own young heart,
Thy heart made out of mine?
O may no earthly shock e'er part
A oneness so divine!

LOVE ETERNAL.

Love's breath is in the vernal breeze
That fans the cheek on twilight eves—
Love's breath exhales from out the rose,
When morn unfolds its crimson leaves—
Love's breath is in the murmuring sound
That o'er the bubbling fountain rings—
Love's breath is in the little song
The little bird to nature sings.

Love's breath—it is God's holy breath
That unto thee, my heart, is given—
Whose gentle impulse, sweet and pure,
Doth softly raise thee up to heaven!—
There shall that earthly plant put forth
Eternal flowers, that ne'er shall fall.
Ah! I shall love!—and love!—and love!—
Since Love is but the Life of All!

THE HOPES OF YOUTH.

BY MRS. M. E. DOUBLEDAY.

On a bright and glorious summer day, when the air was filled with music, and the breeze loaded with the fragrance of fruit and flower, a party of young men lingered on the margin of a broad stream, whose pure waters reflected the bright hues of the sky above, and the waving foliage of the trees and shrubs with which its banks were fringed. They had just entered upon the active pursuits of life. The down slightly shaded their cheeks, and their steps were free and light, as they bounded over the green fields, or stopped to throw a pebble, and then watched the rippling eddies and glancing sunbeams. While they loitered thus, the dews of evening fell, and the shadows of declining day gathered around them. Drawing nearer to each other, they reclined upon the turf to watch the last beams of the setting sun, and welcome the pure pale evening star. Then deeper thoughts came to them, and they spake, of the future, and of the destiny they were to accomplish; and wondered, as they questioned, what should be the allotment of their future days and coming years; and as the light faded, a shadowy form stood before them, and a voice sweet and low fell upon their ears.

"Children of men!" said the spirit, "I have listened to your words: shall I teach you how to secure the possession of your wishes? Choose, then—riches or fame, pleasure, or learning, or power, or aught that men most desire, and if ye accept the conditions I propose, I will assure you the attainment." "And what are thy conditions?" said one. "Thou shalt choose one object, and the possession of that object shall be the great purpose of thy life. Upon it thou shalt concentrate thy desires and affections, and thou shalt suffer nought to divert thee from its pursuit," was the reply. "And canst thou to these gifts add happiness?" said one of a quiet and thoughtful mien. "Will not the attainment of our desires secure our happiness?" exclaimed an eager youth, as he sprang from the turf: "Canst thou insure me my first wish? I have dreamed of fame while I slept, I have longed for it in my waking hours. Give me fame—give me a proud and lofty name—let me be known, while I live, and my memory descend to future ages. I would not mingle with the common herd—living unknown, dying to be forgotten. I ask for fame. For this alone would I live, and for this I am willing to die." "And what is fame but breath?" said another; will it feed or clothe the living? will the applause lavished on the dead waken the silence of the grave, or fan to life the slumbering ashes? Give me wealth; fill my coffers with gold, and let me look on broad fields and call them mine. Give me riches, and I will find happiness." "As for me," said the third, "I will devote my youth to pleasure. Strew my way with flowers. Steep and rugged is the path that leads to fame, and for what are riches but to afford the means of gratification? Give me the smiles of beauty and the pleasures of love. I will mingle in the dance and listen to the song, and where I may find gayety and mirth, there will I bend my steps. Old age is dark and unlovely, and sordid care brings only wrinkles. I will not anticipate the future—let the present be bright and joyous." "And what dost thou ask?" said the Genius to the last of the youths. "Of thee I ask nothing The gifts thou dost proffer I do not desire—all thou canst give will not bring the peace I seek. I would find my happiness in the path of duty—I would suffer without repining, and enjoy without presumption; and it shall be the aim of my life to fulfill the will of the great Creator, and promote the happiness of my fellow-creatures." "Ye have chosen," said the spirit. "Life is before you. Enter upon its conflict, and when in the full possession of your wishes, again will I revisit each one of you—but, know that then the hour of doom is nigh."

A man bowed more with care than age, upon whose brow was drawn many a furrow, was seated in a dark and gloomy room. The golden beams of the sun vainly strove to enter through the dusky cobwebbed windows. No sweet carol or joyous hum fell upon the ear;—no gleam of loveliness or beauty refreshed the eye, or brought gladness to the heart. Parchments and papers were around him, and the heavily-bound iron chest stood beside him. The thick walls and

heavy bolts and bars showed how well he watched and how well secured his treasury, while his trembling hand and glaring eye told how little he enjoyed his treasure. A slight sound, as of the evening breeze, fell upon the ear—he started and shuddered, for the spirit was again before him.

"Thy coffers are full," said the Genius, glancing around; "thy lands are broad. I have kept my promise; wealth, riches are thine—dost thou now welcome me?" "Welcome thee!" retorted the wretched man. "Hast thou come to triumph in my misery? Didst thou not devote me to a youth of labor, an age of care? If I have wealth, I have gained it by a drudgery from which the vilest felon would be excused. For it I have denied myself the enjoyments of this life, and bartered the hopes of another; and it has drawn around me the vicious, who have led the wife of my youth astray, and brought dishonor upon the mother of my children—it has allured my children into paths of sin, and hurried them into graves of shame. To attain wealth, I exhausted all the energies of my youth; upon it I concentrated all the affections of my heart: and it has yielded but care and toil in the pursuit, wretchedness and vexation in the possession." "Wilt thou relinquish thy riches?" asked the spirit. "What! relinquish my all?" shrieked the old man.

There was a crowd; and mingled curses and blessings, hisses and applause, fell upon the ear of a man, pale but not trembling, whose bright eye and compressed lip showed daring and defiance, while the full tones of his voice rose yet above the yells of the multitude, as he braved, and awed, and quelled them. And at night he lay upon his couch, pale and death like, and his labored breath and the heavy drops upon his clammy brow betokened his coming doom. And a low voice breathed in his ear, "Art thou satisfied? Thou hast known the pleasures of fame; thou hast tasted the joys of renown; thy name echoes through thine own land, and thy praise is wafted to other shores; thou hast attained distinction; art thou happy?" "Happy!" replied the hearer, as he opened his bright, hollow eyes, and gazed upon the Genius. "Callest thou this fame? What is the applause or the curse of the rabble to me? I have relinquished the pleasures of love, and the blessings of friendship; I have devoted my days to toil and my nights to study; I have lived a life of penury and loneliness, and am dying in poverty and wretchedness, an exile from my country, and an alien to my kindred. And were these the blessings thou didst promise? false, lying spirit!" "Thou didst but ask fame, nor did I assure thee that thy desires should bring thee happiness. That fame thou hast attained—distinction among the living, and a name that men will call immortal. Thou art dying, but thy name resounds in halls and palaces, in quiet homes and lowly cots; marble tablets and lofty monuments shall be raised to thee, and crowds and festal days shall perpetuate thy memory." "Will they bring incense to my ashes, to mock the misery of my life? What is renown to the dead? What will be the applause of man to me when my ear is deafened by the sod, and the quick pulses of the heart are chilled by the hand of death? The marble monument shall but press me the more heavily into the earth, and the footsteps of those who come to gaze upon it shall be echoed in the silence of the tomb. Fame! What a mockery!" muttered the dying man, as his eye glazed and his features settled in death.

A crowded saloon was wreathed with flowers, and glittering lamps shed their radiance over jewelled tresses and bright eyes; and the wine sparkled, and voluptuous forms threaded the mazes of the dance. In the midst of the crowd was one not yet past the prime of manhood, but his cheek was flushed, and his hand trembled, and his eye glowed with strange brightness. As the pale beams of the morning fell upon the withered flowers, and flickering lamps, and deserted halls, he turned to leave them, and met the spirit of the stream. "And thine is a life of pleasure. Thou hast drained her cup; thou hast been foremost in her train, and tasted all that she can give. Hast thou found it all thou didst desire—has it yielded all thou didst expect?" "What!" exclaimed the youth. "Callest thou this a life of pleasure? The foam that sparkles on the brim conceals the nauseous dregs beneath. See my trembling limbs, my wasted form: health, and hope, and peace are gone. I look back upon a wasted youth—I look forward to an age of gloom. I have forfeited the confidence of the good—I am sick of the smiles and flattery of the vicious. Days of languor and remorse succeed the nights of dissipation. I seek the crowd and the banquet to escape from myself, and I sicken amid the glare and revelry which there surround me." "But thou hast the smiles of beauty, and hast known the joys of friendship." "Hollow and deceitful is the smile of her who is wooed in the fanes of pleasure, and treacherous the friendship pledged over dice and wine. I tell thee, false, deceitful spirit, I needed not thy taunts to hurry me to my doom. I have exhausted all that life offers—there remainest but to die!" The quick sound of a pistol was heard, and he lay weltering in his blood.

In a quiet chamber lay a white-haired man. The spirit was not there, but there was manhood

calm and solemn; and woman, pale and loving, with tearful eyes, still ministering to the dying; and childhood, with strange tears upon its dimpled cheeks; and there came the blessing of him that was ready to perish, and the prayer of the oppressed who had found a comforter. The lips of the dying man moved as he murmured, "Life and immortality;" and his eye grew bright as he exclaimed, "Ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation;" and with his last strength he ejaculated, "Blessed be his name for all the mercies of the past, for all the hopes of the future!"

EARTH AND HEAVEN—LIGHT AND SHADE.

"Look on this picture, and on that."

EARTH.

A wave receding from the shore;
A fading rose, its beauty o'er;
The memory of music gone;
A wavelet weeping past a stone;
A bubble broken on a wave;
A floweret blooming on a grave;
A sunset fading into night;
The flickering of a taper's light;
The shadow of the evening hour;
A moonbeam on a ruin'd tower;
The glistening of a pensive beam,
Upon an ever-passing stream;
A sunbeam gleaming through a cloud;
The wrapping in the snowy shroud,
A fair, beloved, and cherish'd form,
Dragg'd to corruption, and the worm;
The heart, for thee once beating, burning,
To callous, cold indifference turning;
The eye, that ever turned to thee
With tenderness and sympathy,
Far dearer than the eye of day,
In careless coldness turn'd away;
The cherish'd friend, once all thine own,
Unloving, all another's grown;
The arm on which for strength we lean'd,
Not all, and only what it seem'd;
A futile trust, a broken reed,
Piercing the spirit till it bleed;
The tenderest bonds of friendship riven,
To pride, and pomp, and falsehood given;
The loving, lovely, and beloved,
By distance or by death removed;
A meteor flash, a falling star,
A wandering light, that shines afar—
The more we chase its woldfire beam,
It fades in mist, a glow-worm gleam;
A dream, from which we weeping waken;
The loneness of a heart forsaken;
The sighing of a wind harp's moan,
When thou art pensive and alone;
The sin and selfishness that parts,
By low deceit, congenial hearts;
The music-voice to coldness changed,
Expressive of the heart estranged;
The hollow smile, so seeming fair;
A moonbeam on a sepulchre;
A sere leaf, trembling in the blast;
A day, with shadows overcast.
O heart! has earth not been to thee
A fading thing—a vanity?

HEAVEN.

A golden shore, without a sea;
An everlasting melody;
A cloudless day, without a night;
A morn, where comes no fading light;
A home, where death outspreads no bier;
Where beauty never sheds a tear,
Where separations never pain,
And peace and love eternal reign;
No faithless friend the spirit grieves,
For there no trusted one deceives;
No selfish pride or passion parts
The sympathy of kindred hearts;
Nor disappointment blights the bloom
Of joyful hearts beyond the tomb;
For there no cold wind ever blows,
No canker ever nips the rose,
No thorn can ever pierce the hand
Of kindness in the sinless land;
No cold or dark ingratitude
Forget the kindness of the good;
Ah, no! no desolating change
Can clinging heart from heart estrange;
No friend forget the soothing ray
Which brighten'd up their cloudy day;
The friend who tenderly could share
Your weaknesses, your burdens bear;
Where the loving loveth ever,
And the friend forgetteth never!
Nor cold, nor envy, pride or hate
Can enter through the pearly gate.
No, not one sin can there defile
Or darken beauty's endless smile.
Near the changeless—ever near;
Chill'd no more with doubt and fear;
Glorious as the noonday sun;
Co-heir with God's only Son;
Dwelling in unclouded light;
Robed "in linen clean and white,"
Emblem of the spirit's dress—
Everlasting righteousness.
All the war of *nature* still'd;
All the promises fulfill'd;
Free from sin's o'er-mastering strife;
Resting 'neath the tree of life;
Where the flowers are ever fair,
In yon golden Sabbath-air;
Never more to thirst—oh, never!
Drinking from the crystal river,
Radiant as a jasper stone,
Flowing from the sapphire throne.

THE TALISMAN—A FAIRY TALE.

BY A SPINSTER.

"Let us have tea, or candles, or something, Aunt Margaret," said my mercurial little nephew, Herbert, as I sat one evening, watching the soft light of the rising moon from my drawing-room window.

"It is not quite tea-time yet, Herbert, and don't you think the moon gives us a pleasanter light just now than any candles could do? As to the "*something*," I should be able to answer that request better, if I knew what that "*something*" was."

"Oh! why something, you know, means—anything; anything is better than sitting here doing nothing."

"Well, then, suppose I ring for lights, and you set about an extra page of Latin, to surprise your tutor in the morning——"

"No, no, not that; something pleasant, I mean. If you would tell us a tale or a riddle, Aunt Margaret, or something, it would be so nice."

It seemed that Herbert could not express himself without the mysterious something.

"Well," said I, "I think I can tell you a tale or a riddle, or both in one, if you will sit down quietly."

They did not require a second biddiug.

Ellen brought her stool close to my feet, while Herbert threw himself into an enormous lounging-chair, with the air of a lord, and I began my tale.

It was a lovely afternoon in "the leafy month of June," and the midsummer sun shone bright on the velvet slope of a smooth lawn, and glittered on the shining leaves of a large Portugal laurel which grew upon it, under the shadow of which sat a merry party of little people, busy with their dolls and playthings. Never had children a more glorious playroom than was this, with its sapphire roof, and its emerald floor. Here were music and perfumes, exquisite as a monarch could command, for the skylark was pouring down his flood of melody, and every breath of the soft west wind came laden with sweets from the roses and mignionette which bloomed so luxuriantly around. It was one of nature's gala days—one of those festivals which are more frequent than great men's banquets, and to which all are right welcome, without cards of invitation.

The young folks seemed to be taking their part in the universal gladness, for the merry talk and the light laugh went round, and all was harmony.

"Look," cried the eldest of the party, a girl about twelve years of age, lifting up her doll triumphantly, "I have quite finished; does it not fit well?"

"Oh, how pretty!" cried the other three children in a breath.

"I should like just such a frock as that," said a very little girl. "Do make me one, Marian; you said you would."

"Yes, to be sure I did, Lucy, and so I will. Let us begin it directly." And so they set about selecting the materials. All the stores of silk and muslin were displayed, and now this aud now that pattern proposed and admired, and in its turn rejected for a newly-unfolded rival. At last, Lucy's eye fell upon one which struck her as just the thing. "This is the prettiest," cried she; "I should like this, Marian, if you please, better than any of the others."

As ill-luck would have it, Marian at that very moment drew forth another, in her opinion much more suitable for the purpose than the one selected by her little sister. "This will do much better, Lucy," she said decidedly; "it will look much prettier made up, and as I am going to make it, I ought to kuow."

"But I don't like it so well," objected Lucy.

"You will like it when it is made," replied Marian, drawing out the pattern she had chosen, and pushing away the remainder.

"Let her have the one she likes best," said Caroline; "it is for her doll."

"Oh, very well, if she likes her doll to be a fright, she can have it," said Marian; and she snatched the objectiouable piece from the pile, with a jerk which threw the rest upon the lawn to gambol with the breeze, and a merry dance they had before they could again be collected iuto a buudle.

"See what you have done, Marian," cried Caroline; "the silks will be spoilt with rolling about the garden."

"How can I help the wind?" answered Marian sharply, and she seated herself to her work, with a scornful toss of the head.

The silks were collected, the chairs re-arranged, and the little party again settled to their occupations; but harmony and happiness were at an end. The same change had come over the moral atmosphere which sometimes takes place in that of the physical world, even in the sunny month of June. The storm, even when it only menaces from afar, chases all brightness from the landscape, and causes a chilly air, which makes one sad and shivery, to take the place of the balmy summer breeze. So cold and so cheerless were now our young friends under the laurel.

Caroline sat with averted face. Lucy looked anxious and uncomfortable—she would almost rather have been less obliged to Marian than she ought to feel just now. As to Marian, she seemed oppressed, as the clouds are when charged with electric fluid. She had not room enough Lucy came too near her. Her scissors would not cut. The doll's figure was bad, there was no fitting it. Poor doll! well for it, it was no baby, or sharp would have been its cries under the hands of its mantua-maker. As it was, it did not escape unhurt. As Marian turned it round with a sudden movement, not the gentlest in the world, its nose, that feature so difficult to preserve entire in the doll physiognomy, came in contact with the sharp edge of the stool which served as a table, and when it again presented itself to the alarmed gaze of Lucy, its delicate tip was gone.

"Oh, my doll!" cried the little girl, her fear of Marian's anger entirely vanishing in grief at this dire calamity; "you have quite spoilt her!"

"Where? I have not hurt her, child!"

"Yes, you have," said Caroline; "look at her nose; that is with putting yourself into a passion about nothing."

"Who said I was in a passion?" cried Marian. "I never said a word; but you are always accusing me of being in a passion."

"Because you are so angry if the least word is said," answered Caroline. "If you had not banged the doll down so, it would not have been broken."

"Oh, very well! if that is the case, the sooner I leave you the better!" said Marian, rising with an air of great dignity, but with a beating heart and flashing eye, and she went away.

She walked rapidly through the garden, very hot and very angry, and with the painful feeling in her mind that she was one of the most persecuted, ill-used people in the world. It was very odd, very unkind; everybody accused her of ill-humor, nobody loved her, her mamma reproved her, her sisters quarreled with her, she had not a friend in the world; what could be the reason she was treated thus?

Yes, Marian asked herself this question; but questions are sometimes asked without much desire for information, and perhaps Marian's was, for she did not reflect in order to solve it. She strolled through the garden sadly enough when the first feeling of indignation had in some measure subsided. She went to her own garden, but she found no pleasure there, though a rosebud which she had been watching for some days had opened at last, and proved to be a perfect beauty both in form and color. At any other time Marian would have rushed into the house to look for mamma, and no matter how busy or how much engaged mamma might have been, she would have begged her to come out and see the last new rosette. But now she passed it with a cursory glance, and continued her walk through the gardens and shrubberies, till she was tired of walking, and tired of her own company, but still without any desire to seek that of others. She stood before the bee-hives for a while, and observed the bees as they returned home, their wings glittering in the sunshine, and their thighs laden with their golden spoil. At first she felt half vexed with them for being so busy, and working so harmoniously, but by degrees their soft hum soothed her ruffled spirits, and she sat down on a bank of turf at a little distance to watch their motions. It was a pretty seat that she had chosen. Close beside her blossomed some luxuriant roses, and amongst them, a large white lily raised its head, its snowy petals contrasting finely with the green leaves of the rose-bushes and the deep crimson of their blossoms. Marian's eyes were riveted by the magnificent flower, and she must have gazed upon it long, for, as she gazed, its form became indistinct, its petals looked like fleecy clouds, and its orange stamens stretched into long lines of gold. She rubbed her eyes, but the flower did not again resume its original form. A pillar of mist was rising from its cup, which by degrees took a solid form, and presented to the eyes of the astonished girl a female figure, of diminutive proportions, but of such exquisite grace and beauty, that she did not believe it was possible for anything earthly to be equal to it. Fanciful as it may seem, the little sylph bore a striking resemblance to the flower from which she sprung. Her clothing was of the purest white, her hair like shining

gold, and the small zephyr-like wings which adorned her shoulders were of that delicate green with which we see the early snowdrop and the wings of the butterfly so tenderly streaked. Although she did not in the least resemble Cinderella's godmother, or any of the dear old ladies with spindles that we read of in the nursery tales, Marian had no doubt that she was a fairy. Marian was an enterprising person, and her acquaintance with literature was not confined to that which was served up to her in the schoolroom and nursery. She had peeped into a big book on papa's library table, and she had read of fairies who could hide in acorn cups, and wrap themselves in the snake's enameled skin—who waged war with the humble-bee for his honey-bag, and made them tapers from his waxen thighs. Here, perhaps, stood before her one of that very company!

The fairy, then, for such we may venture to call her, descended gracefully, and alighted on a vase of mignionette which stood at the feet of Marian. She surveyed the little girl for some moments with a look of tenderness and compassion. At last she spoke, and her voice, though not loud, was clear and distinct as the sound of a silver bell. "My poor child," said she, "you are lonely and unhappy; what ails you?"

Surprised as Marian was, she felt no fear of this gentle apparition, and would have answered, but, unluckily, she scarcely knew what to say. She had little idea how vague her grievances were before she was called upon to put them iuto words. She hung her head, and was silent.

"I need not ask you," continued the fairy; "perhaps I know your troubles better than you do yourself."

Marian sobbed. "I am very, very unhappy," said she.

"I know it, child," answered the fairy; "what will you say if I give you something which will cure your sorrow, something which will make you glad yourself, and cause you to bring gladness wherever you go—which will make all who know you love you, and which will prevent you from ever suffering again what you suffer today?"

"Ah!" sighed Marian, "if that could indeed be!"

"Here is a talisman," said the fairy, "which, if worn about you constantly, will effect all I have promised."

Marian looked incredulous as she gazed on the jewel which was offered to her. It resembled a pearl, and reflected a mild and tranquil light; but beautiful as it was, it was not au ornament which Marian would have chosen. She loved brilliant colors and dazzling gems, and the sparkle of the diamond or the hue of the ruby would have possessed more attraction for her than the soft ray of the fairy talisman.

"How can a jewel like that do all you say?" she inquired.

The fairy smiled. "You shall go with me," she said, "and judge of its effects from your own observation." So saying, she waved her hand towards the lily, and behold another marvel! The flower expanded, and, without losing altogether its original form, it became a chariot, drawn by milk-white doves. The fairy seated herself in it, and beckoned Marian to take her place by her side. The little girl obeyed. She had seen too much that was marvelous, to wonder how her mortal bulk could be supported in that aerial vehicle; but there she was, sailing through the air, above the garden and the orchard, above the house and the fields, higher and higher, till there was nothing to be seen but mist and clouds.

Yes, Marian was amongst the clouds at last! How often, when she had watched some gorgeous sunset, had she longed to penetrate the golden valleys of that bright cloud-land! But, alas, now that it was no longer distant, its glory had disappeared! Instead of silver seas, golden lakes, purple mountains, and ruby temples, here was nothing to be seen but gray vapor, nothing to be heard but the fluttering of their winged conductors; and before they had descended, Marian had begun to be heartily tired of the monotony of this aerial journey. She was glad when they once more heard "the earth's soft murmuring," when they once more beheld groves, and fields, and waters, and the habitations of men. On and on they skimmed, now near the surface of the earth, till they hovered over a city, larger than any town Marian had ever before seen; so large, that there seemed no end to the mazes of its streets and alleys. Seemingly in the very centre of this city the fairy alighted. Marian shivered as she looked round on the wretchedness of the dwellings, the impurity of the streets, and the squalid aspect of their inhabitants. She shrank from the observation of the latter, as the fairy beckoned her onward. "Do not fear," said her guide, observing her embarrassment; "we are invisible to mortal eyes, and can go where we will without being noticed. This seems to you a strange place to look for jewels?"

Marian assented, but, re-assured by the fairy's words and countenance, she followed her more boldly, and they entered a dwelling, which bore evidence of a degree of wretchedness and poverty of which Marian could not previously have formed an idea.

It was very full of people. Some men sat at a table, playing with dirty cards; in a corner, on the floor, was a group of children, and Marian was almost surprised to observe that even here the children were at play. They were at play, and they seemed as much interested with the rags and potsherds which formed their playthings as ever Marian and her sisters had been with the costly trifles with which lavish godfathers and wealthy friends had furnished their nursery; and their play, too, was much like the play of other children in better clothing. Marian felt a fellow-feeling with them, as she looked on; for on those young faces sorrow and sin had not yet left the dark traces of their presence. Their eyes sparkled with joy, and they laughed merrily, as she often laughed herself; and when the brow of one grew dark at some slight offence given by another, and a sharp rebuke fell from his lips, she could not conceal from herself that neither was that feeling or that tone utterly incomprehensible to her. The rebuke was retorted with increased bitterness, and by and by words were uttered by those childish lips which made her shudder. The words were soon accompanied by blows, and the blows succeeded by cries, until the uproar grew so loud as to excite the attention of their elders. And now, oh! Marian, you listened in vain for the mild reproof, the solemn admonition, from which you have often turned aside with secret vexation and disgust. Blows and horrid curses stilled this tumult, and brought the young rioters to silence, though their lowering brows and sullen eyes showed that the storm was still raging in their bosoms.

Marian turned away her head in disgust. The fairy pointed to the other group, amongst whom some disagreement had risen about their game, and the little girl's disgust was turned to terror, when she saw the expression which anger gave to the strong features, and heard the fierce tones which it imparted to the deep voices of the men. "Oh! take me from these horrid people," said she to the fairy, in an imploring voice.

"Presently," returned the fairy; "but let us think awhile before we turn away from this terrible lesson. These men were once children like those little ones, and their anger was no more formidable. Now their feelings are the same, but they have greater power to work evil; therefore do their passions appear to you so much more fearful."

As she spoke, the door opened, and a woman entered. She was a pale, worn-looking creature, and she carried on her head a bundle so large that Marian wondered how she had contrived to support it. She placed it down with some difficulty, and then looking at the card-players with a scornful countenance, she addressed some words to one amongst the number. The noise caused by the dispute was so great that Marian could not exactly catch their import, but they seemed mixed up with taunts and reproaches, and the woman pointed, as she uttered them, to the bundle which she had just before deposited upon the floor. The man, before angry, seemed irritated to madness by her words and her manner: he started up, and struck her violently—she fell to the ground. Marian covered her face with her hands. When she removed them, she found herself once more in the street.

As the fairy prepared to lead the way into another dwelling, Marian hung back. "Let me go away," said she; "I wish to see no more of such dreadful scenes."

"Fear not," said her guide; "you have not yet seen my talisman. It is worn in this dwelling, and where it is worn scenes such as you have just witnessed never occur." Marian felt compelled to follow, but she did so unwillingly.

The room they now entered bore as strongly the evidences of poverty as had done the one they visited before, but it did not look so utterly wretched. There was a greater air of cleanliness and decency throughout the apartment, and also in the appearance of its inmates. A woman sat sewing by the side of a table. Her emaciated form, pallid features, and deeply-lined countenance, spoke of want, and toil, and wo; but there was something that made the eye dwell with complacency on that wasted figure, clad in rags, and surrounded by all the externals of the most sordid poverty. Yes, that was it! There was the talisman!—it shone serenely on this poor woman's brow, and lighted up all that wretched hovel with its heavenly radiance! It was reflected on the faces of the pallid children, the two younger of whom were playing on the floor, while the elder girl, seated on a stool at her mother's feet, was nursing a baby. The baby was poorly and fretful, and at last the little girl, wearied with its restlessness, looked beseechingly toward her mother. Her mother could ill spare a moment from her work, but she laid it down, and took up the suffering infant. Ill as it was, the talisman seemed to have a charm even for it—its cry became less frequent, and it soon fell into a quiet sleep. The woman laid it quietly down, and resumed her employment. She was scarcely seated, when a footstep approached the door. "Father!" cried one of the little ones, in a tone of pleasure, and toddled towards the door.

The father entered, but at the first sight of him the joy of the children was at an end. He

looked as if he had been drinking—his face was flushed, and his brow dark and lowering. Marian shrunk, terrified at his appearance: he was one of the men who had been quarreling over the card-table.

The children appeared more frightened and unhappy than surprised at the mood in which he entered. They retreated hastily, seeming to anticipate his intention of pushing them out of the way, and he seated himself before the fire. His wife did not speak; as she glanced at him, she turned first red, then pale, but she bent her eyes over her work, making quiet answers to the rough words he from time to time addressed to her, and turning the wondrous talisman full upon him as she spoke. Its light soon worked a change. He looked less suspiciously around him, his brow relaxed, and the children began to steal nearer and nearer, till at last the youngest climbed to his knee, and prattled away to him in his childish way, as he had before prattled to his mother. The mother smiled, as she rose and prepared to take her finished work to her employer. She hoped to procure the evening meal with the wages of her labor. *He* had brought in no money to-day, she knew full well, but she did not ask; and, with a kindly voice, she requested him to watch over the young ones in her absence, and glided from the door. The talisman must have dazzled his eyes as she went out, for they glistened with moisture; he muttered something, but Marian did not hear what it was, and before she had time to inquire of her conductor, she found herself once more seated in the fairy chariot, and rising rapidly above the smoke and gloom of these homes of misery and want. A little while ago, she would have hailed her escape from this sad region with delight; but now she would fain have seen more of the wearer of the talisman. Something of this kind she remarked to the fairy. "Ah! Marian," answered her guide, "there are jewels which render even squalid poverty attractive, and without which, wealth, decked out in all its ornaments, is void of charms!"

On and on they floated, leaving far behind these scenes of destitution, and soon the city rose fair and bright below. Stately palaces bounded the spacious streets. The skill of the sculptor and of the architect had ornamented the exterior of every building, and in the balconies and gardens bloomed the choicest of flowers and shrubs, perfuming the air with their fragrance, and delighting the eye with their beauty. The fairy alighted, and, beckoning Marian to follow her, she entered one of the mansions. The little girl had been delighted by the aspect of the streets through which she had passed, but she was doubly charmed by the magnificence of the interior of the dwelling in which she now found herself. It seemed to her like one of the enchanted palaces of which she had read in the "Arabian Nights;" and, lost in admiration, she forgot all about the talisman as she passed through the gorgeous apartments, adorned with pictures, statues, and magnificent draperies. Gayly dressed people occupied some of these rooms, but the fairy and Marian did not stop until they reached one in which there were children. Some of these children were older than Marian, some younger. A party of the younger ones were busy at play, and oh, what playthings were spread out before them! In her wildest flights of fancy, Marian had never imagined such appliances and means of amusement as were here exhibited. Such dolls! dressed in such exquisite style—such varieties of all kind of toys; and, what Marian coveted more than all the rest, such shelves of gayly bound books, with smart pictures and most tempting titles. What happy children must these be! But, strange to say, their play was not half so hearty as had been that of the poor children with the broken potsherds. Their laugh was less merry, and their manner more listless; but they became animated before long. They got angry, and then Marian could not but confess, that, in spite of the difference of all external things, there was indeed a resemblance between these children and those in the humble roof she had so lately visited; for the scowling brow, the loud voice, the scornful lip, were common to both parties. One of the elder boys, who was lounging over a book, interposed in an authoritative tone to end the quarrel. He laid his hand, as he spoke, on the arm of the little girl whose voice was loudest. Perhaps his touch was not very gentle, for she turned sharply round, and said something which brought the youth's color to his temples, and made his eyes flame with anger. He snatched the costly doll from the girl's arms, and threw it violently against the ground, kicked the little spaniel, which was crouching at her feet, till it fled howling to another asylum, and seemed about to proceed to other acts of violence, when the entrance of a servant, announcing that the horses were ready for his ride, effected a diversion. A quarrel next arose between the boy and the sister, who was prepared to accompany him, and, in angry discussion, they quitted the apartment. Marian watched them from the window with a feeling somewhat akin to envy, for a pony, like one of those now mounted by these favored children, she had long thought would make her per-

fectly happy. But these young people did not seem happy. There was a look of gloom and discontent on the brow of either, as they rode off with averted faces and in sullen silence, which spoke of hearts but ill at ease.

Silence prevailed for some time in the room they had so lately left. Play was at an end, and the children sat, some at a solitary occupation, some in idleness, but all with dull and fretful faces, apparently little cheered by the many means of enjoyment so lavishly scattered around them. By-and-by, a new-comer entered. He was a pale, sickly looking boy, very lame, and possessing few of the personal attractions which distinguished the rest of the children of the family. Even his dress seemed plainer and less becoming than that of the others; but he had not been long in the room before the charm which his presence diffused made Marian suspect that he was the wearer of the talisman—and so it proved. And now the children played again, if less noiselessly, more cheerfully than before, and all seemed happier. Even the little dog had a different expression, as he lay with his nose resting on his paws, ready to start up at the first playful word; and Marian obeyed her conductor's summons to depart, with a lighter heart. But she had no wish to linger in that magnificent abode. The manners of these children, in spite of their gay clothes and their fashionable airs, filled her with disgust, which was probably expressed in her countenance; for the fairy smiled as she looked at her, and said, in a gentle voice, "Ah! Marian, it is one thing to be a beholder of a scene of variance, and another to be one of the actors in it. Passion does not now blind your eyes, and you can see strife and anger in their true and hateful colors. But is it always so?"

Marian blushed. She felt the rebuke the fairy's words conveyed, and she hung her head in silence.

"I have not wished to pain you needlessly by these scenes," continued the fairy; "but to make you more sensible of the value of the talisman which it is in my power to bestow upon you, and to cause you to guard it well. For I must warn you, Marian, that it is easily lost, and when lost, most difficult to be regained. Neglect, and the want of regular use, will cause it to vanish, you know not where, and a miracle would be required to put it once more in your power. Are you willing to accept it, and to do your best to guard such an invaluable treasure?"

Marian's eyes shone with thankfulness, as she intimated her delight and gratitude. The fairy attached the charm to her neck, and scarcely was it fastened, when a tranquil happiness, such as she had never before experienced, was diffused through her whole being. She felt so calm, so much at ease, that she was content to sit silent until they alighted in her father's garden, and there her guide immediately vanished. And now Marian's life was indeed a happy one. She seemed to walk surrounded by an atmosphere of love and joy. All loved her, and, for her part, her heart went forth in love to every one with whom she communicated. If any childish differences arose between herself and her brothers or sisters, it was but to show the talisman, and voices became once more gentle, brows once more bright. No wonder the precious talisman was the object of sedulous attention and most constant watchfulness! Well did it deserve all the care that could be lavished on it, and for a time that of Marian was unwearied. But this watchfulness relaxed, and on one or two occasions of extreme emergence, the talisman could not be found until after some moments of anxious search. This troubled its owner, and caused her to increase her vigilance. But again her efforts slackened, and one unlucky morning, when her brothers had been more than usually tormenting, she was horrified to perceive that it was entirely gone! In the vague hope of relief from the friendly fairy, she hurried down the garden, and sought the lily. But, alas! the lily was no longer to be seen. Nothing remained but the brown stalk and withered leaves, which was more melancholy than if the place of the fairy flower had been a perfect blank. Marian stretched forth her hands in despair towards the place where the fairy had disappeared, and burst into tears.

"Oh, Marian, where have you been all this time?" cried the voice of little Lucy, close to her. "Nobody has seen you since you left us on the lawn, two hours ago, and we want you. Cousin Fanny has come to tea, and I am to have my little tea-things, and you must make tea."

Marian rubbed her eyes, and looked much amazed; then she muttered something about the fairy.

"Fairy," cried Lucy, with a merry laugh; "what nonsense you are talking! As if there were any real fairies! But do come; we can do nothing without you; and just give me one kiss first."

Marian pressed a kiss of reconciliation (for such the child meant it to be) on the lifted face. Then she said, as she took her hand to accompany her to the house, "Oh, Lucy, Lucy, you must have the talisman!"

And now my story is told, and you must guess my riddle—What was the talisman?

A DAY AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

BY REV. THOMAS BRAINERD, D.D.

An hour and a half of pleasant traveling brought us to the sight of Stratford-on-Avon. It is a beautiful town in prospect, as it quietly reposes on the margin of its classic river, with its noble church-spire piercing the sky. Its four thousand inhabitants, like those of all towns thronged by genteel visitors, have more than an average share of civility of manners, and sharpness in a bargain. Its chief glory is its giving birth to Shakspeare;—its chief treasure, his natal mansion and sepulchre. Though it rests beautifully in the vale of the Avon, and unites the venerableness of age with something of the neatness and briskness of a modern village,—yet separate the great name of Shakspeare from it, and no one would think it worth a paragraph. The citizens feel this. Boys meet you in advance with the inquiry, "Will you see the *house?*" "Shall I show you to the *church?*"—assuming that all travelers are pilgrims to the shrine of Genius. For this impression they have abundant reason. While to them the birth-place and grave of Shakspeare are commonplace things, they see strangers, without distinction of nation, rank, or sex, possessed by a common enthusiasm on this classic ground; kings, queens, princes, nobles, hierarchs, statesmen, philosophers, poets and theologians, here bow with profound reverence before the majesty of the great creative intellect which has thrown its scintillations broadcast over the earth. Nor is their interest more intense, nor their devotion more sincere, than that of tradesmen, mechanics, and rustic laborers, who mingle gratitude with their admiration of one who, rising from their own level, beat down all accidental distinctions in his way to greatness, and retained, in the eye of the world, the simple habits, the love of nature and of man, which he bore from his native village.

Milton, Pope, Dryden, Cowper, Scott, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Moore, and Byron, have each roused an enthusiastic admiration, and have had devoted worshipers. But world-wide and enduring as the influence of each has been and is, it has been limited to certain classes. It has given rise to poetic schools and cliques, and elicited literary affinities and sympathies. Each has been worshiped and hated—adored and despised, according to the mental structure, education, taste, and character of those who have sat in judgment. Not so with Shakspeare. Trained at the feet of no literary or poetic Gamaliel, he had no master to imitate; and writing with no ambition or expectation of fame, he stretched himself to the "iron bed" of no clique, class, or faction. His perception of "what was in man," seemed to be almost intuitive, and has never been surpassed on earth, save by Him, the Infinite—with whom to compare the finite, would be irreverent presumption. A poet by nature, and great by endowment rather than human instruction, he bowed to no earthly authority—but, like a spirit of another world, above human partialities, wrote not for a class, but a race. When the nature of the subject allowed it, he diverged from the strict claims of the matter in hand, to utter grand moral principles, which have been made the proverbs of moralists and merchants, of statesmen and soldiers, of poets and ploughmen. The fact that his eye penetrated every stratum of society—that he felt the universal pulse of human passion and enriched universal human nature, accounts for the common affection and enthusiasm with which he is regarded. He not only is not the property of a class, but no nation nor age can claim him. His memory is the treasure of his race. If it be suggested that his writings are exceptionable in reverence for sacred names, and often indelicate, it is only saying that he adapted himself to the object he had in view, and to the standard morality and taste of his age. In his period, a dramatist would feel himself justified in adopting for the stage expressions not then deemed improper for the lips of bishops and queens. We must hold him responsible for the taste of his own times, not ours—and may well marvel, that one who wrote professedly only for the *amusement* of mankind, strewed the path of pleasure with gems of sober and enduring truth.

On arriving at Stratford, we were driven at once to the house where Shakspeare was born, and having alighted, and ordered the carriage to the Red Lion Hotel, took a survey of the premises. It is the only ancient house in its block. All the others are modern erections, towering above it, and rendering its antique peculiarity more striking. It is two stories in height, and low at that. In its erection, like some ancient houses among our early Germans, a frame was first put up, and then filled in with stone and mortar—still leaving the timber visible, like a rough mosaic. Its windows are venerably small—but the panes of glass redeem in number what they lack in size, so that some light actually enters the interstices of the huge sash. The lower window, by the side of the door, is without sash or glass, but longitudinal in its position, and furnished with a trap-door opening outward, on which a butcher exhibits his meat on market days. If the expression be not Hibernian, I would say that the lower rooms are *floored* with stone, which is about as even and beautiful as the first stone paving of a city in Iowa or Wisconsin; and though it may give a prosaic chill to the poetic admirers of the Great Bard, the truth must out, that the house where Shakspeare was born is a *meat-shop!* If any consolation be available for this, it may be found in rejoicing that it is no worse. I entered the house at Ayr, where Robert Burns drew his first breath, and found it a *dram-shop!*—filled with those who resembled "Scotia's sweetest bard" only in the habit which injured his character and happiness, health and life. The only other room on the ground floor of Shakspeare's house is used as a kitchen for the widow and daughter who claimed proprietorship of the mansion. The back chamber, on what we call the second floor, and Englishmen the first floor, was the dormitory. The first chamber of this story—Shakspeare's birthplace, specifically—is the family parlor. Since the Poet's time, it has passed through many hands. Of its original furniture nothing remains, though its place has been supplied with articles of like age. A visitor is amazed at the lowness of the ceiling, which allows men of ordinary stature to reach and write their names on it. The room never had any paper; but this was fortunate, as it has given thousands an opportunity to aspire to immortality by there inscribing their names. Above, around, all over, every inch is covered with autographs of visitors. You may be sure the Yankees are fairly represented. It is amusing to see, indicated by various tricks of chiography, an effort to make a name "stand out from the mass." Our cicerone seemed to regard the great majority as an incumbrance, but she took much pride in pointing to some royal signatures. This place must be a paradise to autograph hunters

The *Album* is an old book, "tattered and torn," but still legible. It has many impromtu effusions, among which that of Washington Irving is regarded as the best, not only from its originality, but because it is richly spiced with the laudation so grateful to English ears. It is free from a vice most prominent in many of these effusions, an effort to magnify one's self while professing to laud Shakspeare.

This house formerly had a great rival. It is known that when Shakspeare returned from London, in the height of his fame, and moderately rich, he fitted for his residence a large and beautiful edifice, in which to spend the remainder of his life. This, in contrast with the old mansion, was called the new house. As this was the chosen abode of the dramatist, and bore in all its internal and external arrangements and decorations the impress of his mature taste; as here he held intercourse with the wits of his day, and the troops of friends whom his genius and fame had attracted; as here he lived and here had died, this house was justly the pride of his native village and the shrine of his admiring countrymen. In process of time it became the manse—the property of the incumbent rector. He quarreled with the inhabitants of the village, and, on removing from town, in order to mortify his old parishioners, deliberately tore down, utterly demolished and annihilated, Shakspeare's new house. Pity that some one had not suggested to the wrathful and revengeful parson, the old admonition of sacred writ: "Rend your heart and not your garments,"—nor your *house!* But no considerations of his sacred profession; no desire to perpetuate the mind of Shakspeare, as he had inscribed it in the plan and ornaments of his dwelling; no reverence for objects enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen; no fear of the curses of future generations, restrained his ruthless hand. Over all his wrath triumphed. "*Hoc censeo domum, esse delendum,*" was his word, and the house was demolished. Like Eratostatus, Jack Ketch, Guy Fawkes, and Judas Iscariot, he has made himself to be remembered. Perhaps this was his object, and if so, we have aided his purpose by introducing his malicious outrage to the attention of our readers.

Our next pilgrimage was to the school-house where Shakspeare received his education. It is a large apartment with a low ceiling, miserably lighted and worse ventilated. It is paved with stone laid on the bare earth. Its benches or forms are of the rudest construction, and

would be by no means out of place in a western camp-meeting. About thirty right English boys were present, with their demure looks and cherry cheeks, who tried experiments on optics in our presence, to see if they could seem to study their books, while in reality they watched us. The place derives its main interest from the fact that to this humble place Shakspeare came—

> The whining schoolboy,
> With his satchel and shining morning face,
> Creeping like snail unwillingly to school.

After what I have said of the place, his "*unwillingness*" is not surprising.

Our next visit was to the church, in the chancel of which the Poet was buried. This edifice is a Gothic structure, of great magnitude and beauty, surrounded by a large yard, studded with graves and monuments. It is approached by an avenue, about thirty rods in length, of lime-trees, which have been bent, clipped, and trained, until they form a perfect arch, with a green and rustling, but well-defined roof, about three feet in thickness. We have nothing like it in the United States. Forming a sweep around the churchyard, is the Avon, to whose edge it extends. The bank, about fifteen feet high, is protected by a perpendicular wall, which rises about two feet above the level of the yard, forming a most charming terrace in the interior, from which the whole vale for a great distance up and down the stream, is brought under the eye. This terrace is the most charming spot in Stratford.

The old church is the very one where Shakspeare worshiped. The old Bible, formerly attached by a chain to the reading desk, that parishioners, having none of their own, might read, but not abstract it, is still kept, chain and all, in the vestry. Its chain indicates a period when the sacred volume was inaccessible to those who have the most need of its consolations; and it illustrates the blessedness of the press, and those associations which have *unchained* the Bible, and made heaven's truth as free and universal as heaven's air.

The monument of Shakspeare, attached to the wall, is an object so beautiful and unique, that I wish it were possible every one could experience the pleasure which it afforded me.

His dust is covered by a single flat stone in the chancel. Whether he distrusted his neighbors, who had exiled him in youth for deer-stealing, or whether he dreamed of a glorious fame which would invest his bones with interest, it matters not; he had caused to be inscribed on the flat stone which covers his ashes the following couplet, transcribed verbatim:

> Good Friend, for JESVS sake forbeare
> To digg T-E dvst EncloAsed HERE
> T
> Blest be T-E man—Spares T-hs Stones,
> Y
> T
> And cvrst be He—moves my bones.
> Y

The poet's curse, his townsmen averred, would light upon them, if they suffered his bones to be removed, even to Westminster Abbey. The Londoners had perhaps the argument with them. Where should the great Poet rest but with England's mightiest dead? But the Stratfordians had *possession*—and interest and force to retain it. For once the great metropolis had to surrender. All the influence of aristocracy, wealth, great names, and even good intentions, were powerless before an aroused rustic community, determined to resist, if need be, by force. The plan was abandoned; but one influence of that discussion still remains. The rustic population are afraid to put their feet on the tombstone, lest they should incur the malediction of disturbing their Poet's bones. They will thus protect his epitaph, which had become almost illegible. This is as it should be. The village to which Providence gave the birth of Shakspeare, and to which his own simple affections led him back in the prime of manhood, to find a home, rest, and a grave, has a right to retain his ashes.

THE HEART'S RESOLVE.

(SEE PLATE.)

Mother! It hath no charms for me!
  Why dost thou pain my eye again?
With throbbing heart and bended knee,
  My vow shall not be made in vain.

It cannot be! The charms of earth
  Have lost for me their winning power—
They die the moment of their birth,
  Or fleet like shadows of an hour.

I cannot give my love to him
  Whose heart loves not the same as mine—
Why should I all my life bedim,
  Or cast away my hope divine?

There is another, whom my heart
  Loves with an earnest quenchless flame,
And oft my best affections start
  When I but hear his cherished name.

His wealth is not corrupting gold,
  His life is not for earth and time—
His soul's large wealth is all untold,
  His life is for an aim sublime.

With him my day shall holy be,
  In the sweet place of joy divine—
Where Christ shall smile on him and me,
  And on our humble pathway shine.

ATHANASIA.

A HYMN OF LIFE.

BY ASAHEL ABBOT.

WHAT man or angel has ever looked through the countless works of God, where all swarms with life and motion through worlds on worlds and through space and time past all measure or number, but with the impulse to worship and adore? When Night, that ancient superstition made oraculous, has opened the thousand eyes of her stars, through which all angels look from heaven on mortals, and all mortals dream they see glimpses and lightnings of the doors that open to Paradise, each door a pearl swung upon its eternal hinge of gold, and the palaces of archangels about the supreme throne with its unapproached light,—who beholds, but is astonished with the glory of that eternal Genius who structured all those orbs and filled them with life and love through all their regions? Or when day has caused the sun to rise, through whose sole eye God looks over heaven and earth, and man, the worm, turns away, dazzled and blinded, from the terrible ray, who can live and not feel coming over his soul thoughts of awe and wonder and amazement at that infinine body of life which we name the world, and that has God for its informing soul?

Or shall we turn to the grassy earth, to the hills vocal with songs in the depths of their ancient woods, to the babbling brooks, or the rivers' smoky courses meandering between their green banks? Or shall we look to the sea, that with giant arms circles the globe, where verdant isles stretch far beneath the tropics, or mountains of ice glisten beneath the Bears, and the Clouds of the south are wreathed over burning rocks by Magellan? What millions upon millions swarm through earth and air and water! There is no leaf that holds not her myriads, nor is there a drop but quickens with shapes of creatures wonderful and rare. Nor has a stone her marble veins, nor a crystal her watery gleams, that are not swollen with innumerable crowds of beings animated with breath and vigor. Man also moves numberless by nations over all climates of the globe, as its heir and lord, that with fair front and the port of a God expatiates everywhere and calls the stars his own, since the heavens in their circle forever roll and shine for him.

But all this is not life. Whatever is moved is dead; that alone lives that moves all things. All things that meet our sense in height or depth are dead. The sea is dead; the air and the verdant earth, with all her inhabitants, beast, bird, fish, insect, man, and the creeping worm, his destined mate, the universe of stars, though their orbs be celestial and harmonious among things born in heaven,—all, all are dead. All fiery or earth-bound shapes circled with light and air are dead; and the air with the light are dead; though dead things mixed with life and turned or warmed by their several influences are diffused through eternal space, real only of form, size, and motion, with their attractions and repulsions, whereby they adhere or separate according to their natures and primæval elements.

Then what is life itself? In what bright star dwellest thou, O covering cherub? In what celestial sphere, in what sacred hill of God, walkest thou up and down among stones of fire, that thy flowing skirts dispense light, motion, and force to all that are created? By what eternal seat, O clear and Pegaséan stream, thou Hippocrene of heaven, whereof we drink only to thirst, hast thou thy secret well even from eternal ages, whence thou rollest thine amberous waves amid trees multiform of bliss, to water that Eden where eternal verdure blooms?

Beware, fond man, nor vainly inquire to know that mysterious and secret power whence even the Self-existent draws being and power and eternity. Nor think, if this be denied, thou art foiled of thy proper bliss that finds perfection in supreme knowledge. All creatures live as ignorant as thou, and so shall ever remain. Go, lay thee down and sleep with the mighty dead, with patriarchs and kings that saw heaven opened, with prophets that saw before the coming of the Son of God, and with apostles that stood round him when he brought forth life from the grave and ascended to heaven.

Or wilt thou ascend the heavens themselves,

not as the young Titans or the Aloëan crew when conjured with the Earth-born against the crystal towers of Jove, and wilt thou use question with all that dwell insphered in unapproached light about the supreme throne? Yea, the rather question Him if he may tell to creatures what eternal ages hide as the darkest of their wonders. that hath life in Himself, and pours abroad from his throne oceans of bliss, to roll through all his works, that both spirits and men may drink full cups of eternal joy.

Vain are all our questionings. The earth and her mountains, borne by divine power above the seas, the ocean, the air, and the clouds, the night-spangled skies, the sun with his whole train of variable orbs, and all their inhabitants, and the all-embracing circle of the empyrean, above whose watery beams as a sea of glass and mingled fire the Almighty has set the pillars of his throne,—all are but one mighty sepulchre, where life is entombed, to spring again in new shapes, to change from glory to glory forever, while the Godhead sits above all, and gives being to all that live.

Go, then, O never-quiet man; expatiate through all the works of God; and if earthly things grow too dull to rouse thy spirit's inextinguishable fires, wring from the stars their long hid treasures of knowledge, how they burn, and with what motions, weights, and measures they dance in eccentric wheel before his throne. Or, if these fail, go search eternal fate, hid indeed from all but what the Book of Life partly unbosoms to mortals. Ask the seers that have read the oracles of truth from ancient times by the light of seven-sunned lamps before the throne, and have seen the shapes of future or past ages in the mystic glass of eternity, if haply may be found what is that life the Son of Heaven came to leave with mortals.

With this mayest thou pass unharmed through every clime of our sea-rounded orb, without fear; for life is everywhere diffused, past the power of death. In western wilds, far off, where Oregon rolls his watery waste through forests with murmurs of hollow mountains to the sea, or where the silent woods stand ever green by Maragnon, beneath the burning Line, where Niger rolls with sand, along Timbuctoo's walls, or where Nile conceals still his unapproachable source, where the streams of Ganges open their waves to swallow human prey and the precious lives of children that the cruel mothers cast to be devoured by fish, or where the Bear looks down upon frozen Ob fom the pole—through nations hazardous and impious and aliens to all law, through climes breathing pestilence and hot simoons, over unknown lands and desert wildernesses, over snowy rocks and ocean's restless waters from pole to pole; everywhere may the living come safe and dread no ill; for He that lives is there, to breathe his Spirit over all, and the shields of his cherubs, more fierce than they that guarded of old the trees of life with the dreadful looks of Gods, defend them from all assaults of earth or hell. Nor shall the thoughts of death, the narrow house, the gloom, the shroud, the pall, the solemn bell, the silence of the grave, and the lank worm sharpening his teeth to riot in thy clay-cold flesh, come over thy spirit like a chill from the polar sea, to exchange worlds, and leave all that is fair and bright beneath the sun. Yea, thou shalt have no fear of racks, or flames, or dungeons that impious hierarchies may prepare for thy limbs in barbarous climes, where kings shall go to revels or Te Deums, and fair women turn to the mazy dance even from the sight of thy slow fire; to whom thy death groans afford more music than the pulse of lute or soft guitar when lovers serenade the dark-eyed maids amid Hispanian groves of olives mantling thick with vines, and clear above the silver moon rolls, arbitress to night and love.

For though thy limbs be stretched in unattended agony where none shall pity thy last groan, or take with lips of love the expiring breath; and though thine ashes, cast upon the sea, mix with its slimy ooze, played over with huge gambols by the monstrous shapes that swim her stream; or, mingled with the soil of this volcanic earth, become transformed to stone fit for the structure of a palace, or to dull and kneaded clods that the share stall turn and cause to spring with fruits of swelling grain for thine offspring to devour;—yet shall not these move terror for one moment, for death comes only to dead things. The Life lives and shall live; and thus have all the most pure and just and holy of earth's children that Heaven's rod has touched of celestial flame, one by one in various modes passed through Death's iron gates, nor felt the terrors of the grim tyrant armed to slay all that is mortal with continual stroke, and none to hinder or inquire. For the gates of Life are planted in the dust of death, though they raise their pillars high towards the skies; nor can aught pass applauded to eternal rest but through the narrow abyss of an ever-opened grave, that fatal and enchanted ground where we must leave these mortal forms awhile to sleep without regret, because we know that we shall not remain unclad hereafter, but shall again receive them in new shapes, that shall no more with dull motions clog immortal spirits nor weary their fiery wings with the weight of ill-

mated corporeal substance, but, fiery and spiritual and sunlike as the angels, each shall minister to the soul purer and higher bliss, while years on years shall roll throughout eternal ages.

Ah! could our erring race, intent on change, but once have held their first fealty and the pure compact imposed by a faithful Creator! But, fallen down from this to serve base ends, all impious nations groan with well-earned ills. Before, there was no place for toil or labor, for pain or fear of change; but the first man, with an incorruptible countenance, held over the whole earth the dominion now usurped by hell's blackest demons, to his mortal shame and the infinite grief of all that live. Before, the holy Shechinah sat visibly enshrined in the human form, and shone forth from each feature and limb and face, that the shape of man might bear the image of the Invisible truly expressed, and move unblamed and unharmed through all things earthly, until, with their trial complete, the sons of God might earn other destinies and thrones above the heavens, and evade these star-lit boundaries of time and sense, as they saw once the Tishbite, or the son of Jared, ascend the skies in a chariot of fire.

Alas! poor Niobe may now sit and weep herself to stone for the slaughter of her babes before her eyes, and the eyelids of miserable Cassiopeia rain blood above the manacled limbs of her daughter as she lies bound upon the shore.* For sin, coming in to confound all that was once fairest amid these lower walks of heaven, has planted in an accursed soil her deadly Upas, that should take deep root and blacken toward the verge of Geheuna, while her top should reach the skies, and with a horrid shade eclipse heaven's light from all. Hence Life was hid beyond our sharpest scrutiny, that man should stand confounded to behold how thick the curtains of eternal Death ensconce all here amid a horrible darkness, that none can see aught, if not one universal field of infinite slaughter, the burial-place of hostile nations, and this great globe itself becomes the parent of monsters, while the general frame of nature seems but a fire-breathing Chimæra, that devours her own offspring, and has for her dwelling-place an insatiable abyss of ever-opening graves.

Overhung with such fears and the weight of unoriginal darkness, now man looks for his last earthly change, and calls it death; while he shrinks from it with horror, as from a devouring gorge, more direful than that among Norwegian isles, that drinks the sea and returns it again toward heaven twice with each rising and setting sun. But an avenging Nemesis pursues his lingering, and with her lash of scorpions drives him down headlong from this precipice of earth to where the giant angels lie bound on burning rocks, to groan through eternal days of pain and wo. Yet has the Son of God unbarred the gates of life before the nations, and his light shines far over the black ocean of death, soothing her waves to peace, as when he opens the eyes of morning without clouds after night has spent her force of tempest, that all the earth, the sea, and the air is quieted, and lulling south winds bear ships above the smoothed main, to regain their desired port, where they may ride safely without the draught of their anchors in the slimy bottom of the sea.

Oh! could we but once look beyond the narrow boundaries that hold our race; beyond these ruinable skies that shut the courts of Paradise from the sight of all that breathe! Then might we behold Life growing up forever without death, where no flowers are mingled with serpents. There the just behold the eternal countenance; the Godhead shining forth ineffable from a once self-mortal Humanity, and the shapes of strange creatures past number, legions of cherubim and seraphim, angels, spirits, wings, thrones, and dominions, principalities and powers, poured immense in numbers without number round the throne, and drinking beatitude, joy, and love from the unveiled glories of his face. There might we behold the saintly ones that God has loved and tried here through time, amid racks and flames, and chains and dungeons, and wild beasts, while the destroyers of the earth have deemed themselves its lords, that he might make them heirs of all things, to surround his throne with hymns of joy throughout eternal ages. Nor might we only see, but with the sight become transformed into their image, and find all our joy in that divine beatitude they feel, past every thought of men, nor look this side the clouds for life or bliss, but far beyond the walls that part the night from day. Then might we admire that mortal things can move us to forget, one hour, the destiny of unfading spirits here walled in clay, and with more Godlike force act out the destiny of our labors here, or bear up under the afflictions of our lot mingled in this dying life and negative, uncertain state, till we arrive in those Hesperian isles, and in their feasts of life sit down unblamed, to mingle voices with their songs before the sight of the holy Trinity's insufferable blaze.

* The fables of Niobe and Cassiopeia, like many others, refer to the fall of man through the fault of our first mother, that thought to make her race equal to gods, and plunged them into an abyss of wo among fiends. Both are Egyptian hieroglyphics, and not in the least of Grecian origin: though we receive them from the romances of their oldest bards.

The Method of the Divine Government, Physical and Moral. By Rev. James McCosh. ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS. McCosh was a pupil of the illustrious Chalmers, and it is to the fact of his having sat for four or five sessions at the feet of the mighty Moses of the Free Church of Scotland, in the University of Edinburgh, that the public are indebted for this very valuable accession to theological science. By thinking minds it will be received and prized as a strong offset and corrective to the Pantheistic tendencies of the times.

"Persons," the author remarks, "who take their views of God from mere scientific treatises and the current literature, are apt to feel as if the God of the Bible was too stern and gloomy. An accurate thinker of the present day, Sir E. L. Bulwer, speaks of 'the dark shadow of the Hebrew God,' and the phrase is significant of the feelings cherished by multitudes who breathe and live in the lighter literature of the age. * * *

"The fundamental human error, which assumes one form in the ruder and uncivilized ages and nations of the world, will take to itself another shape in those countries which have made greater progress in the arts and sciences. Polytheism vanishes only that Pantheism may take up its place; and the only difference between them is, that while *many errors lodge in the former, all errors take refuge in the latter.* God ceases to be regarded with superstitious awe; but it is only that he may be esteemed a mechanical force, or a philosophic abstraction, or a splendid imagination, as gorgeous, but as unsolid, too, as a gilded cloud. In the former case God *did* possess an influence on the character, at times for good and at times for evil; but under these latter aspects he *exercises no influence whatever*, but is a nonentity in power, as he is conceived to be a nonentity in reality."

The student and theologian, who desire to be armed effectively for the great conflict with the errors of this age, will go to the armory of this book, and find therein spear, arrow, and habergeon, for close combat or running fight. Its scimitars are of the true Damascus steel, and its coats of mail are bullet-proof.

A Copious and Critical Latin-English Lexicon, Founded on the Larger German-Latin Lexicon of Dr. William Freund. With additions and corrections from the Lexicons of Gesner, Facciolati, Scheller, Georges, &c. By E. A. Andrews, LL. D., is the title of one of the most able and costly literary enterprises ever undertaken in this country, and for which the literary public are indebted to the liberality and enterprise of the house of HARPER & BROTHERS. It is probable that this is the only publishing house in the country possessing the ability to bring out a work requiring such protracted and costly service; and the far-seeing and judicious business enterprise, which provides a work of such excellence, is worthy to be remembered, in our estimate of it. The lexical works published by this house of late years have been exceedingly valuable and able, and have brought to the access of students and scholars a class of literary helps which will not only greatly facilitate classical study, but which, without their co operation, would have been beyond reach. Liddell & Scott's most admirable Greek Lexicon, Dr. Robinson's Lexicon of the New Testament, Prof. Anthon's Classical Dictionary, and now this work of Prof. Andrews, together, form a series, whose usefulness, scholarship, and excellence it would be impossible to exceed in the English language. They have all been done at great expense, and printed in a remarkably neat and perspicuous style, as such works ought to be.

Of the present work, without attempting any analysis of its plan, or description of its improvements upon all previous lexicons of the Latin language, we may say, that as it is by far the most copious and elaborate, so it is the most exact, critical, and philosophical, of any in existence. The genius of Passow introduced a new order of lexicons. The careful development of the historic growth and change of a word, in its use at different stages of the language, and its grammatical evolution from its root, which is the only principle of defining its true meaning, and the only basis of a perfect lexicon, he was the first to reduce to practice in his Greek lexicon. That principle has been laboriously and successfully applied in this instance The origin, growth, change, and special usage of every word, are denoted, with ample quotations and references from writers in the various eras of the language, so that, in following a word, the student has not only the precise meaning for the particular author he may be studying, but also a knowledge of all those shades of meaning so necessary to get at the author's idea, and to understand the full force of the word. These quotations are very elaborate, and carefully made. The definitions are full, exact, clear, and orderly in their arrangement. The derivations are clearly distinguished from their originals, and, by a novel and ingenious mode of typography, these distinctions are made very perspicuous. A large black letter arrests the eye, and directs the student to the right point at once. Considering the arrangement and fullness of the definitions, the clearness of the position and type, and the vast learning and scrupulous accuracy exhibited, the work may be regarded as a specimen of American scholarship, of which we shall need to feel no shame in any comparison. We are glad to commend it thus heartily to the attention of teachers and scholars.

Memoir of the Rev. Alexander Waugh, D. D. With Selections from his Epistolary Correspondence. By Rev. Drs. Hay and Belfrage. ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS. Dr. Waugh was one of the most charming and holy London ministers furnished by Scotland, whose sun the last half century has seen rise, radiate, and set. For the space of forty-six years, he was the devoted pastor of Wells Street Chapel, and he was one of the wise founders of the London Missionary Society,

> That taught new-wakened sympathy to start
> With generous throb through many a British heart;
> Till wide o'er farthest oceans waved the sail,
> That bade in Jesus' name the nations hail.

It is most refreshing to hold the mind in contact with the noble heart, and with the genial Christian virtues living over again in this valuable memoir. One feels, in perusing it, the force of those lines of Thomas Pringle,—

> Art thou of Christ's disciples? He was one
> Like him whose bosom Jesus leant upon.
> Art thou an unbeliever? He could feel
> Much for the patient whom he could not heal.
> Whate'er thy station, creed, condition be,
> This man of God has cared and prayed for thee.

To contemplate such noble lives as this, and that of Dr. Chalmers, characterized by holy energy, genial benevolence, and a large productiveness, makes us feel the honor of belonging to a race which, from time to time, through the grace of God, can furnish such specimens. Dr. Waugh was especially lovely and amiable in his family, where a man's conduct is always the best test of his zeal, gentleness, and sincerity.

His business habits also were admirable, and it was by them he accomplished so much for his day and generation. There were four habits which he recommended earnestly in his counsels and example, and which he stated to be essentially necessary to the happy management of temporal affairs; these were, punctuality, accuracy, steadiness, and despatch. Without the first, time is wasted; those who rely on us are irritated and disappointed, and nothing is done in its proper time and place. Without the second, mistakes most hurtful to our own credit or interest, or to that of others, may be committed beyond remedy. Without the third, nothing can be well done; and without the fourth, opportunities of advantage are lost, which it is impossible to recall.

Dr. Waugh's whole life illustrated the maxim of never

leaving till to-morrow what should be done to day. This American volume from the CARTERS, which embalms his virtues, is from the third English edition. We commend it confidently to parlor and closet perusal. The Publishers are gaining for their house a noble name, as the purveyors of the choicest biographical and religious literature in the English tongue. Long life and prosperity to those who furnish the people with spiritual aliment so wholesome and abundant.

Daguerre.—We present, with this number of the Parlor Magazine, a striking portrait of the celebrated discoverer of the beautiful art named after him, the Daguerreotype, and so universally useful in practical life. The likeness is exact, being carefully taken from the only miniature or portrait of the man in this country—granted as a mark of special good will and favor to Mr. Meade, who resided in Paris for some time. Daguerre, though he had discovered the means of rapidly copying the features of almost all the rest of the world, would never allow, until Mr. Meade's successful application, his own features to be transferred. The appearance of his miniature in this country has, therefore, the importance of novelty, as well as the interest associated with one of the greatest and most useful discoveries of the age. We may remark, in this connection, that our series of portraits of eminent men, theologians, artists, and authors, will be extended from time to time, and bring to the reader's cognizance the features of names long familiar, and connected with the best and most enduring reputations.

A fine work, on the same plan of Jay's Exercises—each day's portion consisting of one passage of practical, suggestive remarks upon a short, pithy passage of Scripture, has also been published by the CARTERS, entitled, *Green Pastures for the Lord's Flock, by Rev. James Smith.* It breathes a highly devotional spirit, and must possess some strong elements of popularity, as it is here reprinted from the thirty-eighth London edition. Some such daily remembrancer it is always profitable to keep at hand; and those who have read Jay and Hawker, and Bogatzky and Kitto, will find this a pleasing and instructive successor of those most useful and attractive works.

Heaven upon Earth; or, Jesus the Best Friend of Man, is the title of one of the works of the Janeways, preceded by a history of the remarkable family of which the author was a member. The edition is prepared by Rev. Dr. Cox, of London, and evinces a deep-toned spirituality in its affectionate and rapturous outpourings, which the Christian reader cannot hold communion with unaffected. The very diffusiveness of style adds to the impressiveness of the discussions—the truths are so frequently presented, and reiterated in such varied lights, that they produce a stronger effect on the mind. The preliminary history is a very instructive sketch, and beautifully illustrative of family piety, and of God's faithfulness to his covenant. It is neatly published by CARTER & BROTHERS.

It gives us pleasure to commend again, on occasion of the issue of the third volume of the series, *Dr. Kitto's Daily Bible Illustrations; being Original Readings for a Year, on subjects of Sacred History, &c., and published by* R. CARTER & BROTHERS. The present volume contains the author's illustrative and practical remarks on the histories of Samuel, Saul, and David. Relating to a most interesting portion of Biblical history, these clear, learned, and simple annotations are of great value, scarcely less to the scholar than to the general Bible-reader. There is an unaffected tone of piety and reverence for God's work, and an honest encountering of difficulties, which are the best qualities of a commentary; while the fullness of thought with which the remarks abound, furnishes most profitable and suggestive themes of contemplation. The reader will find an untrodden field here, which will most pleasantly pay the trouble of exploring.

Of the valuable and beautifully printed volumes put forth by the AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, a most useful work for the young, entitled, *Lectures adopted to the Capacity of Children, by Rev. Alexander Fletcher, 2 vols.*, is especially to be recommended. They embrace a great variety of topics—some of them profound and difficult. Yet, the great task of bringing them clearly to the comprehension of young minds has been most admirably achieved. The copious illustrations, the clear reasonings, and the perspicuous treatment, open the subjects with great beauty. The author has been for many years engaged in preaching to children in London, and these little volumes are compiled from a larger work, which has had great popularity abroad. This must be regarded as among the most successful specimens of juvenile didactic writing, and eminently calculated to interest young minds in the great topics of religion, as well as to impart useful and lasting impressions.

A very tasteful and judicious compilation of passages of the best authors, adapted to console and instruct the aged, has been made by Mr. Jeremiah Chaplin, and published by L. COLBY & Co., 122 Nassau street, entitled, *The Evening of Life.* The best sources of religious literature in the language have been sought for these precious gems of thought and feeling; and being brief, apt, and beautiful in sentiment and expression, they are well adapted for the reflection and comfort of those who are suffering from sickness, or on whose pathway the shadows of life's evening are falling. Religion is made to put on its most attractive and consolatory aspects, and to appear as it is, a really present help in time of need. The publisher has given the work a beautiful exterior, some of his copies being bound in a manner befitting a gift-book, and thus furnishing a most tasteful and useful remembrancer, where circumstances would not allow a work of livelier or more worldly character.

Reveries of a Bachelor, by Ik. Marvel, is a curious and most interesting work, published by Messrs. BAKER & SCRIBNER. Mr. Mitchell, who answers to this rather awkward pseudonym, Ik. Marvel, is one of the most promising of our native writers. There is a polish in his rhetoric, and a careful attention to the details of both conception and execution, which has more of an English than American air, and is worthy of special praise in these days of slip-shod haste and rhetorical anarchy. The present tale is very entertaining as a story, and suggestive as a work of thought. Its lessons are healthful and forcible; and though somewhat overdrawn, are none too strenuous for the class for whom he writes. As a precise, leisurely essayist, Mr. Mitchell has taken a high rank among us, and is destined, if industrious and true to his genius, to a higher. We admire the getting up of the book: it is in fine keeping with its tone, and must have been the result of the author's own taste.

The Christian Philosopher Triumphing over Death, by Newman Hall, B.A., is a recent publication of the Presbyterian Board of Publication, depicting the life and death of Dr. William Gordon, mainly from the journal and letters of the subject himself. The simplicity and earnestness of faith, the benevolence and intelligent views of truth which he exemplified, furnish a beautiful model of Christian character, which cannot be studied without admiration and profit.

Scenes in the Life of the Saviour. By the Poets and Painters. Edited by Rufus W. Griswold, D.D. LINDSAY & BLAKISTON. This is a work, though designed as a gift-book, of permanent value. They are good for preservation, and form an object of study and thought, which every family might most profitably keep at ready access. The selection of poems relative to the great subject of the book, is done with great taste, and comprises a most noble body of religious poetry—the best in the language.

PAINTED BY FRANK STONE

ENGRAVED BY J. SARTAIN

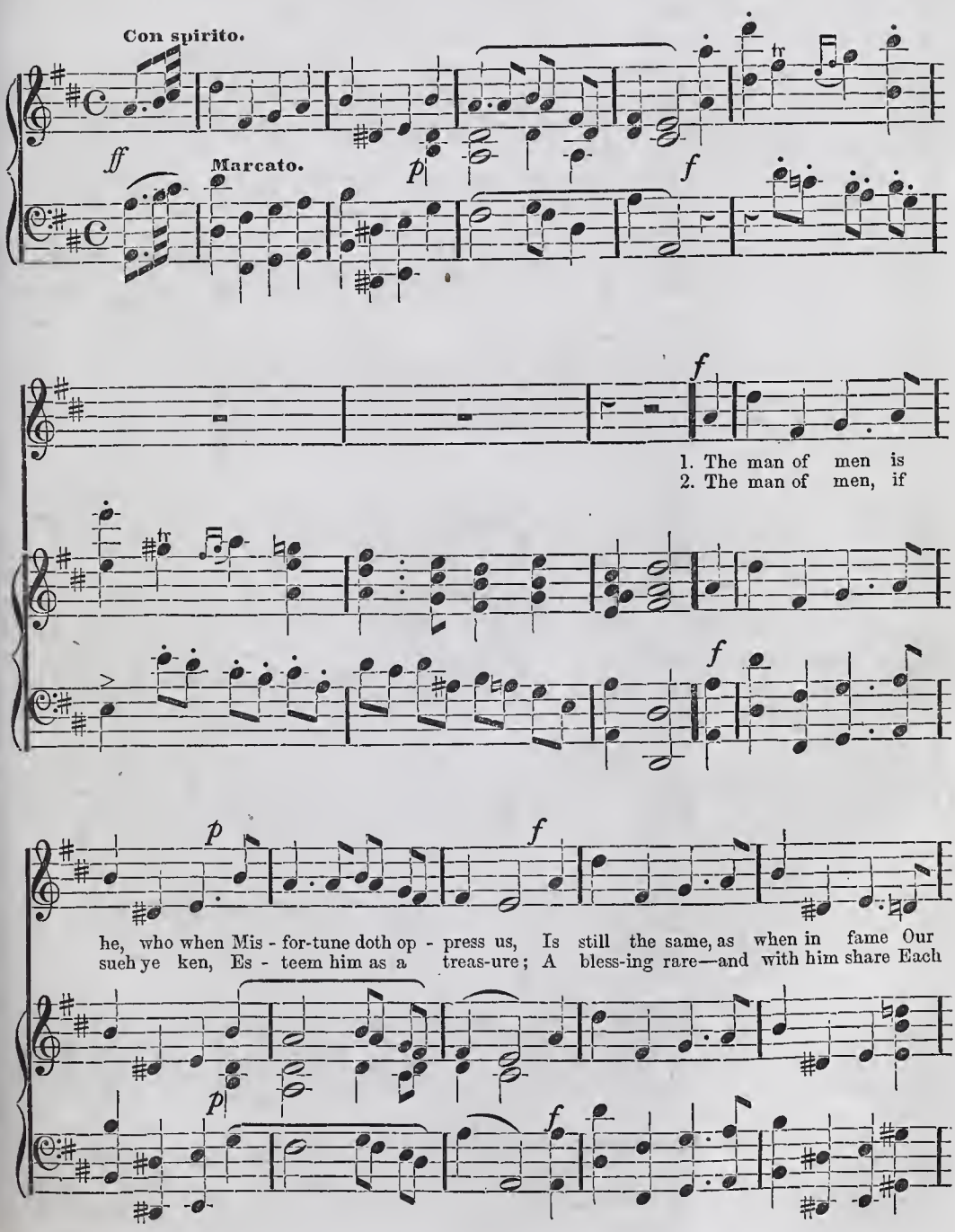
THE GENTLE WARNING.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

The True Man.

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM JONES, ESQ.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY J. H. TULLY.



ad lib. Soave.

seeming friends ca - ress us! Who serves us still with right good will, Our drooping hearts sus-
thought of pain and pleasure. Who honors most, should have to boast Af - fec - tion firm and

Colla voce.

Rall. pp Lento.

tain - ing, When those we knew have prov'd un - true, And he a - lone re-
test - ed; Not in the beam of sum - mer's gleam, But where dark clouds have

ff ad lib.

maining; When those we knew have prov'd un-true, And he a - lone re-
rest-ed; Not in the beam of summer's gleam, But where dark clouds have

ff Colla voce.

maining.
rest-ed.

tr tr

ff A tempo.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

I HAVE within a few years become very fond of speculations on Philosophy and Art. My early materiality of opinion is daily giving way to spirituality of thought. It is not enough for me now to satisfy my eyes, and the other four senses, that a thing is hideous or beautiful; I must also satisfy my reason that it is so: I can only do this by speculation on the principles of art. I must know the why and wherefore, the *rationale* of things. There are some principles which cannot be disputed: self-evident as the sunlight, these are the base and foundation of all others; and these once apprehended, the others are made manifest, dawning, as it were, one after one upon the mind. I am often vexed by the remarks of the world in matters of pure art, of which they can have no possible knowledge: many of my acquaintances have conceit enough of their own powers to give positive and direct opinions on the excellencies and defects of poetry, painting, and sculpture. One gravely tells me that such a painter is deficient in character and sentiment, bad in coloring and tone, and shockingly incorrect in drawing, when to my certain knowledge he knows nothing of either; his ideas of sentiment amounting to the cipher which he himself is: his opinion of color is exemplified by his own works, being always embodied in a plaid vest, and bottle-green surtout, with remarkably bright buttons; and his knowledge of drawing amounts to the fact, that he considers himself a perfect model of a man, more correct and symmetrical than the Apollo Belvidere. Yet, with all this ignorance of first principles, he dares to assert that he can tell a good picture at sight, as if he could detect the hand of a master, or the cloven foot of a copyist, as easily as the true and false signatures of any of the firms whose notes he is daily in the habit of discounting. No, no, my friend, you may be a good judge of bank paper, and the endorsements of Popkins & Co., but you know nothing of painting. Not this banker alone gives me sufficient cause of vexation (for I really like the man notwithstanding his conceit), but I number two or three painters among my friends, who are just as bad in regard to poetry. Being artists themselves, they must have frequently been annoyed by the same thing in regard to their own profession, and one would certainly think that they would know enough to be silent or diffident of expressing their opinions: but it is quite the contrary; they are if anything worse: having really some talent, and the technicalities of art on their lips, they generally contrive to talk fluently on the subject of poetry, and sometimes seem, to casual listeners, who know nothing of the merits of the case, to have the best side of the argument. One of these gentlemen very gravely takes me to task for my admiration of Tennyson, whom he maintains to be no poet. Another, for a love of Shelley. One says that Tennyson is all absurdity; the other, Shelley is all obscurity. A third sees no merit in Browning. It is in vain for me to hand them the proper clue to the labyrinths of their different beauties and styles; they insist on following their own paths, which lead them astray. The wonderful richness of Shelley's imagination is all fireworks to one; the sensuousness of Tennyson, nonsense to another; the abstract, soul-reading, dramatic power of Browning, cloudiness to a third; but they can appreciate Mrs. Hemans and other lesser poets to their full depth.

Now, I am not disposed to be pleased with this kind of nonsense: I say, "Gentlemen, you are painters, and I suppose understand your own profession: in that I never meddle with you: I never dare to express any opinion with regard to your pictures; be pleased to use the same discretion with regard to my poets." The consequence of this is, that we generally separate with a little ill-feeling, which is forgotten long before we meet again.

I have lately been reading a work on art by the illustrious Goethe. Treating as he does principally of painting and sculpture, I am unable to test his correctness; but I have been much struck with his criticisms; applying them in my own mind, as principles, to poetry and the arts generally, I cannot but believe them useful to amateurs and all who desire to become acquainted with art. The paper on the Laocoon is my favorite as an acute and discriminating piece of criticism. Ruskin, in his "Modern Painters,"

and "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," is a profound, eloquent, and generally safe critic. I have often wished that we had such men in the field of poetry, for surely it is one of the most fruitful themes of criticism. Commentators on Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, and Byron, exist by wholesale, and for the most part propound their oracular opinions in the same way. A thing is or is not beautiful, because the critic asserts it to be so; not for any demonstration or reason that he deigns to give. Of course, I except such men as Jeffrey, Mackintosh, and Macauley, from this sweeping denunciation; their criticisms, though often clouded by peculiar and prejudiced opinion, are always masterly and are full of profound thought.

Perhaps the most prevalent criticism in America is a comparative one, as thus: "Mr. Longfellow is a man of fine taste and elegant fancy, but 'The Voices of the Night,' when compared with Paradise Lost, are remarkably deficient in strength, and the old Saxon idiom;"—or, "Mr. Bryant is undoubtedly a great poet, a little sombre and grave at times, philosophical and thoughtful, but when compared with Moore's 'Fudge Family,' he lacks wit and brilliancy." This nonsense disfigures half the criticism in the new world. A dew-drop is not a star; a star is not a dew-drop. One set of rules must square all men, and all men must be fitted on the Procrustean bed of criticism, which among us has dwindled down to a very small trundle bed.

Perhaps the merits of no single writer in America have ever been so much disputed as those of Ralph Waldo Emerson. With one class of critics, those who "hold out" in the classic neighborhood of Boston, he is deified. With another class, mostly materialists—men who are fitter to judge of the merits of rare roast beef than souls—he is a transcendentalist and cloud-man. That he should often be so considered is not a a matter of wonder, when his manner of thought and expression is taken into consideration. What he says he seldom says like anybody else. Sometimes he is so enigmatical that his readers are fain to say to him, as somebody in Shakspeare says to somebody else, "Prithee deliver thyself like a man of this world!" For my part, I have no sympathy with Orphic sayings. I have no doubt, had I lived in the heathen days, that I should have laughed in the very face of the oracle of Apollo; I would not have scrupled to have cut a walking stick from the marvelous oak at Dodona. Carrying this skepticism in the fields of poetry and criticism, I have no hesitation in expressing myself freely regarding Mr. Emerson, or anybody else, whom I find it necessary to criticise. With Ralph Waldo Emerson as a prose writer, I have nothing to do in this article. Whatever may be the faults and tendencies of his prose writings, he is in many respects a fine, and might become a much finer, poet. Differing from him in nearly all points of taste, I am compelled to acknowledge his genius. Why he should write as he does, I know not; perhaps I am not profound enough to fathom his meaning. I am content to believe that the simplicity of the older poets—not only their simplicity of style, but thought—is far better than anything new-fangled. I find nothing obscure or cloudy in Shakspeare and Milton. They are wonderful, magnificent, grand, beautiful oftentimes, but never transcendental or cloudy: neither do I find obscurity in Shelley, to most readers the most difficult of modern poets. It seems to me always safe to conclude that an author can write plainly, if he has anything on his mind that he understands himself—anything that is worth saying; if he does not understand himself, he cannot complain if his readers fail to appreciate him.

Mr. Emerson needs, above all other men, that his reader should sympathize with his peculiar tenets of philosophy; then much that strikes the casual and prejudging reader as obscure, will be plain. His readers must take his point of view, and look upon the world through his eyes, which are not often those of mortality and time, but those of a peculiar and by no meaus broad spirituality. He strips off the robes in which we have been accustomed to wrap our thoughts, aud shows them to us in their primitive nakedness. Sometimes we fail to recognize them as the children of our own minds; sometimes they seem a little deranged, not to say mad; but there is always a "method in their madness." What most poets use to decorate their verses with, he totally discards; his tropes and figures are strange and new, often uncouth and grotesque. The wind is not a sighing zephyr to him, but a movement and spring in the great mechanism of the uuiverse; the rainbow not merely an arch of seven colors beautifully blended, but the curve of all beauty; the grass beneath his feet is something more than uncut hay which can be sold for so much per ton; he, as it were, deifies and worships the universe; all that it contains is exceeding good. In measure and ryhthm, he is not content to follow after the old models, or, as he says in one of his least obscure poems,—

> "No speed of mine avails
> *To hunt upon their shining trails.*"

He must make a trail of his own, and oftentimes it is as obscure and puzzling as those made by the most wily of the North American Indians Many of his lines are unreadable for their cramp-

melody and ill-assorted jargon of harsh sounds; he seems to delight in discords; the sense is often as obscure; the theme and purport of much of his poetry as enigmatical as the Sphynx. He has himself written a poem on the Sphynx, which is as great a puzzle as the veritable Egyptian. The very titles of many of his poems would deter most readers from their perusal. Let me show you one of his best: the philosophy that it inculcates is profound and true—you must have often experienced its truth.

EACH AND ALL.

Little thinks in the field, yon red-cloaked clown,
Of thee, from the hill-top looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent,—
All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.
I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home in his nest at even;
He sings the song, but it pleases not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky,
He sang to my ear, they sang to my eye.
The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave;
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;—
But the poor, onsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.
The lover watched his graceful maid,
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed,
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodland to the cage;
The gay enchantment was undone;
A gentle wife, but fairy none.
Then I said, "I covet Truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of Youth."
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs;
I inhaled the violet's breath:
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground,
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity;
Again I saw, again I heard
The rolling river, the morning bird;
Beauty through my senses stole;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

I know no philosophical poem superior to "Each and All," or "The Problem:" if your opinions are narrow, and confined to narrow things, you may not like it: if you are full of plain common sense, and nothing beyond it, you may not like it, although it does not conflict with common sense, but rather takes a wider scope and more extended view of the workings of mind: it is a part of Mr. Emerson's philosophy, that God works in all things: the same power that piled the mountains of old works in the hearts of men to-day, and piles up great thought and mighty truths. Take Mr. Emerson's point of view, a far-stretching and spiritual one, and you cannot help becoming wiser. But if you cannot understand and love "The Problem," you will love "The Humble Bee": that will carry you back to the days when you used to chase it, hat in hand, over the green fields and meadows: you will remember how you often entered the school-room with a heated face, just in time to save yourself from the squad of late scholars who could not come in till after the school had been opened, and the Bible read, and for the sake of

THE HUMBLE BEE.

Burly, dozing, humble bee,
Where thou art is clime for me;—
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek:
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone!
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy bearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere;
Swimmer through the waves of air;
Voyager of light and noon;
Epicurean of June:
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum,—
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind in May days
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall,
And with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With a color of romance,
And infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sod to violets,
Thou in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days and solid banks of flowers;
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found:
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and budlike pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen:

But violets, and bilberry bells,
Maple sap, and daffodels,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern, and agrimony,
Clover, catch-fly, adders-tongue,
And brier roses dwelt among;
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher!
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce north-western blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep:
Wo and want thou canst outsleep;
Want and wo which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

There is not to my knowledge but one other similar poem in the English language; "The Grass-hopper" of Cowley: I hardly know which I prefer: Cowley is more condensed, but hardly so happy in expression: the wording of "The Humble-Bee" is equal to the best things in the old poetry: the sod turning to violets, and the solid banks of flowers, is worthy of Shakspeare himself: the list of flowers is equal to those in "The Winter's Tale." Many of the rhymes are bad, but we overlook all that, and yield ourselves to the perfect whole. "Good Bye," "The Rhodora," "The Snow Storm," and the "Ode to Beauty," are all very beautiful, especially the last: but I cannot quote them here. A great deal more might be said and written about Mr. Emerson's poetry, but I doubt if you would like it any better for it: philosophy and speculations on art, manners and morals, are for the most part tedious and uninteresting; they should never form the staple of anything but their own complete systems; in short papers like this they would be out of place. I have not attempted to shed any new light on Mr. Emerson's transcendental verses, because I doubt my ability to do so. I feel his meaning, and understand, in a limited degree, his principles of art—or no art, which is it? Yet it would puzzle me to make it plain to any one else. In fact, I doubt whether he could himself give a lucid explanation of his most obscure passages: I have not copied any here, for I hold it to be the duty of the honest critic, while he points out the faults of an author, to favor the reader with his beauties alone, as I have endeavored to do with Ralph Waldo Emerson.

LIFE AND DEATH.

On its bed
A baby sleeps;
By its head
The mother weeps;
Angels fan them with their breath—
One is Life and one is Death:
Life holds up in snowy arms
Her rich cup of coming charms,
Whispering, "Stay;
Soon the day
Of youth will light thee with its ray;
Pleasures shine,
Love be thine,
Beauty, beauty, and light for aye.
Death is dreary,
Death is weary,
I am bright as summer day;
Death is trackless,
Filled with blackness—
Mortal, stay!"
Life then twines her rosy fingers,
Listening while the spirit lingers.

* * * * * *

"Life, life, thy joys are cheating!
Life, life, thy charms are fleeting!
Bitter tears,
Lonely fears,
Will dim thy way:
Heed not, stay not, haste with me,
Offsprings of mortality,
Where the joys of glory stream,
Where the lights of glory beam;
Ever sparkling,
Never darkling.
Evanescent
As the present
Is life's gladness;
Evanescent
As the present
Is death's sadness.
Heaven's banners are o'er thee,
Heaven's bliss is before thee—
Come away!"

* * * * * *

The angels spread their wings and fled;
The mother lifted up her head;
The baby slept not—it was dead!

PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

BY REV. JONATHAN BRACE.

Eloquence is power,—the power of a person to infuse those emotions which swell in his own bosom into the bosoms of those whom he addresses,—power to instruct, interest, and thrill them,—power to make them think, feel, and act, as he would have them. There is no higher power possessed by a mortal than this,—the ability to stand up before his fellows, enchain their attention, make them sympathize with himself, instruct, convince, and persuade them, and by what proceeds from his intellect, flashes in his eyes, trembles in his tones, and is uttered from his whole frame, electrify them, make their blood leap in its pulses, and lead them whither he will. This is power kindred to that which the Almighty Spirit himself possesses, and while under its influence, we bow to him who is thus achieving the triumph, as to one far mightier than ourselves.

Between the eloquence of the pulpit and that of the deliberative assembly or bar, it has been thought that there ought to be a manifest distinction; that the preacher should be more limited in the range of his topics, more choice in the themes which he discusses, and should disdain resorting to those arts of oratory which in other departments of eloquence,—the senate or the court room,—would be justifiable and commendable. We think that there is a mistake here,—that the number of permissible topics in the pulpit should be great,—that not only the peculiar doctrines and precepts of Revelation should be discussed, but that whatever in history, science, and art, can be devoted to a religious and practical use, can be made subservient to the good of man as an intelligent and moral being, should not be considered as utterly foreign to the sanctuary; and that the preacher should be allowed the use of all which voice, looks, and action can do, to give effect to his message. Certain it is, that, for some cause, eloquent preachers are rare—much rarer than might be expected, when we consider the peculiar facilities which the pulpit, as an engine of persuasion, possesses. Does Quinctilian tell us, that "an orator must be a good man,"—that he who would rule us by his voice, and mould us to his will, must be a man in whose integrity we have unshaken confidence,—in whose bosom truth and virtue reside? Surely he who ministers in the temple of God, has, or ought to have, this qualification; for he, of all others, should be governed by the principles of religion, and be distinguished for purity of morals and a blameless life. If any speaker has a power arising from his own possession of piety, from his own persuasion of the truth, and honesty of desire to sway others thereby, it is the preacher of the gospel. His character of unsullied virtue, instead of giving the lie to his instructions, or weakening their force, gives to them increased weight.

"And truths divine come mended from his tongue."

Is the orator aided by his subject, the exalted nature of his theme? Where are themes of a higher and nobler order than those which the Word of God furnishes? The Bible is distinguished from all other books, not only by its inspiration, by the fact that "holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," but also by the fact that what they spake, the communications they made, and which are the themes on which the preacher is called statedly to discourse, furnish the most appropriate topics for impressive, pathetic, and sublime eloquence, anywhere to be found. Sweep the whole circle of subjects on which to address an audience, and none are so adapted to make men hear, see, think, and feel, when exhibited by the living voice, from a living soul, to living men, as those embodied in the Sacred Scriptures? In the language of another: "It is of no passing thing, no temporary expedient, no worldly affairs, that he discourses, but of 'the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God,' who 'dwelleth in light no man can approach;' of his unspotted holiness, his stern justice, his unchangeable will; of Christ, the manifestation of the Godhead, the glory of his person, the perfection of his vicarious obedience, the infiniteness of his atonement, the majesty of his power, the height, the depth, the length, the breadth of his love; of the Holy Ghost, the energy of all might, the inspirer of all wisdom, the life of all life, the source

of all sanctity, the strength of all virtue, and comforter of every broken but trusting heart; of the soul of man, its ceaseless being, its priceless value, its sad ruin, its terrible danger, its possible immortality of love, and knowledge, and blessedness. He beholds the awful throne, God with us; the mysterious sufferer bowing his head to our sorrows, yet mighty to save; the portentous agony in the gardeu; the accomplisher of redemption breathing out his soul on the cross; the conqueror of hell bursting the gates of death; the breaker ascending for us through the rent heavens, acclaimed triumphant by the hosts of God; Jesus, the name above every name, sending down the Spirit, the earnest and God of all grace and blessing; the hosts of radiant miuisters swift to serve the heirs of salvation; the Judge in the clouds; the flashing fires of eternal death; the uplifted portals of glorified life; the innumerable company of angels; the multitude whom no man can number of the Church of the first born." Such are the magnificent themes open to the Christian orator; and with these things above him, beneath him, and around him, and possessing his heart, why should not his soul swell with emotion, his mind be animated with new vigor, the wings of eloquence expand, and breath, life, and power be given to his utterances?

Then, too, he comes to his auditory as God's ambassador. He is commissioned to speak by the Highest. He can say to those whom he addresses, what no other speaker can say,—I am a legate of the skies; God beseeches you by me his substitute. An influential consideration certainly this,—that the message he brings is an embassy from God to man, that he is clothed with divine authority, is in the place of Divinity, and that speaking according to the will of God, his voice is the voice of God! Here the preacher of the gospel has a decided advantage. He is the messenger of the Lord of Hosts, at whose mouth the law is to be sought; and with this couviction he dispenses the treasures of truth.

The interests likewise staked upon the effects of his message, are the highest possible. He enters the pulpit,—not for the purpose for which an advocate enters the court-room, to secure some temporary advantage for a client,—nor yet for the purpose which a representative in Congress or a Senator speaks,—to carry some favorite political point, or cherished measure of public policy; but he is there to exert a healthful, a controlling influence on the character, the usefulness, the deathless destiny of his fellow meu. He is there to lighten with the torch of eternal truth the path of life, improve man's intellectual and moral nature, generate and invigorate gracious affections, and win back to his redeeming Master the souls that Master purchased with his blood. And thus engaged, he touches springs, whose vibrations are felt not only for a day or the lifetime of a generation, but which will be felt in their movements and effects when the scenes of earth are forgotten.

He has an advantage also over the lawyer and the deliberative orator in this, that though he may not influence all or even a majority of his audience as he could wish, his efforts are not lost. In cases of criminal jurisdiction, if the barrister fail to win over to himself the whole jury, his design is thwarted and his cause lost. And so in a common deliberative assembly, a majority of the auditory remaining unconvinced by the speaker, his end in speaking is not gained. Not so, however, the preacher. If, by his power of persuasion, even one is incited to do his duty, his "labor is not in vain in the Lord." If, of the seed he scatters, any, even a single kernel, germinates and bears fruit unto life, he is instrumental of accomplishing much. If, among the numbers whom he addresses, the thoughts of one solitary soul are arrested in their worldly flight, and fixed on truth, one stubborn will bows to the claims of Jesus, from one flinty smitten heart the waters of true penitence gush forth, an immortality of blessedness is secured, and new strains of joy rising from the bosoms of the angelic hosts ring through the celestial temple.

Such being the case, the preacher of the gospel having these incitements and facilities for the cultivation of a high order of eloquence, the inquiry arises, why are there so many indifferent pulpit speakers, so many dull and languid ones, from whose lips words fall in such sluggish motion and monotonous tone, as to be rather opiates to the body than stimulants to the soul?

We fear that too little attention is given to this subject in our Theological seminaries. Hebrew and Greek, Didactic and Polemic Theology, assert their claims, and these claims are acknowledged by diligent and protracted study; but the art of rhetoric, what goes to form the pleasing, effective, finished speaker, is passed over slightingly. An occasional lecture on voice, attitude, and delivery, and an occasional criticism on a student's deficiency, therein by his fellow-students, is about all the care which in many seminaries is bestowed on this important department of instruction.

Too little weight is likewise attached to it by candidates for the sacred ministry. Forgetting that man is distinguished from the brutes by the faculty of speech, uo less than by the gift of reason, and that this faculty was given not merely

for social intercourse and the conveyance of thought, but as the most potent auxiliary to truth in the world's redemption,—the subject of eloquence, the mode of making themselves accomplished public speakers, is deemed secondary and nugatory. But with the great dramatic poet we may exclaim—

> "Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,
> Looking before and after, gave us not
> That capability and godlike reason
> To rust in us, unused."

It was given for far too lofty a purpose, for far too glorious an end, to be treated thus.

Then, further, a secret sentiment obtains, that labor bestowed upon the acquisition of eloquence is unavailing,—that the proverb, "poeta nascitur, orator fit," should be reversed—the orator be regarded as necessary to be born, and not the poet—the latter made, and the former created by a fiat of the Almighty, or not exist. A great mistake, as successful ones from Demosthenes downwards, who have overcome formidable obstacles, successfully cultivated rhetoric as an art, and to whom the palm of unquestioned eloquence has been awarded, can attest.

Allied to this false sentiment is another, if possible, still more withering in its influence. We refer to a latent feeling, that endeavoring to excel in oratory partakes too much of unhallowed ambition, to receive the sanction of the Holy Spirit, without whose countenance and blessing it is admitted no good can be achieved. But cannot, we ask, an individual turn his attention to the cultivation of eloquence for the purpose of glorifying God thereby, as properly and honestly as he can acquire any other accomplishment by which his influence in favor of truth and righteousness may be more sensibly felt? Where is the difficulty? And, then, so far from that Divine Agent "from whom all good desires proceed," and by whose aid all genuine conversions from sin to holiness are wrought,—so far from any disinclination on the part of this One to favor eloquence, did He not, when He would emancipate the children of Israel from the oppression of the Egyptian monarch, make choice of a deliverer whom He had generously endowed with this very gift? "Is not Aaron the Levite thy brother?" said the Lord of Hosts to Moses, when that sage pleaded incompetency for the high commission with which he was charged, on the ground of his not being eloquent, but slow of speech, and of a slow tongue;—"is not Aaron the Levite thy brother? *I know that he can speak well.* And he shall be thy spokesman unto the people." By this language of sacred inspiration itself,

> "That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed
> In the beginning, how the heavens and earth
> Rose out of chaos,"

was assured, and through him others, until the end of time, that the faculty of speaking well was a faculty which Jehovah could use and would use in perfecting his designs of mercy towards our ruined race.

The powers of oratory are the mightiest of all powers short of his own Omnipotence, which the Most High has enlisted in his cause; and in proportion as a person has possessed these powers, and employed them wisely and well, other things being equal, has he blessed his generation. The fires of Luther's eloquence melted the chains of papal bondage and gave spiritual liberty to millions. The voice of Whitfield's oratory, exceeding in magic influence the fabled wonders of the Orphean lyre, electrified two continents. While Spencer, Hall, Chalmers, Mason, and Griffin,—not to mention others,—some of them still living, whose clarion notes are ringing clear and convincing from the watch-towers of Zion, have, by their persuasive speech, genuine rhetoric, and sound logic combined, arrested the foul current of depravity, changing its nature and direction, and hushed the waves of vice and folly.

The times, we think, call for more attention to be paid to the cultivation of eloquence by the preacher than has yet been given to it. When there is so much good speaking at the bar, and in the deliberative assembly,—when the rushing spirit of the age demands what is stirring,—the pulpit speaker, if he would retain his hold on the minds and hearts of the people, have that place in their regards which he has so long held and sought to hold, wield that influence which he has so long wielded, and "make full proof of his ministry," must "not neglect the gift that is in him," the exalted faculty of speech, but do what he can, towards proclaiming in the most skillful, attractive, and effective manner, the gospel of God.

SECULAR PROGRESS AND CHRISTIANITY.

BY REV. J. MALTBY.

Every age has its idea; sometimes low, sometimes high. It is more or less extensive and engrossing; it prevails for a longer or shorter time, according to circumstances. In its more simple form it covers only one thing, and leads off in a single line of pursuit. When more summary and complex, it gives a start to various interests, and hurries men upon different lines of endeavor.

At one time the idea of the age was Philosophy; at another it was Poetry. Then comes a century of war and conquest; all national pride lies in that direction. The next is a century of discovery; the fame most coveted comes of the largest outlays, and the most extensive and hazardous researches. Then comes a century that wraps itself up in the hood, and tasks everything to rear the solemn temples and architectural monuments of an external religiou, and to invest with mysterious awe the sombre and imposing and gorgeous rites of that religion. At one time you find an age that asks for rest;—let me be quiet. It is sighing, you would suppose, for the return of the old Jewish idea of jubilee and release. At another time you see activity that cannot stop. All the elements of enterprise are in the lists. It is as if the world had just risen from its pillow, after a long night of sleep.

The idea of the present day is Progress. When the history of the world shall come to be written, Progress will be set down as the grand and distinguishing feature of the uineteenth century. And this not so much in *one* thing as in *every* thing;—Progress in Literature,—Progress in Science,—Progress in the application of Science to the arts of life;—and this resulting iu improvements indefinitely various,—iuventions startling as miracles,—and wealth like the golden veins of an exhaustless mine.

Now, the sober question that comes up, and that demands to be considered, is, May we look upon all this—may we rely upon it as progress in human *welfare?* Do we see in it, now and prospectively, the growing welfare of the world? This will depend on the presence or absence of Christianity in the counsels that shall guide this Progress. The Progress itself, many, and varied, and stupendous as are its forms, is no guaranty that good, in the highest sense of the word, will come of it,—that substantial and abiding welfare will be the result. As well other ages and generations, as we, have had their days of Progress. There has been the golden age of Poetry, when all listened to her song,—whcu all marched to her measures. General literature and science have had a maturity in olden time, that the present age would be proud to attain. Philosophy too has seen what were thought to be palmy days. Eloquence had wrought its miracles, in the forum and in the field, before this century was born,—bearing a sway in civil, political, and military affairs we cannot boast of. There has been national glory, as proud, as engrossing, and throbbing with as hot a pulse, as any the suu can now shine upon. Yet what did all these elements of influence and power—of *welfare* they should have been, and, rightly directed, would have been —what did they do;—in their highest action and sway, what did they do for the permanent good of the world? Glittering bubbles, that rose on the stream of time, and burst aud disappeared!

Turn back a little, and see if I am not true. See the sagest philosophers employing their acuteness and skill on the merest trifles; and for want of Christianity, to lay its awful scenes before them—scenes challenging their profoundest thought—wearying themselves with the veriest vanities. See Poetry lending its finest powers to deceive the uuwary, to hide the wrong of sin, to throw a fascination over the worse and make you call it the better reason, and, like the viper, hold its victim spell-bound till the concealed but deadly fang has done its work. See the powers of a finished Eloquence, directed to stir the worst passions of depraved man, and, like an incendiary, torch in hand, set fire to nations, that they may burn and consume each other. See a polished Literature, prostituted to pamper corruption, take the vilest scenes, found in the rottenest places on the earth, and bring them out, aud dress them up, and ask for them a place on the tables

of worthy families, as if impatient that there should be in any of our social and domestic circles an example of virtue to rebuke and shame its own corruption.

Where now is the assurance that anything better than this will come of the progress our century is making? Who will certify us that all our elements of improvement will not be like medicine and surgical instruments in the hands of children, with which they will physic away their health, cut their fingers, and, may be, their throats besides? I see no assurance, save what lies in the presence and pervading influence of Christianity. Unless Christianity shall move upon the face of this progress, as "the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters" at the creation, chaos, and not order—a vortex of ruin, not a highway of welfare—will come. Christianity is the only star that can guide this progress, wide and rapid as it is, to a great and good issue. I know, indeed, we are ready to flatter ourselves that we are not, at this late day, so entirely dependent on the Bible and Christianity,—that we do at last "know how to refuse the evil and choose the good,"—that we are now embarked on a swift road to ultimate prosperity and welfare, —and that we shall not again be thrown fatally from the the track, though we do not shut ourselves up to the counsels of revealed religion. But this is all a fool-hardy thought,—fool-hardy rashness. The history of the world proves it so. It is a treasonable thought, whatever mind may cherish it. Any man who would sever the progress of the age from the guidance of Christianity, and do it with his eyes open on the pages of history, must be held demented, or guilty of high treason against the race.

In the voyage we are making, there are perils which men who would leave Christianity behind do not understand. Where those perils lie, and how they can be surmounted, no book, no oracle but the Bible, tells us. In proportion, therefore, as the Bible is heeded,—in proportion as Christianity is embodied in the counsels of the age,—will the *progress* of the age be real, substantial, —yielding moral health, spiritual welfare, "godliness," that is "profitable unto all things." But break from that guiding star, and let human prudence and human passions take the helm, and the voyage is lost. We come soon to the soundings of a lee-shore, with self-created storm and tempest, steam and lightning, driving us, swifter and deadlier for our priceless freight, upon the fatal rocks. There we pile up our ruins, to be a theme of study to all coming generations, as the Mastodon relics of other ages have been to us.

THE MILLENNIUM.

AS INTIMATED IN ISAIAH XI. 6, AND REVELATIONS XX. 6.

BY J. HUNT, JR.

The faithful, who with fortitude
  Life's battling waves will firmly bear,
Possess Thy promises, O God,
  A stated bliss on earth to share;
A happy, calm Millennium,—
  A thousand years of Health and Peace,
When Death and Hell in chains shall writhe,
  And brutal Passions wholly cease.

When o'er the land, in every clime,
  Where'er the sun his beams may shed,
No hostile foot to Love and Truth
  Will find a spot on which to tread;
But like those isles which slumb'ring lay
  Within some summer's tranquil sea,
Where rolls no more the foaming surf,—
  Will all be safely moored in Thee;—

When mount, and vale, and "peopled plain,"
  Will wear the semblance once they wore,
When Chaos gave Creation birth,
  To fill, where Chaos filled before:—
So in that season, holy, pure,
  Beneath, around, and all above,
'Mid haunts of men, and beasts of prey,
  Will dwell Thy constant cherished love.

The Lion will the Lamb caress;
  The calls of Mercy, Vice will heed;
The Tiger, now so wild and fierce,
  A little child will harmless lead.
When dawns that Morning on the world,
  O God, unceasing praise be Thine;
For then it is "Thy Kingdom comes,"—
  Thou One Eternal, Power Divine!

THE MOURNING BROOCH.

BY A SPINSTER.

"WHOSE hair is this, aunt Margaret?" asked my blooming niece, Ellen, taking up and examining a mourning brooch which lay on my dressing-table.

"It is the hair of an old friend of mine, Ellen," answered I.

"She must have been very old indeed," said Ellen, musingly; "for the hair is quite white—whiter than grandpapa's."

"White as it is, Ellen, the owner of that lock of hair was not a great many years older than your dear mamma."

"How very strange!"

"It would not seem so strange, perhaps, if you knew her history."

"Oh, do tell it to me, aunt Margaret!'

"It contains nothing but very ordinary events, Ellen; nevertheless, it is one from which you may derive instruction, and you shall have it:"—

Maria Darley was just about your age when I first knew her, and her hair was as dark and shining as your own. We were school-fellows, and we became friends. I have often been surprised at this latter circumstance, we were so different in many of our tastes and habits; but, nevertheless, so it was. Like many persons of an impulsive nature, Maria was apt to be seized with sudden and violent fits of affection: she attached herself to me, and her character was so loveable that it would have been strange if she had manifested a warm affection without awaking one in return. Certainly, I was by no means insensible to her caresses. I loved her with a steadiness which perhaps kept her more constant to me than she usually was to the bosom friends of her school-days.

Maria was what is called a clever girl at school. She went through the daily routine of lessons with ease, and obtained the approbation of her instructors and the admiration of her companions. Still her tastes were little intellectual, and I was not surprised to find that, on leaving school, mental cultivation was entirely laid aside. Though she possessed a vigorous intellect, it was one more adapted for practice than speculation—one which dealt better with things than books. She would have made an excellent soldier or farmer, mantua-maker or cook; but, unfortunately for her, she was only a young lady. What mode of energetic action was open to her, but to dress, to dance, and to sing? These things she did, and well, too, much to the delight of Mrs. Darley; and if the milliner's bills did sometimes call forth a frown on the countenance of Mr. Darley, Maria had been too much accustomed to consider that papa could very well afford to indulge her extravagance, to be much troubled by that circumstance.

In Maria's situation, falling in love must have been too agreeable an excitement to have been long delayed. The assiduities of Mr. Fellowes, a young man with whom she had danced, sung, and flirted, in every assembly of the season, won her heart; and, in spite of the frowns of her father and the sighs of her mother, she persisted in the determination that to no one else would she give her hand. Mr. Fellowes was handsome, lively, and gentlemanly, but he was not rich; and though Mr. Darley would not cross his daughter's inclinations, he declared that they must wait until some prospect of advancement opened to the lover. Young ladies hoping to marry, and young gentlemen aspiring to settle in the world, pronounced it *shameful*. Old Darley was as rich as a Jew, and yet he would not advance a sum, insignificant compared to his means, to make his daughter happy! Some older persons hesitated: they knew of extensive speculations in which Mr. Darley had been engaged, and they had heard something of heavy losses; at any rate, it might be presumed that that gentleman knew how to regulate his own affairs and those of his family better than other people.

But the probation of the lovers was not destined to be tedious. Mr. Fellowes became a partner in a concern so promising, that even Mr. Darley could no longer prefer any reasonable objection to the union of the young people; and here, according to every orthodox model, my romance ought to terminate. Certainly, Maria

believed her mortal sorrows at an end. In her own estimation, she had suffered a martyrdom during this year of uncertainty. If she had not entirely become a semblance of green and yellow melancholy, she had grown a degree paler and more interesting; if she had not conceived a lasting disgust for the world and its vanities, she had declined half-a-dozen routs, and as many pic-nics, from the sickness of heart which is caused by hope deferred. Surely this was enough of mortification for an ordinary life; and who could doubt that the wedding peal rang in a more unclouded era of existence?

For some years, the hopes and expectations of herself, and the most sanguine of her friends, appeared to be fully realized. Few iu the circle in which she moved kept up a more showy establishment, or lived in better style. Turbaned mammas congratulated Mrs. Darley on her daughter's happy marriage, and whiskered exquisites declared Fellowes the luckiest dog in the world. His income must be splendid, from the style in which he lived; and what a nice thing he would come in for at old Darley's death; for who was there for the property but the old gentleman's only daughter? To do them justice, Mr. and Mrs. Fellowes seemed disposed to avail themselves of the favorable circumstances in which they were placed. Mr. Fellowes did not allow his business engagements to press upon him very grievously, and was as ready as his wife to enter into every amusement that offered itself. It seemed as if Maria was to be spared the usual cares and duties of the married life, or, at least, that they were to sit lightly upon her; for she never had but one child, a boy—a fine, sprightly little fellow, just formed to be the delight and pride of his light-hearted parents. His mother's eye brightened as she gazed at him cantering away on his pony, or leading off the dance at a juvenile ball; while his father repeated with exultation his smart sayings, and prophesied his future advancement from his early ability. Mr. Darley sometimes shook his head, and told Maria and her husband that they would spoil the boy, and make him extravagant, by over-indulgence; but they only laughed, and remarked, that grandpapa grew more strict and more careful with his increasing years.

Time rolled on, and Mr. and Mrs. Fellowes continued the same gay and agreeable members of the social circle. But a change had come over them in their domestic privacy, although it was yet unmarked by the world around. Maria's temper was a degree less cheerful now that the buoyancy of youth was in some measure passed away; and an alteration in her husband became still more strongly marked. When at home, and alone with his wife, he was moody and reserved; he grew thin and pale, and as irritable and fretful as he had once been cheerful and good-humored. To all this, Maria could not be insensible. She attributed it to ill-health; and, as she was warmly attached to her husband, it caused her more real uneasiness than she had ever before experienced. Again and again, she urged him to consult his medical man, to try change of air—anything that might tend to restore his former health and cheerfulness. At first, he appeared to favor the idea that indisposition was the cause of any alteration that might be apparent in his appearance or demeanor; but at length he tired of her importunity, and one day, when, deeply grieved by his manner, she had not been able to restrain her tears, he said abruptly—"Don't disturb yourself about my health, Maria; I am quite well; I am only suffering from anxiety. The fact is (for you had better know the worst at once), I am embarrassed in money matters; so much so, that I know not where to turn to extricate myself."

If Maria had been struck by a thunderbolt, she could scarcely have been more completely paralysed than she was at these words.

"You!" she faltered, as soon as she could recover the use of speech—"you embarrassed! I thought your trade was highly prosperous!"

"It has been so, on the whole; but, when people spend all they make, they are ill prepared to meet the most trifling reverses. I suppose you are aware that we have been laying nothing by."

Maria supposed not; but the fact was, that she had thought very little about the matter. They had better begin to spend less, she thought, as soon as possible. Yes; but how? was the answer. How make any change, without exciting the attention, and giving rise to the remarks of the world? That was not to be thought of.

In this sentiment Maria agreed; but what was to be done? Poor Mr. Fellowes had often asked himself that question, without arriving at any satisfactory answer. One means of relief only had presented itself to his mind: Mr. Darley's death would deliver him from his difficulties. This he slightly hinted at, and that hint made his wife shudder.

"Papa will assist you, Alfred; I am sure he will, if you will tell him your difficulties," said she.

Maria said this hastily. An idea of her husband looking forward with hope to her parent's death had presented itself to her mind, and she seized upon the first means which occurred to

her of banishing so horrible an imagination. Mr. Fellowes smiled somewhat bitterly.

"You do not know your father," he said, "or you would not give me that advice. With misfortunes in trade he might have some sympathy, but not for difficulties caused by what he would consider extravagance and improvidence. Be careful that you give him no hint as to how the case really stands; it might have a very different effect upon him from what you would most desire."

Maria promised to be silent; but what was to be done? It was very strange; she had never intended to be extravagant, and, after all, they had not lived differently to most other persons in their station, or spent more than appeared to be necessary.

"As to what is necessary," returned her husband, "we might perhaps have done with a house half this size, and one servant instead of two or three; but it is no use talking of that now: the mischief is done, and we can make no change without causing a wonder and a talk. I cannot bear the thought of this; besides, it might injure my credit. We must hope for the best."

It seemed a forlorn hope to Maria; and so, indeed, it was, and proved to be. From the hour when this conversation took place, her peace of mind was irrecoverably lost. The next year or two were years of struggle and anxiety, no less worrying to her because she was considerably in the dark as to the actual state of her husband's affairs. She knew enough to make her doubt whether the money which she expended, not only on the necessaries of life, but on idle amusement and foolish display, was lawfully her own. This thought was before her every hour; and, to an honorable mind, it could be nothing but perpetual torture. She began to loathe the society in which she found herself playing an unworthy part, and, moreover, she was haunted by a feeling of vague dread, which she in vain endeavored to surmount. When she reflected on her position, her sound understanding and generous heart revolted from the life she led.

And now the event took place, to which he had looked with something of the feeling with which the drowning mariner may be supposed to glance towards the floating spars and timbers of a wreck. Mr. Darley was called from his day-book and his ledger, to render his last account, leaving his earthly possessions behind him for his daughter. What would these possessions be? Upon this point, the most knowing differed in opinion. Mr. Darley, in common with many other clear-headed men of business, had been strangely apt to be dazzled with brilliant speculations, and some of these were known to have turned out unsuccessful; but still most agreed that the old merchant must have died in the possession of a handsome property. Alfred Fellowes, for one, had no misgivings on the subject; and his disappointment may be better imagined than described, when a sum, inconsiderable, as compared with his necessities, was found to be all that his father-in-law had left, and that the old man had settled it most strictly upon his daughter.

It was all over now! Maria read, in the settled despair which seemed to have taken possession of her husband, that the crisis was at hand, and she endeavored to rouse him to meet it like a man. He would smile bitterly at her words of hope and comfort, and remark that she little knew what poverty and deprivation were; then he would mutter something about other things being worse to meet than poverty and deprivation, but he perpetually evaded giving to his wife that perfect confidence for which she most earnestly implored.

One morning, he entered the room with a more cheerful air than his countenance had worn for many a month past, and informed his wife that he was about to set off for a few days to Hamburgh on business. "I hope," he continued, "very soon to be able to put my unhappy affairs in a fair way for being settled; and then, my poor wife, I trust you will have a happier life than has been your portion for a long time. I have been the cause of much misery to you."

"Do not say so, Alfred," returned Maria; "we have both been to blame; we have been equally thoughtless, equally self-indulgent, but it is not surely too late to amend."

"There is no fault on your side," said he, sadly; "it is all on mine. What did you know of my affairs, beyond what I chose to tell you? And I never gave you to understand that I could not well afford even a less lavish expenditure than ours has been. Will you forgive me?"

"Forgive you, Alfred! Those who truly love have no need for the word *forgive*. But you are not going! You have not said good-bye to Alfred!"

"Kiss him for me. Farewell! God Almighty bless you!" He embraced her fervently, and, in a few moments, he was gone.

They never met again. Alfred Fellowes left the house with the determination to end a life, the evils of which he had not resolution to brave, and, like many other suicides, he did not leave to those who loved him the miserable refuge of a doubt as to his appalling end. In a passionate letter to his wife, he announced his purpose, de-

claring that he could not meet ruin and dishonor, and imploring her forgiveness for all the sorrows he had heaped upon her.

Poor, poor Maria!—light, indeed, had every one of her past sufferings been when compared with this last—the bitterest drop in the cup of human sorrow! It was perhaps merciful that her mental tortures brought on physical disease, attended by a friendly stupor, which, for a while, deadened the anguish of her mind. When she recovered, her dark locks were sprinkled with gray, and every trace of her youthful beauty had vanished. For the sake of her boy, she roused herself to exertion, and, by slow degrees, she regained some measure of composure. In the fiery ordeal through which she had passed, a higher influence had been revealed to her mind; she had learned to recognize the all-pervading government of the Eternal Father, and to bow meekly even to her sorrows, as the appointment of Infinite Beneficence. Thanks to her father's caution, she found herself possessed of an income sufficient for her own moderate wants, for the gayeties and pleasures of the world no longer possessed any attraction for her. If strenuous exertion and wisdom, taught by sorrow, could have counteracted natural tendency and the effects of early indulgence, young Alfred would have been saved. To assist his studies, to cultivate his better feelings, and to guard him from every vicious influence, his mother devoted all her powers, quickened and informed by love. She made herself his companion, and won his confidence, by her ready sympathy in his every thought and pursuit.

It seemed as if her love and care were to be rewarded. Alfred was a fine, open-hearted boy, possessed of good abilities and an affectionate heart. He loved his mother tenderly, and, to gain her approbation, he exerted himself in such a way as to obtain the praise of his masters while at school, and the esteem of his employers when in the counting-house. Nor did the increased salary, the reward of his exertions, confer on him half the pleasure which was afforded by the returning smile of hope and joy which would now at times light up the pale features of her who was so deservedly dear.

Yes! Maria lived again under the shadow of that "delightful tree," whose roots were in her husband's grave. She dared to anticipate her son's future virtue and prosperity, from his early promise. One trait alone in his character would sometimes excite a feeling of painful apprehension. She could not conceal from herself that the desire to please, the sensitiveness to the opinion of the world, which had been the leading feature in her husband's mental physiognomy, and the bane of his life, was equally the characteristic of her son's mind. Maria tried, by the infusiou of higher principles and loftier motives, to guard against this moral feebleness; and, as years passed on, she hoped she had succeeded. The temptations to which the young man was exposed were certainly considerable. Many who, had his father lived, would have turned their backs on the poor clerk, the son of the ruined merchant, noticed him from his boyhood, in consideration of his mother's misfortuues and his grandfather's memory; his social, genial character caused his company to be sought after for its own sake; and, as he grew up, he mixed, on equal terms, with young men who were both wealthy and luxurious.

Maria knew nothing of many of the pursuits into which Alfred was led by his gay companions; but she sighed occasionally over the constant visiting, the various amusements, in all of which, he declared, he could do no other than join, and which she knew must consume all his gains, even if these sufficed for his expenditure. On this latter point, however, she believed she might now trust to his principles; and he was so active and attentive in his business, so thoughtful for herself, that she was but little disposed to thwart him in any lawful gratification.

That Alfred's conduct in the counting-house was exemplary, was sufficiently attested by the esteem in which he was held by Mr. Smith, his employer. Indeed, something more than common regard seemed to have grown up between this kind-hearted man and his young assistant. If Alfred had been his own son, Mr. Smith could not have looked upon him with more affection, or have manifested a more constant interest in his welfare. People commented on his extreme partiality for the young man—as people will comment upon everything, common or uncommon, which comes under their notice; and sage mammas pulled long faces, and wondered if Mr. Smith had any eyes, when his pretty daughter Lucy smiled on her father's clerk, and danced with him rather than with Mr. A. or Mr. B., two of the best matches in the neighborhood. To all appearance, Mr. Smith had eyes as well as other people; and the sight seemed to afford him pleasure, for he would smile, as he watched the young people; and who can wonder if poor Mrs. Fellowes would sometimes form bright castles in the air, in which the fine manly form of Alfred, and the girlish figure of Lucy, dreamily hovered?

Some time, so full of hope and promise that it might be called happy, had passed away, wheu

Maria's maternal anxiety was excited by a visible alteration in her son's appearance.

"Do you think Alfred is well?" she said one day to Mr. Smith; "I have thought for some time that he grows pale and thin. Is it so in reality, or is it only my fancy that deceives me?"

"You are right," was the prompt rejoinder; "he does not look well, and no wonder, poor fellow! We have been busy, and have kept late hours. He must go into the country—a week will set him up again."

"How kind you are," remarked the mother.

"Not a bit of it," answered the kind-hearted merchant; "it is for my own interest. A good clerk, one you can trust, is worth a week's holiday any time, if that will keep him up to his duties. Pack him off to-morrow."

And, in spite of Alfred's declaration that he was in perfect health, he was packed off. But the vigor and buoyancy which his mother and his friend so confidently hoped to see restored by the change, did not return. On the contrary, his cheerfulness at home, and attention and exertion in the office, continued to decrease, aud old fears and suspicions, which had so long lain dormant, began to awaken in his mother's mind. Still she was little prepared for the terrible blow which fell upon her before very long, and which rudely dashed her earthly hopes forever to the ground.

She was sitting one morning at her work, when Mr. Smith was announced. Much surprised, for the hour was an unusual one, she rose to receive him. A single glance at his countenance filled her with dismay, and she named the name of him in whom alone was centred all she hoped and all she feared. The good merchant covered his face with his hands, and burst into tears.

In a few brief words I will sum up the disclosure which Mr. Smith detailed at length, and the substance of which has probably already been anticipated. Expensive amusements, vicious companions, and, in time, the card-table, had involved Alfred in extreme embarrassment. Pressed by the exigencies of the moment, and tempted by the large sums of money which continually passed through his hands, he appropriated a portion to his relief, trusting to the generosity of friends, or the favor of fortune, to be able to replace it in a few hours. In this hope he was disappointed; and the next step was to falsify his accounts, to conceal his guilt. Once more he yielded to his desperate need, and repeated the fraud. But here he stopped. Struck with horror and despair at the situation in which he found himself, he revealed first to the managing clerk in the establishment, then to Mr. Smith himself, the whole of his folly and his crime.

When Mr. Smith had, as gently as possible, put the unhappy mother in possession of these most painful details, he tried to console her, by pointing out that in the young man's confession and repentance there was the hope and assurance that his ruin was not irretrievable.

"He will do yet," said the worthy man; but it must be far from here. His folly had robbed you of a son, and poor Lucy ——." Here he broke off suddenly, overcome by emotion.

Yes, it was too true! Like the thoughtless boy who crushes with one rude grasp the blossoms which nature, by mysterious processes, has brought to beauty and perfection, Alfred had dashed to the ground the hopes and affections of those loving hearts. Maria uttered no murmur at their approaching separation. She even spoke cheerfully of his prospects, and encouraged his trembling hope that, if he prospered, she would join him in the far-off land to which he was so sadly banished.

Not till he was gone did her spirit fail, and then she felt her task was done, and she sank rapidly to her last repose. I saw her a year after Alfred had sailed. Her hair was then as white as snow, and her constitution was evidently broken by this last shock—this last bereavement. Nevertheless, she was cheerful.

"I am not so desolate as you would think," she said; "God is very good to me. Read this;" and she presented me with a letter from a friend, who was settled near her son, and who knew him well, and watched him narrowly. It spoke of his exemplary conduct, his talent and industry; and, what was better than all the rest, because it told that the hard lessons of experience had not been thrown away, it spoke of his regular and unostentatious habits—his carefulness and economy.

"Poor boy," she said, as I laid down the epistle; "perhaps his early fall will prove a blessing to him. It might have been a later and a more fearful one. His letters to me," continued she, "are full of fervent affection. He still hopes we shall meet again in this world. He will be sadly disappointed; but he is young, and young hearts *do* heal."

Three months after this she was in her grave, and that token of remembrance was sent to me at her especial desire.

Aud now you have the history of the lock of hair and mourning brooch. To my mind, the one thing which it teaches most plainly is this:—If we would escape crime, let us avoid folly, and beware how we slight the warning conveyed in the words of that prayer dictated by Infiuite Wisdom—"Lead us not into temptation."

ROBERT NICOLL, THE AUTHOR OF "THE HA' BIBLE."

BY H. B. STANTON, ESQ.

SOMEBODY has said, "Let me make the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws." The Marseillaise Hymn exerted an influence over the destinies of France, during its revolution, almost surpassing the decrees of its Assemblies and Conventions. "Rule Britannia," and "Hail Columbia," have fired the patriotism of men who never heard of the Common Law of England, and could hardly distinguish the Constitution of the United States from the Mormon Bible. These are but vulgar illustrations of the power of song upon individuals and communities. The realm of mind over which poetry rules is not confined to the impulsive and ignorant classes of mankind, but embraces also within its empire those distinguished for cultivated imagination and learned reflection.

In every age and country, the mission of the true poet has not been merely to echo the current opinions of his cotemporaries, but to inspire their hopes and give expression to their longings for a higher and happier state of society. He has stood in the place of the moralist and the lawgiver, moulding the sentiments and forming the institutions of his times.

In no country, and at no period since the revival of letters, has the truth of these general observations been more strikingly illustrated, than in England, within the present century. During the last fifty years, she has made steady progress in the path of social, mental, and political improvement. Among the agencies that have aided to curb the prerogatives of the crown, extend the blessing of representative government, establish religious liberty, provide education for the poor, secure the melioration of the laws, break the rod of the oppressor, and repeal the tax on the bread of the laborer, a conspicuous place belongs to men of song.

Every English poet, who has won a national reputation, during the present century, has laid some gift on the altar of Freedom, while many have consecrated their choicest productions to the cause of humanity. Mingling in this throng are a few modest votaries of the muses, whose calm lustre is lost to the general eye amidst the dazzling brilliancy of the high priests of the temple. One of these, it is our present purpose to present to the notice of our readers, not with the intention of criticising his writings, but to briefly sketch his painfully interesting life. Doomed almost to total obscurity while living, posterity has already begun to garnish his tomb. We allude to ROBERT NICOLL.

Nicoll was a Scotchman. In temper and genius, he resembled Burns; and, like him, he sprang from the humblest of the tillers of the soil. He was born in 1814, at the foot of the Grampian Hills, in Perthshire. His parents were of the hard-working, God-knowing class, that abounds among the rocky glens and heathy hills, and constitutes so much of the strength and glory of Scotland. Sharing the frequent fate of small tenant farmers, in that country of land monopoly and low wages, the elder Nicoll, soon after the birth of Robert, saw his home made desolate by the rapacity of his landlord, his little stock of cattle and household goods sold to pay his exorbitant rents, while he was compelled to supply the wants of an increasing family, by toiling in the fields as a common "day laborer." Too poor to send his children to school, their instruction devolved upon their mother, who used to listen to the lessons of such of them as could be spared from work, while she attended to the household affairs. In the language of Robert, "she was an ardent book-woman; but when she became poor, her time was too precious to admit of being spent in reading, and I generally read to her while she was working; for she took care that the children, whatever else they might lack, should not want education." Trained by such a mother, Robert early exhibited a keen aptitude for learning, and his appetite for books soon devoured all that could be found in that sequestered neighborhood.

At seven years of age, he was employed in herding cattle on the mountains. A book was always in his hands, which he perused while away on the hills, and while going to and from his task, his well-trained dog watching the cattle and helping to prevent their wandering beyond

the prescribed boundaries. While thus engaged, he read, among other works, Burn's Poems and such of the Waverley Novels as fell in his way. Endowed by nature with a lively imagination,—so lively, indeed, that the boy-herdsman used to amuse himself by relating to his wondering listeners the most extraordinary fictions, the spontaneous creations of his fancy,—it is not surprising that the perusal of such works, among the wild scenery of the Highlands, gave a poetic turn to his mind. In one of his juvenile effusions, he thus alludes to this period of his life—a beautiful testimonial of his love for the haunts of his boyhood, and of the benevolence of his heart:

> "Oh, weel I mind how I would muse,
> An' think, had I the power,
> How happy, happy I would make
> Ilk heart the warld o'er!
> The gift, unending happiness!
> The joyful giver, I!
> So pure and holy were my dreams
> When I was herdin kye!"

Spending the time from his seventh to his seventeenth year, between herding and gardening, reading poetry and studying graver books, scribbling verses for his companions and scraps of local intelligence for a neighboring newspaper, he, in the latter year, left his native parish, apprenticed himself to a shopkeeper in the town of Perth, and began to push his fortunes in the great world of which he had thought much and seen little.

Perth is one of the most enterprising and intelligent towns in the interior of Scotland.—Beautifully built and pleasantly situated in a broad and rich plain bordered by mountains, through which the river Tay makes a bold sweep towards the sea—the very point where the ruggedness of Highland scenery and manners blend with and melt into the softened graces of the Lowlands—the centre of much of the actual and romantic history of a land whose annalists and bards have associated

> "With every glen and every stream,
> The romance of some warrior-dream"—

this was the very spot that a young enthusiast like Nicoll would select for the cultivation and display of his genius.

The times furnished an opportunity for the rapid development and prompt employment of all his powers. It was the year 1831—an era memorable in the recent history of Great Britain. The Reform Bill was then pending in parliament. A wave of excitement swept the country from "John O'Groat's to Land's End." The aristocratic few, who clung to old abuses, and the plebeian many, who demanded enlarged privileges, were struggling for the mastery. Clubs and debating societies, to promote the people's cause, were springing up in every village. The press poured out essays and pamphlets by the million, in support of the common enterprise. Petitions in behalf of "the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill," were presented at each man's door. Public meetings, addressed by noblemen and working-men, were held in all the principal towns. So liberal a mind, so susceptible a heart as young Nicoll's, could not but be fired by the elevating and inspiring truths proclaimed all around him, and which warmed into activity colder natures than his. He toiled in the shop during the day, dealing out his wares and his principles to every customer, and attended debating societies in the evening and made speeches for reform. He left his dinner uneaten to read the debates in parliament, and sat up nights to write songs for the radical clubs and articles for the liberal newspapers.

This eventful contest was the turning point in his life. It gave a fresh impulse to the desire he had formed, while herding cattle and reading Burns in the Highlands, that he might one day become an author. But he was a poor shop lad, the son of a common laborer, and possessed but a scanty education. Yet, what obstacles can deter a youth, bent on success, whose soul is kindled with the flame of genius? He tended his shop, but lived on the cheapest fare, that he might save money to purchase books, and stole hours from sleep that he might find time to study them. He thoroughly grounded himself in grammar and rhetoric; committed large portions of Shakspeare and Milton to memory; carefully read the works of Locke, Reid, Adam Smith, Bentham, and other writers on philosophy, legislation, and politics; goaded onward by an ambition to become a man of letters, and thus acquire honorable fame for himself, and by the productions of his pen obtain the means for supporting in her declining years his much-loved and hard-toiling mother. The first fruits of his ripening intellect were contributed to the pages of Johnstone's Edinburgh Magazine, in the shape of two pleasant tales, one or two pretty poems, and a creditable article on the "Life and Times of John Milton."

Severe applications to study and business, with spare diet and scanty sleep, eventually undermined his health, and he left Perth, and repaired to his native hills for its restoration. A friend who saw him during this visit to the cot of his mother, says: "Robert's city life had not spoiled him. His acquaintance with men and books had improved his mind without chilling his heart.

At this time he was full of joy and hope. A bright literary life stretched before him. His conversation was gay and sparkling, and rushed forth like a stream that flows through flowery summer vales."

About a year after this, being then 20, he set up a small circulating library in Dundee. During the eighteen months he remained here, he spent his time in tending his shop; writing and publishing poems, which were highly popular with the public; delivering lectures on literature and speeches on politics; and at the close of his sojourn, found himself deeply in debt to some of his patrons, and desperately in love with one of the beautiful maidens of the town. Making over his stock for the benefit of his creditors, and exchanging hearts with his charmer, he returned once more to the foot of the Grampian hills, to devise plans for mending his fortune.

He had now reached the age of 22. During the past three years he had made the acquaintance of several valuable literary friends, among whom were William Tait, Robert Gilfillan, and Robert Chambers. Admiring his talents, and attracted by the amiability of his character, these gentlemen interested themselves in procuring him some situation that would give profitable employment to his literary abilities. Near the close of the year 1836, he was appointed, through the influence of Mr. Tait, to the editorship of the Leeds Times, a highly respectable weekly newspaper, advocating radical opinions. Leeds being one of the radiating centres of Liberalism in the North of England, Nicoll entered into the pending political controversies—free suffrage, Chartism, Corn-law repeal, divorce of Church and State, Voluntary Education—with characteristic ardor and ability. His pungent prose was the terror of evil-doers, and his genial poetry the praise of them that did well. During the few months he was in Leeds, though supplying his own journal with an unusual amount of original matter, he found time to compose several beautiful poems, to furnish leading articles for a newspaper in Sheffield, and to visit Dundee and lead to the altar the cherished object of his affections.

But his day of prosperity, now so bright, was soon to go down in the deepest night. His health, never fully restored since he overtasked his powers at Perth, gave way—the bloom, painted on his cheek by the sunshine of his native mountains, fled—his eye, which, from childhood, had sparkled with genius, became glassy—his voice, which had so often rung out clear in defence of the right and denunciation of the wrong, was subdued and broken by a stifling cough. Though the chilly fingers of consumption were feeling for his heart-strings, he toiled on, writing the leaders for his paper while propped up in bed by pillows, his eye gleaming with unnatural brightness, and his whole frame quivering with excitement. It was when suffering thus that he wrote his poem on "Death," breathing the tenderest pathos, sparkling with the gems of fancy, and glowing with the hopes of immortality.

Yielding to the advice of physicians and the entreaties of friends, he left Leeds to try his last chance for life in the North. Elliot, the Corn-law rhymer, just then visited Leeds, to deliver a course of literary lectures in that town. He had long felt a warm regard for Nicoll, and had declared that "Burns, at his age, had done nothing equal to him." He writes: "No words can express the pain I felt when informed at my inn that he was dying, and that if I would see him I must reach his dwelling before eight o'clock the next morning, at which hour he would depart by railway for Edinburgh. I was five minutes too late to see him at his house, but followed him to the station, where, about a minute before the train started, he was pointed out to me in one of the carriages, seated, I believe, between his wife and mother. I stood on the step of the carriage and told him my name. He gasped; they all three wept; but I heard not his voice."

Nicoll reached New-Haven, near Leith, just in time to die in the arms of his young wife and aged mother. Thus fell, at the early age of 23, one of Scotland's noblest bards.

On his death-bed, he said: "I have written my heart in my poems; and rude, unfinished, and hasty as they are, it can be read there." We subjoin, as a specimen of his heart-musings, his poem, "The Ha' Bible." It will at once suggest to the reader Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night."

Chief of the Honsehold Gods,
Which hallnw Scotland's lowly cottage homes!
While looking nn thy signs
That speak, though dnmh, deep thought npon me comes—
With glad yet solemn dreams my heart is stirr'd,
Like childhnod's when it hears the carol of a bird!

The Monntains old and hoar—
The Chainless Winds—the Streams so pnre and free—
The Gnd-enamel'd Flnwers—
The waving Forest—the eternal Sea—
The Eagle floating o'er the monntain's hrow—
Are Teachers all; hut oh! they are not snch as thou!

O! I conld worship thee!
Thon art a gift a God of love might give;
For Lnve and Hnpe and Joy
In thy Almighty-written pages live!
The slave who reads shall never cronch again;
For, mind-inspired by thee, he hursts his feeble chain!

God! unto Thee I kneel,
And thank Thee! Thou unto my native land—
Yea, to the outspread earth—
Hast stretched in love Thy everlasting hand,
And Thou hast given Earth and Sea and Air—
Yea, all that heart can ask of Good and Pure and Fair!

And, Father, Thou hast spread
Before men's eyes this Charter of the Free,
That all Thy Book might read,
And Justice love, and Truth and Liberty.
The Gift was unto man—the Giver God!
Thou Slave! it stamps thee man—go spurn thy weary load!

Thou doubly precious Book!
Unto thy light what doth not Scotland owe?
Thou teachest Age to die,
And Youth in Truth unsullied up to grow.
In lowly homes a Comforter art thou—
A sunbeam sent from God—an everlasting bow!

O'er thy broad ample page
How many dim and aged eyes have pored?
How many hearts o'er thee
In silence deep and holy have adored?
How many Mothers, by their Infants' bed,
Thy Holy, Blessed, Pure, Child-loving words have read!

And o'er thee soft young hands
Have oft in truthful plighted love been joined,
And thou to wedded hearts
Hast been a bond—an altar of the mind!
Above all kingly power or kingly law
May Scotland reverence aye—the Bible of the Ha'!

TREASURES IN HEAVEN.

A MOTHER died, and the home where once
The light of her love had smiled,
Held nought to gladden the widow'd heart,
Save the care of a motherless child;

And that care grew into a doating love
For his gentle, fair-faced boy,
Who brighten'd again that cheerless home
With the voice and smile of joy.

But a shadow fell on the child's glad brow,
And a light gleam'd in his eye—
'Twas pure and mild as the blue that breaks
Through the clouds of a summer sky.

'Twas his mother's eye—and like her he grew,
More beautiful in decay,
While the shadow of heaven deeper fell,
As he droop'd and pined away.

And the father tended his fading flower
With more than a father's care,
And night by night at his pillow watch'd,
In silence, with tears and prayer.

One night, when softly the slumb'ring boy
Lay folded to his fond breast.
Sleep fell on the weary watcher's eyes,
And long and quiet was his rest.

In a dream of that night a vision came,
And hover'd around his bed;
'Twas the face of the dead, but an angel form,
With a glory round its head.

And o'er him it bent its angel face,
And the boy from his bosom took,
With a smile like that which had beam'd on him,
With her latest word and look.

Then a strain of music, heavenly sweet,
Through the stillness softly broke—
Then a voice like an angel's whispering,
From the lips of the spirit spoke.

"Thy treasures are all in heaven," it said,
"Let thy heart be also there;"
He strove to grasp the receding form,
And clasp'd but the empty air.

He woke, and the cheek his hand had touch'd
Was clammy, and cold, and chill;
The little arm, half-round him thrown,
Was lifeless, and stiff, and still.

He thought of the vision, and o'er his soul
A hallowing calm he felt;
Yet he bow'd his head o'er his child, and wept,
Ere down by the couch he knelt.

He knelt—"O God! thou hast taken back
What but for a time was given.
Teach me to bow to thy will on earth—
My treasures are safe in heaven!"

SERMON UPON "IFS."

"'If' I were as rich as old Elwes, I never would have been such a miser," said a penniless man, one day, when that noted character came upon the carpet; "of all beings, the miser is the least useful in social life."

"'If' you were as rich, you would not be as useful as old Elwes was; that is what you express, or you mistake the real state of the case," said Moreton; "a miser is a useful man in society—none more so: he is no man's enemy but his own."

"Some people are fond of paradoxes."

"True; but here is none. You intend that 'if' you were as rich as old Elwes was, you would spend the money he saves. So many say that a prodigal is better than a miser, because he scatters abroad his wealth. Now, 'if' old Elwes accumulated his rents, turned them into gold, and locked them up in an iron chest, there might be some ground for a charge of uselessness against him; but old Elwes did no such thing: he accumulated money by supplying the wants of those who had need of it; and thus, while he increased his store, he contributed his share to the good of the general mass. As nothing is made in vain, no one lives in vain."

"I cannot understand that doctrine."

"A miser always makes interest of his money, or employs it in some mode by which others may make their interest upon it. Consuming little himself, he only enables others to consume more, because he has, from this very cause of self-privation, so much more to hand over to others for beneficial purposes. He is only a less customer to the butcher and wine merchant, that he may be the larger trader with others in loans, or houses, or lands. 'If' you were as rich as he, it is very doubtful whether you would really benefit the commonwealth as much. Stinting his stomach is his own affair; and of what he saves that way he is enabled, by its augmentation, to lend, or build, or take mortgages more extensively, for the aid of others, though unconscious of any end but gratifying his own love of accumulation."

"Then would you have me infer that a miser is as good a member of the community as a liberal man, living well and spending his income generously?"

"Precisely so; he lives with more respect to himself, and more becomingly. Society receives from both a modicum of gain, for it is not permitted to any individual to withhold his share of contribution to the general advantage, however repulsive to the common idea of what is consistent and proper his private conduct may be. Common notions, too, are very often as erroneous upon many other subjects connected with social existence as upon the present."

"'If' I were a young man again, I would never let a pretty face entrap me into a marriage. I would seek wealth, or the means of living substantially, before I tied the Gordian knot. Young men will, in process of time, grow wiser, getting into a habit of reflection, and then we shall see no marriages but such as are grounded upon an accurate calculation of the means of living."

"This 'if' is a fallacy, too; for, 'if' the utterer of such an opinion were a young man of generous feelings, he would do no such thing. It is precisely because age has displaced youth, and caution stifled the generosity and kindness of early years, that this 'if' obtrudes itself."

"'If' I were Alexander, I would accept the offer of Darius." "So would I," replied the king, "'*if*' I were Parmenio."

Many promulgators of this apparently reasonable doctrine, so far as social benefit appears to be concerned, are those whom cold calculations have led to adopt the fallacious notion, that the world is to be governed by the dictates of a reason that can apply only to temporary circumstances and peculiar localities. Nature is not to be thus subjugated. Were the national debt quadrupled for some state object, and a marriage life quadrupled in difficulty of maintenance for a family, is it to be supposed, as some tell us in substance, that we should not then marry in the proportion of three-fourths to those who marry now? The natural course of things is not to be changed, because of the straits into which a bad system of any kind may bring us. It is better and sounder reason to change the system, than to attempt to force nature in obedience to circumstances caused by human vices or errors.

"'If' you were a young man, you would be under the rule of early impulses, as you are now of later ones. You would marry—it is your natural course. 'How the world is to be depeopled,' says Dr. Johnson, 'is no business of ours

All human impulses are subject, unconsciously, to a better reason than that of which some persons boast; therefore, 'if' you were a young man, you would do as young men have always done."

"'IF' I were to live my life over again, I would never act so unthinkingly as I did before I was forty years of age." The question must be begged here, that the quautity of passion should be uniform, and that the young men should be no more inclined to obey present temptation than the old ones, who can philosophize so wisely from the waut of it. If the recollection of former experience could be preserved, the temptations of the former position must be resisted. It would not be sufficient to *know*, we must be able to subdue natural feelings, in order to act differently from what we did before. Who could insure this?

We know not, then, what we wish in applying the "IF" in this way. We should, there is no doubt, live our term nearly in the same way again, aggravated by the torturing of conscience that we every day knew better than we acted. No wise man would ever live his life over again as he had lived it; it would surely be a dreadful aggravation of such a second course of existence to pass through it with continual mental upbraiding, arising out of the memory of the experience we had received, the guidance of which we were unable to follow. In such cases, we know not what we desire; and the "IF" is the happiest word for our natures that language, in such cases, can muster.

"IF" is described by a great author as a "hypothetical particle"—in set terms, a word forever begging the question. When it begins a sentence or a speech, it would be well that we asked ourselves whether the conclusion or inference upon so uncertain a proposition were worth entering upon? It is a mere waste of words to say, "'IF' I had ten thousand a year, I would do such and such a thing." This is the vanity of wishing carried out to a waste of time. Lord Chesterfield calculated the waste of time caused by snuff-taking to be no inconsiderable portion of human life. The time consumed in expressing sentences with hypothetical particles may he set down as an important portion of the waste of hnman existence.

The French have a castle and island called "IF," near Marseilles. That word signifies the "yew" in French—the funereal yew—no bad hint in the way of a memento of the certain termination of hypotheses in behalf of human wishes beginning with that particle. The poet or fairy-tale maker might amusingly enough make "IF" the residence of the army of phantasmic hypotheses we are continually conjuring up under some sovereign phantom of an hypothesis, enchanted and happily regnant to the sight, with a crown of gold studded with rubies and emeralds, in the most imposing array, such as Arabian fertility of imagination has depicted in "The Thousand and One Nights,"—but all, like Dead Sea apples, fair in the rind or externally, while only bitter dust and ashes are within. Sir William Temple has used "if" hypothetically in the very best way of the scholar and philosopher, when he says, "Who would not be covetous, and with reason, 'IF' health could be purchased with gold? Who not ambitious, 'IF' if it were at the command of power, or restored by honor?"

Some uses of "*if*" sting well under the hypothesis. "I shall get justice," says a suitor, "'*if*' I can find an honest lawyer: '*if*' not—not." The Chinese have an excellent thing of this sort. A boy was so dull he could not half fill his sheet of exercise, and was punished. "Ah!" said he, "'*if*' I could have filled up the blank part, I should not have been beaten." "No, no; '*if*' you had done that," said a fellow-scholar, looking over what he had completed—"'*if*' you had filled the sheet as you began, you would have been flogged to death."

Another jest of theirs is too good to omit. A schoolmaster was employed to transcribe the offices for the dead by a man who had lost his mother-in-law, and copied by mistake the prayers for a father-in-law. When they came to be recited, the father-in-law found it out. The man was angry with the scribe. "Are not these the offices appointed for those cases which I have carefully transcribed?" said the schoolmaster. "That's authority, I think. There *can* be no mistake; '*if*' there be, it lies with you, not me. Is it not the *wrong* person died? 'IF' so, that is no fault of mine!"

Sometimes the hypothesis "IF" is employed upon a nonentity, and the intended inference is no inference or consequence at all. Thus, "'*If*' the sky fall, we shall catch larks," is a common proverb; but what is the sky? An hypothesis itself—a non-existent, which cannot have a consequence without a brother: thus, "'*If*' a sky there be, then '*if*' the sky fall, we shall catch larks." The ancients made a better thing of it when they said, "You reckon with those who say '*if*' heaven should fall."

"IF" belongs to the language of the early part of life, being Hope's own monosyllable. We make little comparative use of it, having arrived at the age when, as the wise man says, "The grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the window be darkened." The word was left in the bottom of *Pandora's* box;

it was labeled upon the packet which enveloped Hope's philtre, the most dangerous of our mortal potions, because it costs us less suffering to recover from its deepest draughts. Like Hope, it is a constant refuge upon all occasions of good or evil, its hypothetic character being admirably adapted to every exigency. "'*If*' I had not been a fool, and got drunk yesterday, I had escaped this intolerable headache." "'*If*' I had but listened to the advice of my friend Tomkins, I had saved a thousand pounds."

On the other hand, it may be said truly, to quote Shakspeare, "'*If*' thou talkest to me of '*ifs*,' thou art a traitor!" The word is a veil for all sorts of uncharitablenesses and iniquities "*If*" is a great nurse of discontent. "'*If*' I had but that nice field—that fine house!" "'*If*' I could but find a pot of money!" "'*If*' I can but conquer Asia and Africa, I will return and live merrily," said Pyrrhus; but Cyneas told him he might do that as it was, and Pyrrhus saw the advice was good. "'*If*' I can make a plum more," says the merchant. "'*If*' I had but one estate more," says the landowner. Now it would be a useful thing to change the unreal desire into real contentedness; and diminishing the wish for more, leave the hypothetic particle in this use of it to those less wise.

Perchance we tire the reader, and may be considered to do some injustice to a very innocent word; and in truth we must plead guilty, in a certain respect, to the charge. After all, it is the wrong application from which we extract matter of blame; and the best things may be ill-used, as is well illustrated in the history of our friends, the tee-totalers. With them wine is banned; not, we presume, from any distaste of the thing itself, but for fear they should be tempted to abuse it, feeling the frailty of their natures. They are, therefore, perfectly right "*if*" they wholly abstain.

HEART FLOWERS.

BY MRS. L. G. ABELL.

Harsh words are like the furious rain
  Driven by fiercest wind,
And where it falls it leaves a place,
  As harsh words wear a deeper place
  Upon the heart within.

As rose leaves lie upon the ground,
  Scattered by rudest shower,
So all the flowers of feeling lie
Prostrate—and fading but to die
  By words of cruel power!

As blossoms on a slender stem
  That glow in genial light,
Bend down their heads when rudely beat,
And never light them up so sweet,
  So harsh words love will blight.

Then, oh beware of words you speak—
  No beauty blossoms there,
Where harsh words fall like drenching rain,
Giving for ever endless pain—
  Oh, thoughtless one, beware!

THE OPEN SECRET.

The all-teaching Spirit
  For ever is near;
He speaks, could we hear him,
  In voice strong and clear.
But not to the worldling
  His secret is known;
The open soul only
  Can call it its own.

At the altar of Beauty
  The worshippers fall,
But the child playing round it
  Sees more than them all;
For pure beauty, pure being,
  Can never be theirs,
Who want eyes for true seeing
  And hearts for true prayers.

CONNECTION BETWEEN LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

There is not a movement takes place in this great universe of mind and matter, but influences, in some degree, the condition of something else; and yet the general mind has seldom perceived the character or degree of the most important movements. The motion of the stellar bodies, as they sweep round the throne of God, does not interest the crowd so much as the whizz of a sky-rocket; and the court-circular, with its stereotyped assurance that "the royal family and the royal ponies took an airing in the park this morning," is more eagerly read than the observations of Humboldt or the prelections of Chalmers. The march of warriors, and the peregrinations of puppet-shows, are most important movements in this visible world, and draw the wondering eyes of crowds; while heaven's meteors dance over the gold-spangled tapis of the sky, and the spheres sing their eternal melodies as the dullard world sleeps. The intellectual heroes of the world have no heralds nor aids to blow a trumpet before them, and bid the world stare at them as they go; they pass along the highway of life like other people, undistinguishable save to those who possess common attributes and the *clairvoyance* of sympathy; yet their footsteps leave tracks behind them which posterity gazes on with awe, and which, as it gazes, it puts its feet into. Theirs are the plastic motions which stamp ideas in the van-path of humanity, as plainly as did the great feet of the primeval cormorants write lessons of an intelligent Creator on the transition formations. The eye does not know them, but they live to and for souls. One of the most earnest and commanding spirits of the intellectual empire of the present time, is George Gilfillan, whose recently-issued volume, "The Bards of the Bible," summons the reader to the study of thoughts and truths of surpassing interest and moment. One of the most striking and earnest of the truths he insists upon, is the honorable place which the Word of God should occupy in literature, and the vital connection which subsists between religion and letters. Some of his thoughts are so germane to the great idea of our magazine, and so urgently important, that we eliminate a few of the more bearing upon the point. Our readers require not to be informed that Mr. Gilfillan is a highly distinguished critic and author; he, however, occupies a much more important and interesting position than this. Young, strong, and full of prophetic fire, he is shouting to those who dwell in Zion, "The Philistines are on thee;" and, full of faith and earnestness, he dashes into the coteries and cliques of literature, and cries, "The Spirit of Christ *should be* here." Mr. Gilfillan is a man of genius, original, genial, and generous, who would see Christianity extend its activities through all the extent of the social world, and the pulpit become less the censor than the sister of science and literature.

We find, says he, science, literature, and religion, connected together in the Word of God. The Bible, is not, indeed, a scientific book, nor does it profess or display scientific method, even when it treats of religious topics. And yet it cannot be remarked with too much admiration, that it has never yet been proved to contradict any main principle of scientific truth. It has been subjected, along with many other books, to the fire of the keenest investigation—a fire which has contemptuously burned up the cosmogony of the Shaster, the absurd fables of the Koran—nay, the husbandry of the Georgies, the historical truth of Livy, the artistic merit of many a popular poem, the authority of many a book of philosophy and science. And yet, there this artless, loosely piled little book lies, unhurt, untouched, with not one page singed; and not even the smell of fire has passed upon it. "'Tis past conjecture, all things rise in proof." This book is the mirror of the Divinity—the rightful regent of the world. Other books are planets shining with reflected lustre—this book, like the sun, shines with ancient and unborrowed ray. Other books have, to their loftiest altitudes, sprung from earth—this book looks down from heaven high. Other books appeal to understanding or fancy—this book to conscience and faith. Other books solicit our attention—this book demands it; it speaks with authority, and not as the scribes. Other books guide gracefully along the earth, or onwards to the mountain summits of the ideal—this, and this alone, conducts up the awful abyss which leads to heaven. Other books, after shining their little season, may perish in flames fiercer than those which consumed the Alexandrian library—this, in essence, must remain pure as gold and unconsumable as asbestos, amid the flames of

general conflagration. Other books may be forgotten in the universe where suns go down and disappear like bubbles in the stream—this book, transferred to a higher clime, shall shine as the brightness of that eternal firmament, and as those higher stars which are for ever and ever."

With regard to the connection in the Scriptures between literature and religion, we find use made of, and sanction given to, almost every form of literary composition. Has not eloquence advocated God's cause? Poetry sung his praise? History recorded his deeds? Elegy deplored his absence? Ode cried aloud for his return? Drama exhibited the sublime patience of one of his servants? Proverb condensed the wisdom of another? The romantic story of Joseph described the adventures of a third? Nay, did not fiction, as the shadow and noble alias of eternal truth, flow in music from the lips of Jesus himself? And at the literature of the Scriptures, criticism has generally stood dumb. Science has dared to cast her plummet down to the very foundations of the Rock of Ages, and they have not been found wanting. Human literature, seeing the summits of a higher rising toward the skies, could only wonder, or imitate, or envy in silence. Homer had his Zoilus, Milton his Lander, Pope his Dennis, but Moses and Isaiah have, as poets, been assailed by the wretched Paine alone, whose taste was poisoned by vanity and vice, and whose attempt to underrate the merit of the Scriptures seemed, to Hall, as ineffably weak and ridiculous as though a mouse were to try to nibble off the wing of an archangel. And I do think, that it is yet possible so to develop the matchless merits of the Scripture writers, as masters of the lyre, as to develop at the same time a subordinate though strong evidence that they are something more—the rightful rulers of the belief and the heart of man. If the saying of the poet be true, that "Beauty is truth, and truth is beauty," then might not the proclaimed presence of the highest beauty betray the presence of the highest truth, even as metallic lustre reveals metallic wealth; and might we not again, like Halbert in the "Monastery," read, in the fairy light of poetry, the solemn inscription:—

> "Within that awful volume lies,
> The mystery of mysteries.
> Happy the man of human race,
> To whom our God has granted grace,
> To ask, to seek, to hope, to pray,
> To lift the latch, and find the way:
> But better had they ne'er been born,
> Who read to doubt, or read to scorn."

To accomplish the grateful and momentous work to which he here alludes, perhaps Mr. Gilfillan stands without a compeer. We know that for some time past he has been communing with Moses, and Isaiah, and Daniel, and David, and the other mighty ones of Hebrew poetry; and we do not hesitate to state it as our conviction, that, high as he has already climbed the hill of fame, his illustrations of the rapt and inspired old men of God will yet add a brighter lustre to his name.

Mr. Gilfillan raises the following trumpet toned warning to those who bear the name of Jesus, and yet look not out from the windows of the ark upon the roaring ocean of skepticism that envelopes it round: "To meet and overcome this sea of troubles, from without and within, the church must arouse herself. At present her towers are well nigh unguarded—of her watchmen, some are squabbling in the streets with each other, some have fallen fast asleep, some are singing psalms of premature triumph, some are railing at the enemy from the safest towers; not many are standing to their arms. The watchman who first gave the alarm almost instantly sunk back in death.

"The church ought first of all to acknowledge, and not ignore, the difficulties and dangers in her path. She must not compute her numbers by her church-rolls; her friends, by her flatterers; her progress, by the sound of her chariot-wheels; the strengthening of her stakes, by the lengthening of her cords; her security at home, by the splendor of her advancement abroad. There is no *bustle* often greater than that of a *death-room*—how often does life leave the heart, and flush wildly the hectic cheek! The silenced enemy is always the strongest and most dangerous. The church, too, ought to unite on broad principles, and form unions, of which everybody would be proud as well as glad. The church too, should advance and quicken, running with the many, who are now running to and fro; and increasing knowledge, as knowledge is being so generally increased. She ought to put herself into such training, that, if she fall, she may fall a graceful and glorious corpse; that if she reign, she may be prepared to meet her triumph, as a bride adorned for her husband. And in the last extremity, she may still look above to the hills, whence her aid is expected to come. The hope of many, as to the prospects of the church and the world, has long lain in the unchanged and unchangeable love of Christ. As long as his great, tremulous, unsetting eye continues, like a star, to watch her struggles—as the eye of love the tossings of disease—she need not fear. And whenever the time arrives for that "bright and morning star," starting from his sphere to save

his church, he will no longer delay his coming. To save such a city as Zion, there might fall the curtain of universal darkness! That curtain shall not fall, but there may, in lieu of it, burst the blaze of celestial light; and what, and who, save the true and the earnest, can abide the day of that appearing?

Such a light would secure the union, and show the junction-points of science, literature, and religion, as they have never been shown before. He would form the bright synthesis between those three transcendant things. Of this much we are certain, that, sooner or later, and by a power either transcendent or divine, it shall be seen that the "ought or duty is the same thing with science, with beauty, and with joy." The day is coming, when science, literature, and religion, already daughters of one family, shall be dwellers in one home. Science shall shade her torch and stoop her telescope before the throne of the Eternal; literature shall pursue her studies and dream her dreams in the magic atmosphere of heaven's own day; and religion shall take her two sisters by the hand, smile on them with the serene and majestic love of a superior nature, introduce them to the presence-chamber of the King of kings, and in a threefold cord, not easily broken, shall be united with them for ever.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

WITH A CHARACTERISTIC SKETCH.

Incomparably the first of our native artists, and, in his particular sphere, perhaps second to none of the present century, Americans treasure the fame of Washington Allston, and cherish the productions of his pencil with the fondness of a kind of relationship. The sketch accompanying this number will be recognized as singularly true, by all who can recall his delicate and spiritual features, or are familiar with the habits and traits of his life. As a fitting illustration of the plate, a few of the leading facts of his history, gleaned from his beautiful autobiography, may not be unwelcome.

"Washington Allston was born in South Carolina, in 1779. His physicians recommended his removal to a northern climate, and, from his early boyhood, he seems to have made his home in Newport, Rhode Island, where he continued his studies till 1796, when he was entered at Harvard University. It would be difficult not to believe that this boy amused himself with brushes and paints, or had, in lack of such objects, some quiet chit-chat with nature, as Ben Jonson quaintly says. In fact, we have a scrap of authentic history about it, from the pen of the boy himself—now become a man, a poet, and a painter.

"'To go back as far as I can—I remember that I used to draw before I left Carolina, at six years of age (by the way, no uncommon thing,) and still earlier, that my favorite amusement, much akin to it, was making little landscapes about the roots of an old tree in the country—meagre enough, no doubt—the only particulars of which I can call to mind were a cottage built of sticks, shaded by little trees, which were composed of small suckers (I think so called), resembling miniature trees, which I gathered in the woods. Another employment was the converting the forked stalks of the wild fern into little men and women, by winding about them different colored yarn. These were sometimes presented with pitchers, made of the pomegranate flower. These childish fancies were the straws by which, perhaps, an observer might then have guessed which way the current was setting for after life.' And then follow a few lines which would guard the reader from drawing too exalted an opinion of his native talent or propensity for art—and Allston had no false modesty; that worst display of insincerity was no part of his nature. Dunlap very properly says—'In these delights of Allston's childhood appear the germs of landscape gardening, landscape painting and scenic composition. Less intellectual children are content to make mud

pies, and form ovens with clay and clam-shells, as if to bake them in. Even when at play, they are haunted by the ghosts of cakes, pies, and puddings.' Allston goes on with his sunny sketch: 'But even these delights would sometimes give way to a stronger love for the wild and the marvelous. I delighted in being terrified by the tales of witches and hags, which the negroes used to tell me; and I well remember with how much pleasure I recalled these feelings on my return to Carolina—especially on revisiting a gigantic wild grape-vine in the woods, which had been a favorite swing for one of these witches.' 'Here,' remarks Dunlap, 'may be perceived the germ of that poetic talent which afterward opened, and was displayed both by the pen and the pencil of Mr. Allston.'

"The painter now gives an account of his boyhood. 'My chief pleasure now was in drawing from prints—of all kinds of figures, landscapes, and animals. But I soon began to make pictures of my own—at what age, however, I cannot say. The earliest compositions that I remember, were the Storming of Count Roderick's Castle, from a poor (though to me delightful) romance of that day, and the Siege of Toulon—the first in India ink—the other in water colors. I cannot recall the year in which they were done. To these succeeded many others, which have likewise passed into oblivion. Though I never had any regular instructor in the art, (a circumstance, I would here observe, both idle and absurd to boast of,) I had much incidental instruction, which I have always through life been glad to receive from every one in advance of myself; and I may add, there is no such thing as a self-taught artist, in the ignorant acceptation of the word; for the greatest genius that ever lived must be indebted to others, if not by direct teaching, yet indirectly through their works. I had, in my school days, some of this latter kind of instruction from a very worthy and amiable man, a Mr. King, of Newport, who made quadrants and compasses, and occasionally painted portraits. I believe he was originally bred a painter, but obliged, from the rare calls upon his pencil, to call in the aid of another craft. I used at first to make frequent excuses for visiting his shop to look at his pictures, but finding that he always received me kindly, I went at last without any, or rather with the avowed purpose of making him a visit. Sometimes I would take with me a drawing, and was sure to get a word of encouragement. It was a pleasant thing to me, same twenty years after this, to remind the old man of these little kindnesses.' Pleasant thing, too, it must have been to the old painter, to hear such acknowledgments from the artist who had brought away the prize from the British Institution.

"He tells us of his progress in art while at the University. 'My leisure hours at college were chiefly devoted to the pencil—to the composition equally of figures and landscapes: I do not remember that I preferred one to the other; my only guide in the choice was the inclination of the moment. * * * One of my favorite haunts, when a child, in Carolina, was a forest spring, where I used to catch minnows, and I dare say, with all the callousness of a fisherman; at this moment I can see that spring; and the pleasant conjurer, memory, has brought again those little creatures before me; but how unlike to what they were! They seem to me like the spirits of the woods, which a flash from their little diamond eyes lights up afresh, in all their gorgeous garniture of vases and flowers. But where am I going?'

"Soon after Allston's arrival in London, he became a student of the Royal Academy. The Gladiator was his first drawing from plaster, and it gained him permission, says Dunlap, to draw at Somerset House—the third procured him the ticket of an entered student. West was then in the zenith of his fame, and he gave him his hand. Here is Allston's tribute to that great reformer in English art. 'Mr. West received me with the greatest kindness. I shall not forget his benevolent smile when he took me by the hand; it is still fresh in my memory, linked with the last of like kind which accompanied the last shake of the hand, when I took a final leave of him, in 1818. His gallery was open to me at all times, and his advice always readily and kindly given. He was a man overflowing with the milk of human kindness. If he had enemies, I doubt if he owed them to any other cause than his rare virtues.'

"'I arrived in London about the middle of June, 1801, near the close of the annual exhibition. The next year was the first of my adventuring before the public, when I exhibited three pictures at Somerset House. The principal one a French Soldier telling a story (comic attempt)—a Rocky Coast (half length) with banditti—and a Landscape with horsemen, which I painted at college. I received two applications for the French Soldier, which I sold to Mr. Wilson, of the European Museum, for whom I afterward painted a companion of it, also comic—the Poet's Ordinary, where the lean fare was enriched by an incidental arrest.'

"Allston stayed only a few months in Paris during this visit (1804)—but he was not idle. He painted some compositions of his own, and made a copy from Rubens. He then turned his face to

the sweet South, and journeyed leisurely on to Italy, crossing the Alps by the Pass of St. Gothard. He has given a few lines to, perhaps, the most beautiful scene on the earth. 'I passed a night and saw the sun rise on Lake Maggiore. Such a sunrise! The giant Alps seemed literally to rise from their purple beds, and, putting on their crowns of gold, to send up hallelujahs almost audible."

"Nearly four years he now passed in Italy, principally in Rome. In that sad but beautiful land, in that wondrous city where art and history have clustered their treasures, with the most gifted of his own countrymen, and the artists of Europe, his existence was like a blissful dream. The climate, associations, the arts, and the ruins around him, perfectly accorded with his intellectual wants. How intensely they were appreciated is evident in his story of 'Monaldi,' a book which would have made a reputation for any other man. The faithfulness of descriptions interspersed throughout the volume every one will recognize, who has looked upon those scenes with feeling and discernment; while his discussions on art, the history of human passions, and female loveliness, are dramatic and profound.

"Allston thus speaks of his most celebrated pictures, omitting many of his beautiful works: 'I will mention only a few of the principal, which I painted during my first visit to England, viz.: The Dead Man, etc.; The Angel liberating St. Peter from Prison. This picture was painted for Sir George Beaumont (the figures larger than life,) and is now in a church at Ashby de la Zouch. Jacob's Dream, in the possession of the Earl of Egremont. There are many figures in this picture, which I have always considered one of my happiest efforts. Elijah in the Desert. This I brought to America, but it has gone back, having been purchased here by Mr. Labouchere, M. P. The Angel Uriel in the Sun, in the possession of the Marquis of Stafford. This is a colossal fore-shortened figure, that if standing UPRIGHT would be fourteen feet high, but being foreshortened, occupies a space of but nine feet. The Directors of the British Gallery presented me with a hundred and fifty guineas, as a token of their approbation of Uriel. Since my return to America, I have painted a number of pictures, but chiefly small ones. I shall mention only a few of the larger ones, viz., Jeremiah dictating his Prophecy to Baruch, the Scribe; the figures as large as life. Saul and the Witch of Endor, and Spalatro's Vision of the Bloody Hand.'

"The personal appearance of Allston was remarkable. His figure was slight, and his action significant of spiritual grace. His long hair hung carelessly about his neck. His face was small, and actually ploughed over with a kind of nervous ruggedness, finely illustrated in his bust by Clavenger. His eyes were large and lustrous, and the first sight of the painter made the stranger feel that he was a remarkable man. Even as he glided in his unpretending way aloug the street, there was an abstractive, an unearthly air about him, that often made the careless stop—and yet there never was a gifted man so utterly free from all consciousness of superiority. His miud was fixed, not on his reputation, but on that exalted standard of excellence toward which he earnestly pressed. He thirsted for a satisfaction which praise and consideration never yield. And who that knew him can ever forget the graces of his social character—the simple hospitality with which he welcomed the visitor—the unaffected interest with which he entered into the feelings and prospects of every votary of art—his sweet encouragement to the young—his ardent sympathy with every form of beauty aud of truth—his winning recognition of nature under every disguise, and of honest worth, however unacknowledged? Add to all this a beautiful self-respect and childlike fraukness, and nothing is wanting to win the hearts of the gifted and the generous."

AND GOD SAID "LET THERE BE LIGHT!"

"LET there be light!" Swift as the wings of thought,
Forth rushed the angels at Jehovah's voice,
To bid the earth, the sea, the stars rejoice,
And gild creation o'er;—yet light was not;—
Not in the caves of earth; and the dark sea,
Heaving its billows, groaned, "tis not in me."
Where, Light, thy dwelling? Lo! the golden doors
Of heaven are opened: Darkness, turn and flee!
Back, angels, speed to the celestial shores;
See, from *the throne of God* the stream of glory pours.

LITERATURE AND BUSINESS.

An opinion is prevalent, that literary pursuits have a tendency, by withdrawing the mind from customary employment into the regions of recollection or anticipation, to impair that attention and concentration of energy to the business of life, which is essential to its being successfully pursued. This, although it may occasionally be correct, is, universally applied, a very erroneous impression.

The mind is never really vacant. If no other ideas be entertained, those of merely sensual gratification will be indulged; and to eat, drink, and sleep, will be considered as the whole end of existence. The mind must be filled with ideas of some kind during the hours both of occupation and leisure; ideas, too, often unconnected with the business of the moment. Indeed it cannot be said that, in this respect, we are our own masters; for the most trivial occurrence often reminds us of some by-gone incident, which, in its turn, carries away our thoughts in a thousand inevitable associations, till, like one lost in a maze, we lose sight of the path by which we entered upon them; and yet, all the while, perhaps we have continued the mechanical operations in which we are engaged.

It may be said that something more than mechanical operation is required; that the attention must be free and undivided; but if the attention should be involuntarily diverted when it is required to be fixed, it can, by a very slight effort, be re-directed to the proper object; the momentary diversion, therefore, can be productive of no evil; and we repeat that extraneous ideas, even as it is, continually occur.

The objection to literature, as diverting the attention, is destroyed, if it be shown that it has not the effect of increasing the wandering and withdrawing the attention of the mind.

It is a matter of considerable importance, of what nature those things shall be composed to which the mind constantly recurs when left to itself, that they shall be neither frivolous nor injurious (for evil will not fail to enter wherever the absence of good affords an opportunity); and it is evident that nothing is better adapted to form this habit of the mind than a love of information.

But let it be admitted that the ideas of the closet are brought into the counting-house, and influence the conduct. Can such influence be injurious? The ambition and emulation of the young will not be damped by the recollection of the perseverance of Franklin, the application of Murray, or the ardor of Davy. On the contrary, they will be excited to imitate such examples, and to reach a like eminence.

No disadvantage can arise from viewing the things around us with the eye of knowledge, instead of looking upon them with ignorant indifference or with the stupid stare of wonder.

Science is now so extensively made subservient to commerce, that in no case ought some acquaintance with it to be neglected. There is no occupation in which good may not be derived from general attainments; or rather, they must be possessed, unless we are content to fall behind in the march of improvement and success.

If we are to be a race of misers, intent on nothing but scraping together wealth, without bestowing a thought on the pure pleasures of existence, without studying the works of Nature, and from them rising to Nature's God; if we are to go grovelling on, without making the least intellectual advance; then it is right to chain ourselves down to one range of duties, and no more.

A great argument in favor of the proper conjunction of literature and commerce is afforded by the fact that many have pursued both at the same time with the greatest success; as, to mention no more, among our own countrymen, Mr. Roscoe, Mr. Rogers, Sir D. North, Mr. Ricardo, W. Hutton, and others. Many of the most scientific men of the present day are distinguished for their strictly business habits. Yet many are checked in their ardor after knowledge, which *is* power, by the advice of those whose words they are bound to respect, and are told to "stick to business," that is, to do nothing else and think of nothing else but getting money.

But it is universally acknowledged that relaxation is required, or the powers, mental and bodily, will grow languid; and what is a sweeter relaxation than that afforded by literature? what is pleasanter than to commune with the master spirits of the world? Such pleasures are generally far preferable to others, as, contrary to what is frequently asserted, they do not cause that

subsequent satiety and fatigue which are produced by many other pleasures, rendering us, for a time, unfit for active exertion: mental exercise causes no inconvenience, and requires no extraordinary rest. Such an employment of time acts against frivolity of character, is a never-failing source of enjoyment, and will be found most satisfactory in all the various mutations of life.

There is no doubt that, like everything else, this pursuit may be carried to excess, so as to interfere with the ordinary duties of life, and that then it will be injurious. Regard must also be had to the quantity of intellectual nutriment taken, although, perhaps, there is, in general, but little danger of exceeding the due limit. No more should be taken than can be digested.

As there is sufficient variety to suit different tastes, it is perhaps to be recommended that the natural bent of the mind should be indulged in a proper direction. General literature is more suited to those who are much-occupied, than the study of any one branch, unless where such a knowledge is, from the nature of the occupation, particularly useful; in which case, that subject should be preferred. Some of the more abstruse subjects will, indeed, be found incompatible with active and daily business; and, after all—

> "Not to know at large of things remote
> From use, obscure and subtle; but to know
> That which before us lies in daily life,
> Is the prime wisdom."

Finally, that we should be occupied entirely with one immediate action only, throughout life, it is irrational of man to require of his fellow-men. We have many duties besides that of our daily toil. Let us, then, lose no opportunity of acquiring information; the importance of well employing our short intervals of leisure is so generally acknowledged, that it need not be further urged on the present occasion.

SPRING.

Green are the hills, and beautiful,
And fresh the breath of Spring;
The fish are leaping in the pool,
The flowers are opening.
The sun-kiss'd cloud floats slowly by,
And passes to the north;
And the sun looks out so lovingly,
And calls the primrose forth.

The slumb'ring beetle feels his rays,
And leaves his citadel;
The bee, rejoicing in his gaze,
Begins to build his cell.
Sweet warblers flit from bough to bough,
And sing, and plume their breasts;
Or fetch, from furrows of the plough,
Materials for their nests.

The spider from the rocky eaves
Suspends his silken coil;
Among the moss the sorrel leaves
Are bursting from the soil.
The violet by the hedgerow blooms,
The star-flower by the stream,
The hyacinth in the forest glooms,
But waits a brighter gleam.

I see them all, I dry my tears;
My heart is once more whole.
I hear the music of the spheres,
It singeth to my soul—
Singeth, in accents sweet and low,
Of love, and hope, and faith;
And bids me, in the hour of wo,
"Hear what the Spirit saith."

WHO LOVE ONE ANOTHER!

How dear is the blossom, wherever it grows,
How easy their duty, how sweet their repose,
And oh! what a stranger the tear is, to those
Who love one another!

They pass through this life as if, truly, it were
But a state of probation; its crosses they share,
As well as its pleasures; and what smiles they wear,
Who love one another!

Care to them comes but seldom, is borne and forgot,
While joy taketh up its abode in their cot;
They may lack this world's goods, but they sigh for them not,
Who love one another!

Age may blot out the scenes where in childhood they stood,
And learnt them belief in the True and the Good,
It can ne'er reach their hearts—it were vain if it could—
Who love one another!

Decline of Popery. A striking popular address, ostensibly in reply to the valedictory discourse of Archbishop Hughes, was recently delivered at the Tabernacle in this city, by the Rev. Dr. Murray, of Elizabetown, N. J., on the Decline of Popery, which has since been neatly issued by the HARPERS, and eagerly sought for. The high reputation which the letters of Kirwan acquired, as well as the anticipated pleasure of listening to his keen wit and ready powers of reply, drew a large audience, who were gratified to the full extent of expectation. The address presents a rapid outline of the great changes which have transpired in the history of the Papacy, from its palmy days of terror in the potent hands of Hildebrand, to the feeble servility which now, muttering the curses it cannot execute, from the Vatican. As an offset to the boastful vatticinations of Archbishop Hughes, and as a picture of the real status of Romanism among the living, moving powers of modern society, the discourse is a very spirited and useful production. Its allusions to the Archbishop, and the part he plays in the mummery, are severely sarcastic :

"But this man has gone for his pallium. Do you wish to know what a pallium is? At first it was a woollen mantle sent by the Roman emperors to the higher ecclesiastics as a badge of dignity; now it is a woolen band, three or four fingers broad, worn outside the vestments. It is made by the nuns of the convent of St. Agnes, and from the wool of consecrated sheep. For this bawble, the bestowal of which by the pope is necessary to the right exercise of the functions of an archbishop, the receiver must pay his holiness a very large sum. Nor is it bestowed save on the giving of the most solemn pledges of canonical obedience to the Holy See. When our friend returns, wearing this fillet made from the wool of holy sheep, the faithful expect that Protestantism will pale in the presence of this silly gewgaw from the convent of St. Agnes! This is the ridiculous side of the affair. But it has a serious one. This thing of bishops going to Rome for vestments and investiture convulsed kingdoms in the Middle Ages. And why? Because of their swearing allegiance to Rome, and renouncing their own sovereigns. This is the view of the matter which now so intensely agitates England. Let a serious rupture between Britain and Rome now take place, and Wiseman will treat Victoria as Becket treated Henry II.; the cardinal would be the commander-in-chief of the pope in the British isles. Should a serious rupture occur between us and Rome, the man with the fillet made from the wool of holy sheep would be here the feudal baron and liege lord of the pope, to maintain the claims of the most contemptible despotism that earth knows, in the very heart of free America, and under the shadow of the flag which secures to him that liberty of conscience which popery in power nowhere reciprocates."

The relative position of the two great antagonistic forces is thus summed up in the conclusion :

"From every tower of Zion the watchmen should lift up their voices together, and cry to the people that they have nothing to fear. The world is not to be educated back again to the intelligence of the Dark Ages. While popery may be compared to a decrepid, nervous, and wrinkled old man, whose hearing is obtuse, and whose memory is short, and who, heedless and forgetful of the events passing around him, is alway prattling about the past, Protestantism is strong, and active, and zealous, and enterprising, and attractive, and looking to the future. The mind of the world is with it. Reason is with it. The literature of the world is with it. The Bible is with it. God is with it. The entire current of civilization is with it. And all these are against popery. The combat may be protracted, but the victory is certain. Nor, in the conflict, will the cause of popery be much aided by the support, nor will the cause of Protestantism be any weakened by the assaults, of those whose chief aim and grand ambition is to wear a fillet made from the wool of holy sheep."

The Queens of Scotland, is the title of a second series of historico-biographical sketches, from the graphic yet careful pen of Agnes Strickland, now in course of publication by HARPER & BROTHERS. The Lives of the Queens of England, published some time ago, by LEA & BLANCHARD of Philadelphia, won a high rank in its important class, as a work uniting great research, candor in judging, comprehensiveness of view, and literary ability. Occupying an important section of the field of English history, and combining with its graver narratives the interesting elements of personal sketches of accomplished women, it had a double attraction, and was received by scholars and general readers alike with unusual favor. That work needed the present as a complement. Scottish royalty often held close relations to the British throne, and possessed, also, elements of interest quite as stirring. In this series are such characters as Margaret Tudor, Mary of Lorraine, and Mary Stuart, which, in the graphic hands of Miss Strickland, will possess great interest. How long the series is to be—the former one was extended through six volumes—we are not apprised. The first volume, neatly printed, presents the lives of two. Two volumes are to be devoted to the unfortunate Mary Stuart. We are ready to congratulate the young upon the appearance of a work so highly instructive, and at the same time so attractive.

The Mercantile Library is one of those unostentatious and highly useful institutions which, like all our greater blessings, receive but little praise, but whose absence or inactivity would be the first to be mourned. Since its feeble beginnings in 1820, when the generosity of a few men laid its foundation, it has gone on increasing its usefulness and its means, until it now ranks as one of the largest public libraries of the metropolis. A catalogue, conveniently arranged and neatly printed, has just been issued, which states the number of volumes belonging to the Library to be 31,699. deducting 7,019 volumes worn out or lost. It has become too large for its present rooms, which in 1833 were thought extravagantly capacious, and is about to be enlarged. Its books, as it is principally a reading rather than a consulting library, consist mainly of new works, embracing the current issues of the press. Its members, it will be remembered, are composed wholly of merchants' clerks.

Memoirs of the Life and Ministry of the Rev. John Summerfield. By John Holland. Abridged, with Additional Letters. A new and much improved edition of this work has been issued by the AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, which will not fail of admirers among those whose memories reach back to the period of Summerfield's splendid pulpit triumphs, or those with whom the fame of his eloquence, piety, and good works is familiar. Such gentleness and such fire—such sweetness of piety and such assuasiveness of character—such simplicity and meekness, in the midst of a constant blaze of applause,—are rare and beautiful traits, the study of which will disclose some of the finest workings of grace, and present a model of unusual attraction. The letters of Summerfield have a peculiar sweetness and pathos; and the records of his life furnish much food for spiritual contemplation as well as active imitation. As is usual with the Society's publications, the work is very neatly executed, and embellished with a fine portrait of the author.

The Melodist, is the title of a new collection of glees, part-songs, and secular pieces, arranged for four voices, by Prof. Webb of Boston, and William Mason, the gifted son of Lowell Mason, who is now pursuing musical studies in Germany, with promises of future eminence, of which Americans have reason to be proud. The work has a wide range, embracing some exceedingly rich and classical music, selected from German authors (including many from the incomparable pen of Mendelssohn), which, though difficult, form admirable studies, and when mastered, yield a delightful repast. There are also a large number of very easy pieces, intended

for unpractised singers, and well adapted for general use. Many of these consist of adaptations of popular songs,—some very old and very good, which are finely harmonized, are simple enough. Good taste, scientific arrangement, unexceptionable moral tone, and plentiful variety, are the most obvious qualities of the book,—qualities which will not fail to render it popular.

Poems of Sentiment and Imagination; with Dramatic and Descriptive Pieces, by Frances A. and Metta V. Fuller. A. S. Barnes & Co. That there are elements of genuine poetry in the moral structure of both these sisters, we think will not be questioned by the reader of this volume. With much inequality, and many excrescences, both of taste and thought, there are scattered through the teeming area, thoughts, imagery and passion, which glow with the radiant aspects of true poetry, and disclose the presence of powers which ought to be nursed and quickened into statelier and diviner forms. The mental qualities of the two parts of the volume, are quite dissimilar in their similarity—both free, impulsive, and restive of restraints—yet needing it: yet unlike in spirit and power. We have not time nor space to instance, by any fair analysis, the hopeful qualities of either, nor the defects, which more suggest want of practice, and the patient regimen of graceful worship, than of ability or reach. But whether we regard the energy, truth, vigor, and occasional grandeur of conception of the one, or the sprightly and naive flow of the other's thoughts, or the deeply religious feeling which overspreads and hallows all their best moods, we think no thoughtful reader will not fail to perceive so much indication of genius, and feel so much presence and power of true poetic thought, as to awaken a deep interest both in it and in its young and most promising authors. We believe this to be the first publication; we hope the afflatus will be too strongly felt, and too sacredly heeded, to make it their last.

The Mother's Recompense. D. Appleton & Co., is the title of a sequel to a remarkably interesting and suggestive tale, by an author now deceased, well known as *Home Influence*, completing the history of the different characters, and reiterating its admirable lessons of patience, piety, and gentleness. Those who have read the first, will, on all accounts, eagerly seek for its supplement; and to those who have never read either, we may commend it as one of the most affecting, suggestive, and useful of its interesting class. The reader will rise from its perusal with deeper and most lasting convictions of home, and of the power of its sacred associations, than many a sermon would impart.

The Island World of the Pacific, by Rev. Henry T. Cheever. Harper & Brothers. The result of travel, personal observation, and extensive reading on the part of a keen observer, this book will be regarded as by far the most graphic and comprehensive picture of that interesting section extant. It combines with its sketches of manners, scenery, people, and events, such accurate and complete statistical and historical facts, as to put the reader in possession of all that is desirable to know. Its descriptions are very vivid and life-like; in many cases they are set off by drawings, and always succeed in bringing definite and impressive pictures to the mind. The great interest now felt in the Pacific Islands, on their own account, and as connected with our Pacific empire, and our extending commerce to the Orient, and the striking missionary history associated with them, make the work timely as well as valuable; and those going to those regions will find it abounding in just the kind of information they most need.

The Bards of the Bible, by Rev. George Gilfillan. Harper & Brothers. This is a work of great power, often rising to eloquence and sublimity, and partaking of the grandeur and impulse of the lofty theme to which it addresses itself. After sketching, with a hurried and comprehensive sweep, the sources of influence, imagery, and power, from which the Hebrew poets derived their peculiarity, the author proceeds to characterize and describe the productions of the different sacred writers, which come to us in the form and spirit of poetry. With his estimates, or his comparisons, one cannot always agree; nor always find pleasure in the bold and sweeping style of his rhetoric, which, on some themes, borders quite too nearly upon irreverence. But in many respects, the descriptions have a sublime and spirit-stirring aspect, which throws a halo around the sacred volume, opening its beauties, and exalting its worth, till its divinity stands forth as radiant as its truth, and as majestic as the God it reveals. His conceptions of the Prophets, of Moses, and of Paul, are especially grand and true to the best ideal of the devout heart; and because the reader may hesitate to be hurried along with the terrible strides—not always the most graceful or surefooted—of his rhetoric, he will not fail of a deep and impressive conviction of the wonderful literary wealth and beauty of the Bible, or of the sternly sublime and elevated character of its writers. The religious expression of the work is good: without aiming at it, the author has gathered an overwhelming argument, both of the authenticity and essential inspiration of the holy volume, which, with some minds, will have greater weight than the most forcible direct demonstration. We might justify our praise, and commend the work, by selecting many gems, eloquent, rapt passages, revealing the author's earnestness, appreciation, and power. For its brevity and its beauty, let us ask the reader's attention to the following panegyric of the Psalms:—"We are far from denying that other aids to, and expressions of, devotion may be legitimately used; but David, after all, has been the chief singer of the church, and the hold in the wilderness is still its grand orchestra. Some, indeed, as of old, that are discontent and disgusted with life, may have repaired to it, but there, too, you trace the footsteps of the widow and the fatherless. There the stranger, in a strange land, has dried his tears; and there those of the penitent have been loosened in gracious showers. There, the child has received an early foretaste of the sweetness of the green pastures, and still waters of piety. There, the aged has been taught confidence against life or death, in the sure mercies of David; and there the darkness of the depressed spirit has been raised up, and away like a cloud on the viewless tongue of the morning wind. But mightier spirits, too, have derived strength from those Hebrew melodies. The soul of the Reformer has vibrated under them to its depths; and the lone hand of a Luther, holding his banner before the eyes of Europe, has trembled less that it was stretched out to the tune of David's heroic psalms. On them the freed spirit of the martyr has soared away. And have not destruction and death heard their fame, when, on the brown heaths of Scotland, the stern lay was lifted up, by the persecuted, like a new drawn sword, and waved flashing before the eyes of the foemen—

> 'In Judah's land, God is well known,
> His name's in Israel great;
> In Salem is his tabernacle,
> In Zion is his seat.
>
> There arrows of the bow he brake,
> The shield, the sword, the war;
> More glorious thou than hills of prey,
> More excellent art far.'

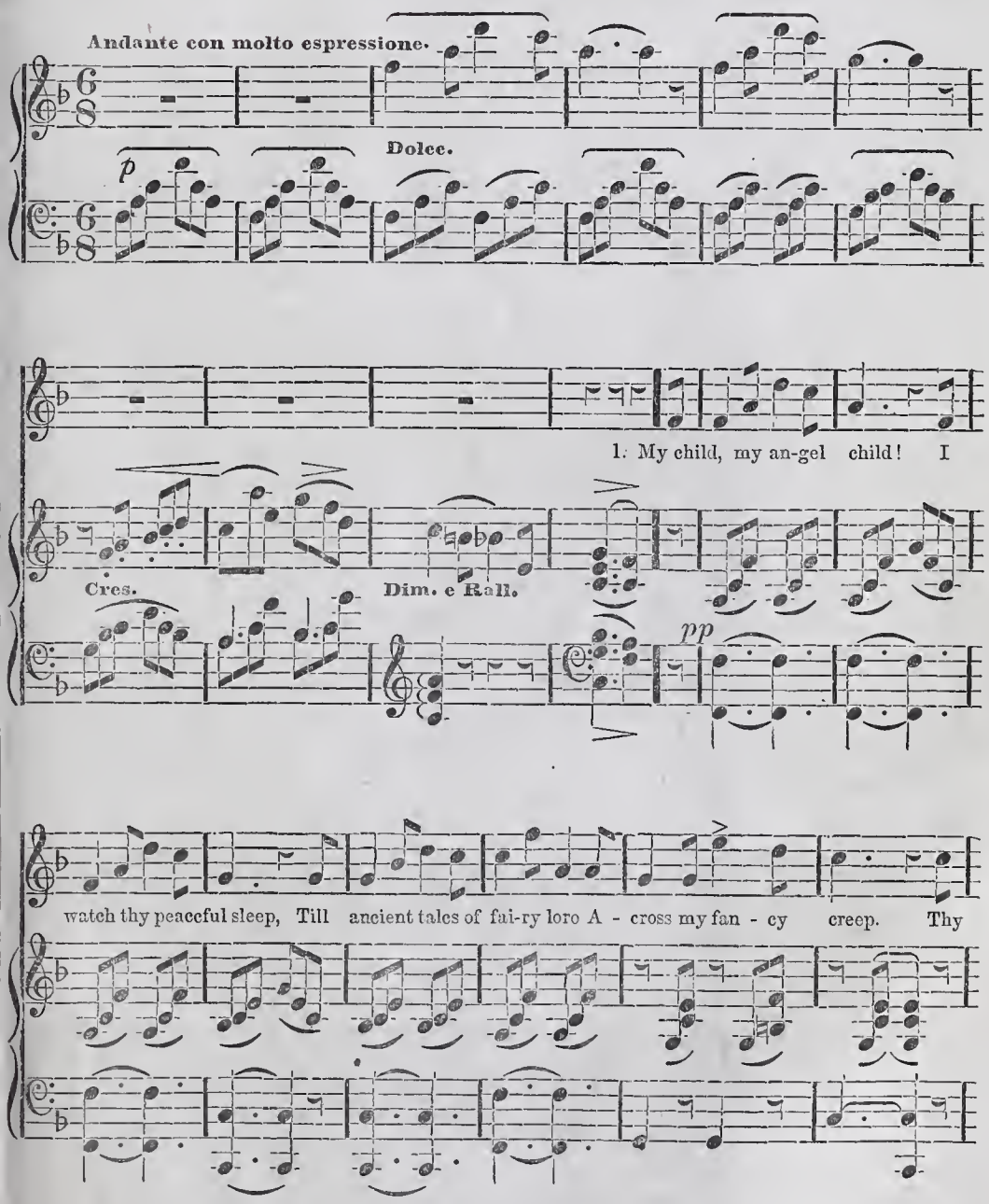
Wild, holy, tameless strains, how have ye run down through ages, in which large poems, systems, and religions have perished, firing the souls of poets, kissing the lips of children, smoothing the pillows of the dying, storming the warrior to heroic rage, perfuming the chambers of solitary saints, and clasping into one the hearts and voices of thousands of assembled worshippers; tinging many a literature, and finding a home in many a land; and still ye seem as fresh, and young, and powerful as ever; yea, preparing for even mightier triumphs than when first chanted! Britain, Germany, and America now sing you; but you must yet awaken the dumb millions of China and Japan."

Procrastination

GENESEE FALLS.

The Spirit Child.*

MUSIC COMPOSED BY JOHN BLOCKLEY.



* "In the romantic county of Devonshire, there is still extant an old superstition, that a child born on Good Friday, will, during its lifetime, be watched over and guarded by angels. It is still believed by many villagers.

"Walking one evening in a retired spot near Tiverton, I overheard a young mother address her baby in nearly the following words. I have endeavored to embody them in the subjoined song, but fear they have lost much of their freshness in my hands. I trust, however, that some of their original beauty may remain."

Author's Note to the Publisher's MSS.

lit - tle era - dle bed, Thy love - ly in - fant head, So

mf

ho - ly seems, so calm and fair, It is no mar - vel now, . . To think it is an

Dolce.

Rall. e dim.

an - gel's eare, That soothes thy love-ly brow.

Colla parte. *mf*

Cres.

2. My child, my angel child!
When all thy winning ways,
That now but charm thy mother's heart,
Must yield to wiser days—
When thou art strong and bold,
And I am weak and old;
I'll cherish still the story wild
They whispered at thy birth,
And deem an angel guards my child
From all the ills of earth.

3. My child, my angel child!
My beautiful, my own!
'Tis said that such fair forms as thine
Meet round a heav'nly throne;
And if so near akin
To all most fair to win,
Perchance it is no dream of old,
No legend strange and wild—
To think that angel arms enfold,
And guard my slumb'ring child.

SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES.

BY MRS. M. E. DOUBLEDAY.

The fine house in that pleasant quarter of the city, in the street ———, number 46, was at last taken. It had long stood empty, to the great annoyance of the lady who occupied the house opposite. The autumn leaves had fallen upon the steps and the pavement, and had remained unswept until the snows of winter had melted away. Dirty children ate out of their aprons on the marble steps—the soapman rested his tin kettle there as he prolonged his cry.

There was a desolation in the aspect of the place, which made Mrs. Jones sad. It had always been a pleasant resort to her, in all her hours of listlessness, to note the proceedings of her opposite neighbor. But now the blinds were closed, the doors never opened; there was no going in, no coming out, no cheerful gleam of light from the parlor windows or the hall lamp. The baker, the milkman, the butcher, all passed the forsaken dwelling; not even a ragged child or a crippled woman, with a basket for "cold *victuals*," was to be caught at a glimpse descending the area.

On the first day of the year, Mrs. Jones had always employed the intervals which were left unoccupied by the successive arrivals of her own visiters, in noting and counting the visiters of her opposite neighbor; but this new year had passed, and that door had never once turned on its hinges. There it stood closed and unsocial amid all the surrounding festivity—dark and impenetrable, as if concealing some mysterious secret in its hidden recesses.

Somehow Mrs. Jones felt as if she were robbed of a sight, as if she were neglected, slighted, in being thus deprived of an accustomed source of interest and employment. The dullness opposite was reflected on her own house. She began to find the whole neighborhood disagreeable, the street dull, the location inconvenient, the very air unhealthy, and to hint and talk about the possible necessity of a change of residence for herself and family the ensuing May. She mourned the desolation of 46. Sometimes she condemned the inertness of the landlord who let his property remain without a tenant; then she pitied him for the loss he was sustaining; and then she wondered that those who were renting should be insensible to the advantages of this particular location.

At length, on one fine morning in early spring, the landlord was seen upon the steps with his key in his hand, attended by a lady and a gentleman. Mrs. Jones caught one glance as they entered—she seated herself at a window, and waited long and patiently for the re-appearance of the party. The house must have been thoroughly explored. At last they returned. A tall gentlemanly man, past the prime of life; the lady slight and delicate in figure, her face quite concealed by a thick green veil, plainly attired, but with the unmistakable air which belongs to the refined.

The house was evidently taken. Soon the windows were flung open, and there was all the bustle of cleaning; of colored women with their brushes, and pails, and brooms; of white-washers, of painters, glaziers, upholsterers—all so active and busy, going out and going in, that the whole section of the square was enlivened, and Mrs. Jones cheered and delighted.

Then the house was closed, or only opened on fine days to be aired aud dried. To Mrs. Jones this was a long season of patient waiting, of expectation; but anticipation and conjecture, aided by imagination, enabled her to endure and wait the forthcoming..

She was roused late in April by the rattling of carts, and carefully withdrawing her curtains, she found that they were unloading and depositing their contents at 46. It was an exciting season to Mrs. Jones. Screened from observation, she watched the arrival and unloading of each cart, and conjectured the contents of each bale or box. In due time the master and mistress of the mansion made their appearance. They were doubtless husband and wife. When the lady alighted, Mrs. Jones looked for the nurse and the baby, but she lightly sprang up the steps, and the carriage drove away, while the gentleman more slowly followed her into the house, no child or nurse appearing; and all day

long Mrs. Jones watched in vain for a crib or cradle.

An hour after their entrance, Mrs. Jones saw her new neighbors come to the window, aud, flinging back their shutters, look as if to take a survey of their new location. Behind her own heavy damask Mrs. Jones could take an accurate survey of their movements, and she could distinguish perfectly all their features so as to criticise their appearance. The lady was very young and very beautiful; and as the gentleman stood by the side of this fair sweet girl, Mrs. Jones felt sickened at the obvious inequality of their ages. There he was, a gray-haired man beside his youthful bride. What a contrast! Her face was radiant with youthful hope and youthful joy, glowing with health and happiness, while time and care had written lines upon his pale face and broad brow. Yet they were affectionate if not fond, for she leaned her head on his shoulder, while he passed his hand lovingly over her rich, smooth, braided hair, and as he looked down upon her, her soft eyes met his kind glance. Still Mrs. Jones knew how much she was to be pitied. She knew how soon the petted bride must forego all the enjoyments of her age to become the soother of infirmity, the nurse of age, perhaps the slave of dotage; and she pondered the reasons which could have induced one so richly gifted with grace and loveliness to ally herself to declining years and approaching age. She had been left an orphan, poor, dependent—she had married to secure a support and a home. Perhaps she had been a governess, a teacher, or even a seamstress—these were often pretty and delicate, with a decided air of gentility—and a bachelor quite advanced, or a widower, in his haste often made a choice very different from that which he would have made had he been wise enough to have followed the advice of sisters, nieces, or daughters. So Mrs. Jones told her friend Mrs. Smith that she thought these circumstances quite suspicious, and she, for one, would advise no lady to be in haste to cultivate the acquaintance of the new comers.

As Mrs. Jones had no children, and was a very strictly principled woman, who wasted no time in reading or vain amusements, it often hung heavily upon her hands—especially in that weather which prevented the shopping, which was her great employment, and that morning visiting which was her principal recreation.

Notwithstanding all her commendable diligence in working worsted slippers and book marks, in making pincushions and reticules, she was troubled with superfluous hours. The occupation of the house opposite relieved the tedium of her daily life. It furnished her with a subject of investigation, of meditation, of contemplation, and a theme for conversation inexhaustible, when she met her confidential friend Mrs. Smith.

Meanwhile the unconscious dispensers of these benefits were busily employed in completing their household arrangements; and as the blinds and windows were often opened, Mrs. Jones was enabled to take a very accurate, and, to herself, highly satisfactory, inventory of all (to use a legal phrase) *their effects*. All was fashionable, handsome, and well arranged: they were doubtless people entitled to some consideration.

Mrs. Jones could see the young mistress of the mansion busily and cheerfully employed, moving from room to room, with light and graceful step. She saw the heavy gentleman hanging pictures, unpacking books—she noticed him often standing before what seemed the portrait of a lady, as if lost in retrospection; and she almost suspected that the present bride had had a predecessor. But no—that could not be—for once, when he was thus standing absorbed, the fair young creature came with a light step, and, passing her hand through his arm, leaned her head on his bosom, and he kissed the pure forehead. No second bride ever loved thus to gaze upon the features of her whose place she occupied.

In due time all was arranged, and the door-plate was at length affixed, and within an hour Mrs. Jones called on a neighbor opposite, whom she confessed she had too long neglected. As she passed the door of 46, she naturally glanced at the name—John Malcom. Well—that was well—Mr. and Mrs. Malcom.

After the household was settled, the opportunities for observation were more unfrequent, but Mrs. Jones well improved all that presented. From her oversight of the marketing, she could decide what was on the breakfast, and what ou the dinner-table, and she formed quite an accurate estimate of their daily expenditure. The summer was commencing snltry warm, and the windows were left without drapery, and thus Mrs. Jones could overlook the domestic arrangements. The young wife rose early, and Mrs. Jones abridged her own morning nap, to lose no opportunity. She watched her as she appeared in her simple morning dress, opening the blinds to admit the fresh morning air. She could see her as she fed her birds and watered her plants; and she followed her as she descended to the breakfast parlor. It was late before the gentleman appeared; but Mrs. Jones could look down into the basement, and see the table with its pure damask cloth, the newspaper by the plate,

the bright coffee urn, the clear amber which fell into the cups, the fair wife presiding, ever bright and attentive; while the large chair was always in its place; and if the morning was cool or damp, the fire glowed in the grate, and no tokens of discontent or impatience clouded the fair brow, whatever the delay.

Two grave, decent, middle-aged geutlemen called on alternate days of the week, and Mrs. Jones found that they were teachers, and that Mrs. Malcom was actually still pursuing her studies; and while she deprecated the want of household taste thus displayed by the lady, she wondered still more at the folly of the gentleman in permitting this—"For," as she told Mrs. Smith, "all the world knows that a woman learns music, and dancing, and French, and grammar, just to have it to say to you that she has studied them after you leave school. Nobody expects one to know anything about them; and they are always dropped when one gets married; then what folly to waste time and money upon them after a woman is fairly settled."

The lessons were all disposed of before the late dinner hour arrived; and as the door opened, the bright face, so pleasant to him, was ready to welcome the return of Mr. Malcom. Perhaps from that desire for strong light which attends the failing sight, after dinner the parlor blinds were flung open, and the husband could be seen at ease upon the sofa, or in the large chair, while seated on the low ottoman by his side, the wife read the closely-printed columns Mrs. Jones's soul detested from the newspapers, or she played and sang, as with slow and heavy step he trod the rich carpet, walking backwards and forwards through the large parlor.

Philosophers who devote themselves to any one branch of natural science are apt to become enthusiasts; but no study is more keenly exciting, none more intensely absorbing, than that social science which leads the benevolent to the close investigation of the habits, pursuits, and circumstances of their near neighbors. This is to be commended for the quickening and arousing of all the perceptive faculties, while it especially greatly enlarges all the powers of the imagination.

From her long devotedness to this branch of study, Mrs. Jones had become, in one sense, a clairvoyant, and thus she could at pleasure enter into the apartments of her opposite neighbors, and exercise a supervision over all that was passing there. She pronounced the general deportment of the lady unexceptionable, notwithstanding her unfortunate youth and beauty, and acknowledged little Mrs. Malcom to be quite a model of a wife, even while she was permitting the steak to spoil, and the coffee for the breakfast of Mrs. Jones to become cold in consequence of her attention to the interests of her neighbors.

Yet there were some circumstances which gave her uneasiness. She sometimes saw Mrs. Malcom evidently watching the return of the messenger who brought the letters and papers; and she had once or twice overlooked her reading long sheets closely written, with too evident an interest. Certain tokens betrayed an unusual excitement as June advanced. Bandboxes were carried into the house, dress-makers were busied there, shop-boys were bringing bundles, and Mrs. Jones knew that a trip to some fashionable place of resort was in contemplation, and she mused upon the dangers which awaited one so beautiful and fascinating, united to one whom she might respect, yet could scarcely love, in the whirl of amusement and gayety.

Her worst fears were all confirmed, as one day when she *accidentally* found herself, from the third story of her own house, overlooking the lady in the chamber of the opposite second. Mrs. Malcom was seated in a low chair near the open window, and Mrs. Jones had full opportunity for observation. A servant delivered a packet, attended by one of those long letters. The lady became very pale as she read the letter, and she wept bitterly over it. Then she opened the packet and took out a miniature which she kissed. A heavy set of ornaments next appeared—she smiled as she looked them over, and clasped the bracelet on her arm. Mrs. Joues saw Mr. Malcom ascending the steps, and she almost trembled as she fancied his shadow darkened the wall; but the wife too had heard his footstep, for she hastily gathered her treasure and disappeared.

What a world of romance, of love, of guilt, was revealed! Such manifestations could not be mistaken. One passion alone awoke such emotion. And Mrs. Jones told Mrs. Smith she pitied, while she condemned.

After this for some time Mrs. Jones made no further discoveries. Mrs. Malcom seemed pensive, sometimes sad, and the excitement was over. All was quiet,—there were no further tokens of an excursion. Mrs. Jones was puzzled. One moruing, after long waiting, Mrs. Jones saw Mr. Malcom descending the steps, attended by the waiter with the trunk and carpet bag; he entered the carriage and drove away, but the lady remained behind. In the course of the day, a quiet, middle aged lady appeared at the door, but there was an air of dulness over the whole establishment.

Mr. Malcom had been absent some days, when at an unusually early hour of the morning, Mrs. Jones saw an elegant looking young man hastily ascending the steps. His loud summons was speedily answered. The parlor windows were opened, for the maid was arranging them, and thus Mrs. Jones could see Mrs. Malcom as she met the stranger. She became very pale and clasped her hands, but she seemed willing to fall into his arms, and offered no resistance as he repeatedly kissed her and pressed her to him—while passing his arm around her slender waist, he hurried her into the back parlor. Horror-struck at the proof of such open guilt, Mrs. Jones rejoiced (she said she did at least) when the blinds were closed, and the guilty or unfortunate pair screened even from her eyes.

But that day, and the next, and the next, did the infatuated man spend with the guilty wife. Mrs. Jones saw him entering early in the day, and she could see the shadows of the twain through the blinds as the evening lamp shed its soft light upon them. He rode with her, he walked with her, he sang with her while she played, apparently unmolested either by the reproaches of her own conscience, or the interference of the matron left as a protectress. Mrs. Jones was grieved, heart-sickened, at this outbreak of immorality in her own immediate neighborhood. She told Mrs. Smith that she felt as if the air was infected, and she reprobated the folly of the husband, while she condemned the guilt of the wife.

It was a relief to Mrs. Jones to see the carriage return with Mr. Malcom. It had received an additional quantity of baggage, and as Mr. Malcom alighted, he assisted a tall stately lady to descend, and giving her his arm with some state, he led her up the steps. The hall door opened, and there stood the faithless little wife, as bright, as fond as ever, yet still Mrs. Jones thought a little constrained. And when Mr. Malcom entered the parlor, according to his former habits, the blinds were flung open to admit the cool evening breeze.

The ladies had disappeared, and Mrs. Jones knew that Mrs. Malcom was showing her guest her room. She did not wonder that she shunned her injured lord. But she soon re-appeared, and approaching Mr. Malcom, the greeting was even more tender than usual. With the apparent artlessness of a child, she flung her arms around his neck. When he drew her to a seat on the sofa beside him, she still kept his hand, and a conversation interesting to both seemed to ensue. Her cheeks were more deeply tinged than usual, her eyes were downcast, but she could not have been confessing her imprudence or her guilt; for while the husband was grave and thoughtful, he was still calm and often smiled, and as the conversation closed, he kissed her with his usual grave fondness.

The lover (for such he assuredly was) did not re-appear. Mr. and Mrs. Malcom were frequently to be seen riding or walking, both paying most scrupulous attention to their guest—Mr. Malcom, with great ceremony, proffering his arm to her, while the little wife skipped on before or behind, one side or the other, as light as a bird—as heartless, Mrs. Jones said, as a butterfly.

Mrs. Jones wondered what had become of the unfortunate, if not unprincipled man? There had surely, by all tokens, been a dream of love, of passion. And was there ever an awakening without sorrow, though there followed no remorse? Sadness would have spoken penitence. The lover might have been banished from the conviction of conscience or the voice of reason, but not so soon could he be forgotten!

But Mrs. Malcom was as cheerful, as gay as ever. All was brightness around her. As one has longed for clouds when the sky has been too bright and clear, so did Mrs. Jones for some signs of sadness on that fair face, dight with the glow of health, and hope, and happiness.

A large evening party, probably given in honor of the guest, accounted satisfactorily for much of the evident excitement which had prevailed for a few days; and Mrs. Jones strained her eyes with watching for the form of the lover among the guests. She thought she discovered him; and she thought she saw him with Mrs. Malcom on his arm, but she was not sure. The house was full, the rooms crowded—she might have been mistaken.

Mrs. Jones knew that there would be no early rising after the late party, and she indulged herself in a prolonged repose. The day after, the dullness which always follows a scene of excitement seemed to rest upon her neighbors—it was not removed the next. Mr. Malcom went and came, but that light form was seen no more. The strange lady moved around calmly, quietly, but a different atmosphere pervaded the dwelling. The evenings were growing cold, the days longer. The lamps were lighted, the windows curtained, and all opportunities of observation cut off. Mrs. Jones feared Mrs. Malcom might be ill, but no physician's gig appeared at the door, no phials or parcels from the apothecary's were carried in.

Then she thought there must have been an explanation, an explosion. The poor young wretched thing—perhaps she was in a lunatic asylum, or locked up in a dark closet.

Sadly musing upon these sad changes, Mrs.

Jones fell into a deep melancholy. Had she been a lady of literary pretensions, she had woven what she had witnessed into a tale of romance, of instruction, of warning—she would have got it out under the title of "The Imprudent Marriage," or of the "Mysterious Visiter;" but being more accustomed to her needle than to her pen, in finding herself shut off from her post of observation, while her heart swelled at the thought of the ingratitude thus manifested to one who had taken such a deep interest in strangers, she sought other resources to enliven her solitude and improve her time.

It was rainy, uncomfortable weather, unfavorable to any display of hat or dress in Broadway, so she resolutely seated herself on the divan in her own back parlor, away from that post of observatiou so long held, and there she commenced a pair of slippers for Mr. Jones, to be added to the eighth pair already presented, to be carefully preserved as proofs of conjugal attachment by the husband, but never worn, from a regard to conjugal peace,—for what wife could bear to see the work of her hands destroyed?

Mrs. Jones was thus sitting, dull, cheerless, when an old friend was announced. After the regrets always interchanged between ladies who thus meet occasionally, that they have not met for so long a period, that they cannot meet more frequently, Mrs. Wilson frankly told Mrs. Jones that at this time she was drawn into her neighborhood to visit an old and dear friend, "Mrs. Malcom." "Mrs. Malcom!" repeated Mrs. Jones. "She lives just opposite," replied Mrs. Wilson; "and as she tells me she has few acquaintances in this immediate vicinity, I thought I would recommend her to your acquaintance. You will find her very lovely, intelligent, and accomplished." Mrs. Jones thought of the masters, and all her other surmisings and suspicions rose in her bosom. "Mrs. Malcom seems much younger than her husband," was her reply. "Yes, she is younger, though for my part I don't think much of such a disparity. He is an excellent man, and she is a devoted wife. She will make him a happy and cheerful home for his old age," returned the visiter.

"She will require more prudence than she has hitherto exhibited," said Mrs. Jones, kindling up. Mrs. Wilson looked amazement. "What do you mean?" "I mean that a young wife who receives the visits of a young gentleman, day after day, in the absence of her husband, and who yet manages never to have him appear in the presence of the man he must have injured, stands on slippery ground—she risks alike her husband's happiness and his honor."

"You must be strangely mistaken," said Mrs. Wilson. "Mrs. Malcom is not one to compromise either her dignity or her honor. She has been married but a short time, and Mr. Malcom has never left home since. But," she added, "Mr. Malcom has one daughter, an only child, married since her father, who may have received the visits of her lover during the absence of her father." As Mrs. Jones sat dumb, Mrs. Wilson proceeded: "Mr. Malcom lost a wife of whom he was very fond, when Grace was a child, and his grief was so deep that he shunned a second marriage. He lived for Grace, and she repaid his love; for although much attached to the young gentleman to whom she has for a year or two been engaged, she would not leave her father when his business called him to Europe, and her marriage was therefore deferred until he could return. But as it was found that for some years he must be much of his time abroad, I think Mr. Malcom felt that it would be selfish in him to still wish the marriage delayed, and thus he was induced to address a lady of whom Grace was very fond, and who has had much care of her education. The gentleman to whom Grace was engaged was expected in the June packet, but from some occurrence delayed, and greatly to the disappoint- of all parties. He came unexpectedly in the next steamer, taking them all by surprise, while Mr. Malcom was on his wedding tour. Mrs. Malcom has just told me that there must have been quite a scene at the meeting, which took place, as they afterwards found, with some confusion, before the open window, aud in the presence of all the servants of the family, and all the bakers and milk-boys in the street. It is of little consequence—they were married a week or two siuce, and are visiting the friends of the bridegroom, preparatory to leaving for France in the fall."

Was Mrs. Jones glad to have all mystery done away, and a romance of sin or folly resolved into a homely tale of happy love, of honorable wedlock? I cannot tell. She assured Mrs. Wilson that she had always admired the appearance of the ladies, and should embrace the earliest opportunity of making their acquaintance.

To her friends she said, "At any rate, the circumstances were very suspicious."

THE BALANCE OF LIFE.

AN ORIENTAL APOLOGUE.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

When Shah Jehan was emperor of India, and inhabited the golden palace of Delhi, the two men most esteemed in his court were Teman the ambassador and Fuadeen the stranger. Teman was of the Brahmin caste, and was born in Benares. His father had been a priest of Vishnu, and was killed in a rush of pilgrims at one of the great festivals. His mother became a Suttee; and their only son, while yet a boy, was left to the care of a devotee uncle, who had bound himself by a vow to roll on his side from one end of the province to the other for the space of fourteen years, and was peculiarly expert in every form of penance. His determination to initiate his nephew into those devotional arts had occasioned the latter's unceremonious departure from his guardianship, in company with a band of travelling Thugs; but the sight of some strong silk cords which one of them carried induced the boy to prefer mingling with the coolies of a caravan on the road, too numerous for them to attack, and he was subsequently taken into the service of its principal merchant. With that master he had travelled and traded in every region from Malabar to Toboilskoi, and rose by regular gradations in his confidence and employment, till the plague, which the merchant had so often encountered and escaped, at length numbered him among its victims, and Teman arrived at Delhi, charged with the property he had left and the news of his death to his family. Of this trust he acquitted himself honorably, and assisted in the mourning of the household, not without good reason. He had received for himself his master's blessing, a bag of piastres, and a letter of recommendation to the vizier's umbrella-bearer. The inhabitants of Delhi wondered that he did not marry the merchant's widow; but the umbrella-bearer did, and Teman became his secretary. Success attended him in the purlieus of the court, as it had done in the paths of the caravan. From conducting the master of umbrella's correspondence, he rose to preside over that of the vizier, and ultimately to the favor of Shah Jehan. The knowledge of men and letters which he had acquired under his uncle, or the Delhi merchant, at length recommended him to the office of ambassador to the Grand-Lama of Thibet, regarding a present of shawls from that venerable sovereign, which the emperor esteemed somewhat inferior. The results of his embassy were highly satisfactory. The emperor's dignity was recognized by the presentation of sundry finer fabrics, and Teman was complimented with the title of the Imperial Shadow, and employed ever after in difficult negotiations.

As for Fuadeen the stranger, no man knew his land or history, save that, from habits and complexion, he was believed to be of the race of the western Franks, and had been one of the many artificers who thronged to Delhi ten years before, in obedience to Shah Jehan's requisition, to assist in the erection of the golden palace, which cost him so much care, his empire such heavy taxes, and modern travellers so many a journey to gaze upon its ruins. The march of Fuadeen's fortunes had been through his art. In working in stone and metals he was found to excel both Mussulman and Hindoo. Cornice, column, and capital bore witness to his skill, and eventually he crowned his honors by ornamenting the balcony in which the emperor gave audience to foreign ambassadors, and justice to his subjects who could find access, with an immense mosaic picture, composed entirely of precious stones; and Shah Jehan expressed his lasting admiration of the work by commanding the artist to place his own portrait in the centre, and appointing him perpetual chief of his artificers.

Thus, nearly equal in preferment, but far apart in interest and pursuits, Teman and Fuadeen became familiar friends. There was a likeness in the fashion of their lives which gradually drew them to intimacy. Both had come strangers to the city; each had assisted in carving out his own prosperity, and learned to carry it quietly, like a garment of daily wear. Both were men of knowledge and experience, which they used in the world, and talked over only when they met

on each other's carpets. The grand mufti himself could not say whether or not Teman still continued a worshipper of Brahma, but no one had ever heard him call in question the established faith of the empire; and though Fuadeen was a born unbeliever, he always treated both mosque and dervish with becoming deference.

Thus far the resemblance went; but as their days increased, a strange dissimilarity grew up in their respective characters. Fuadeen's interest and energy in all things began to flag almost to indolence. The pursuits of his art, the intrigues of the court, and the news of the city, were heard of and passed over with the same easy indifference as matters that no longer concerned him. He lived in his pavilion under a banian, resigned, careless, and occupied with nothing but the smoke of his pipe, the converse of his friends, and at times, but not often, with the books of the sages.

Teman, on the contrary, became earnest and inquiring after questions of philosophy and the causes of things. He searched into curious arts and manners of life, going up with the herb-gatherers to the mountains, and down into mines with those that sought for metals. He talked with dervishes, consulted magicians, and undertook long journeys to converse with the famous doctors of all creeds—visiting the Brahmins that dwelt by the sources of the Ganges, the last of the magi at Bombay, and the disciples of Confucius in the temples of Cochin. From every pilgrimage he returned increased in books and in knowledge. Many predicted that the Sultan's Shadow would in time become the most learned sage of India; but from them all Teman returned unsatisfied, and care seemed to grow upon him as well as wisdom. There was one subject which puzzled him, in spite of doctors' books and observation; and the question appeared only more complicated the more he inquired. The labor of Teman's political life had been to preserve the balance of power among surrounding princes, that each might be a check on his neighbor, and all subordinate to Shah Jehan. To that end he had negotiated five royal marriages, three divorces, and seven treaties of alliance, offensive and defensive. The soul of the Sultan's Shadow grew dry and weary when looking back on the details of those diplomatic years; but their object had been achieved, the emperor's domination had been established, his fortunes were built up with it, and the surrounding royalties hung in an equipoise so nice, that a circle of revolutions seemed the necessary consequence of the first perturbation.

Thus long employed in adjusting the political balance, Teman's attention was turned to weighing the affairs of individual life. There disparity met him at every glance. There was nothing like equality, and there seemed no possibility of adjustment. While in one instance the scale was weighed down with an over-abundance of gifts and opportunities, in another it went up with the flutter of rags and the emptiness of restriction. Teman was perplexed about the why and wherefore. The Parsee doctors informed him it was the work of the evil principle, Ahriman, constantly at war with Ormuz, or the good. The dervishes universally contented themselves with declaring it was the decree of Allah, and the Brahmins assured the inquirer that all would be rectified at the tenth incarnation of their god. But this seemed even less satisfactory than the answer of the Cochin Bonzas, who, with much ceremony and in strict confidence, acquainted him that they knew nothing about it.

One evening the two fortunate friends met in Fuadeen's pavilion under the banian tree. They were alone, and their discourse flowed on in its wonted channels, as the daylight waned. They talked of much that both had seen and heard in far lands and ancient volumes—of the changes of faith and the vicissitudes of fortune—the teachings of priests and the doctrines of sages. All passed by Fuadeen like a stream on whose banks he had been used to tread, but it troubled the soul of Teman. The perplexity of his years returned upon him, and he said, "Fuadeen, though the places of our birth were far apart, tell me, hast thou never marvelled at the fortunes of men, and the unequal division of those good and evil things over which mortals have neither power nor prescience?"—"It was the wonder of my younger days, but now I know not if there be any difference; for I have seen that in every estate the scales of life hang equal."—"Oh Fuadeen!" said his friend, "men have named thee well, for truly thy soul is a stranger if it reckon thus. Seest thou not that one is born a slave and another a sultan; that one comes into life the bondman of deficiency, and another the heir of advantage; some inherit gifts without opportunities, some opportunities without gifts; and there is neither hope nor justice!"

Thus they disputed for hours, till the time of the evening-prayer had long passed, and the moon was high in heaven. Then Fuadeen said, "Men called my birthplace the City of Flowers, and it stood in the land of the old Etruscan race. The Etruscans supplanted no faith and conquered no nations; but built cities, planted corn and vines, and practised the arts of the far unstoried ages; so their history has perished, and their gods are forgotten. In my youth there was a pilgrim,

known in all the cities of the west as one that carried no relics and said no prayers. The place of our convent had been a Roman town, a Gothic fortress, and a Frankish battle-field. Thither the palmer came, and, it matters not why, but my youth was solitary, and I was his helper in searching out their secrets, with torch and mattock, in the nights of midsummer. He gathered from those ancient graves graven tablet and written scroll, and read long inscriptions sculptured deep in rock where daylight had never shone. That palmer had been a stranger in many nations; much he had learned of the dark unprized sciences, and something he taught me, but chiefly the mystery of the balance by which Pagan soothsayers were wont to question the fates, long after the oracles were silenced and the lament for Pan had been heard at midnight on the Grecian Sea. I cannot tell if the old tales were true; but chroniclers say that the early bishops of Rome, amid their growing power and splendor, were strangely troubled by these men's predictions, for in no matter was their art ever known to fail; and, Teman, it may have answers for thy doubts also."

"Show me the mystery, then," cried Teman, "for my soul is perplexed;" and the Imperial Shadow supported his request by sundry assurances that no intimation on the subject would ever reach the ear of either dervish or cadi; but Fuadeen only smiled and answered, "Fear comes not among friends. If thou wouldst see and learn, turn thy face to the west and try to recollect all that has most concerned thee.'

Teman turned him as directed, and shook the sands of his memory, while Fuadeen clapped his hands; and when his favorite servant appeared, at the summons, he said, "Bring me a brazier of burning charcoal and the box of brass that stands beside my bed." The brazier and the box were brought. Fuadeen opened the latter with a key which he constantly carried, and took from it two small stone pipes, ready filled, and a large vial. He lighted both at the brazier, and, handing one of them, together with the vial, to Teman, said, "Drink half the contents, pour the rest upon the fire, then smoke, and wait for what will happen."

Again Teman obeyed, but not without narrowly inspecting the fluid with which the vial was almost filled. It was clear and colorless, and, he thought, resembled aromatic air rather than liquid. When the remainder was poured on the charcoal, there arose first a brilliant flame and then a thick vapor. Fuadeen placed himself by his side, and as the friends smoked together, it gradually gathered into a dense gray cloud against the western wall. From the midst of this cloud there emerged what at first seemed the shadow but by degrees grew to the substantial figure of an antique balance, like that by which old astronomers were accustomed to denote the constellation Libra. "Now," said Fuadeen, "the balance of life is before thee. Ask for what state or condition thou wouldst have weighed, but see that thy words be few, and look well to the scales."

"In my acquaintance with courts," said Teman, "and sojourning in cities, I have learned much of the deceit of appearances, and know that what the vulgar call great is often mean, and what they deem happy crowned with thorns; therefore I ask, according to my own knowledge, weigh to me the state of Ranour, surnamed the Beloved, Rajah of Poomar, for surely he is fortunate." As he spoke, there appeared beside the balance one like a woman, wearing a hazy-colored mantle, and a dark veil on her head; but her face was bare, and it seemed to him like that of the marble sphinx he had seen in the desert of Luxor, which knew neither change nor time. Whence she came he saw not, and her motions made no sound; but she stood before the scales—that on her right hand was clear and silvery, and that on her left the color of rusty iron. Teman looked, and out of the cloud there came a great hand and gave to the woman packet after packet, which she took and put into the shining scale. All were sealed, but on every seal were words, which he could read because of their large characters. One was marked youth, a second riches, a third friends, a fourth health, and a fifth wisdom to govern. So the scale was filled with them, and it sunk to the ground; and Teman said, "How excellent is the fortune of Ranour!" But the hand again came out of the cloud with another packet, and on its seal was the word pride. The woman put it into the rusty scale, and Teman was astonished; for the beam immediately rose, and that single packet made the balance even. Then he said, "I will see a different example. Weigh to me the state of Noomi, the least esteemed of all the vizier's slave-girls; for the woman is not fair, and she is the servant of the whole yennana" Scarce were the words uttered, when the veiled figure emptied the scales back into the cloud, and their contents were lost to his view. But the hand came forth once more, and she took from it and put into the iron scale three packets. One was marked bondage, the second plainness, and the third (it was by far the largest) simplicity, and the scale sank. "The misfortunes of Noomi are heavy," said Teman; but while he spoke two other packets were dropped into the silvery scale —one was marked custom, and one hope—and he was amazed, for they poised the balance.

Many were the states and fortunes weighed at Teman's request that night, and he learned the true condition of all his friends; but in every case there was somewhat that evened the beam. He saw the learning and reputation of Hassan, the principal dervish, balanced by envy and a boundless desire of domination; while the rustic ease, the pleasant home, and the flourishing family of Hamed the grower of wheat were all but outweighed by continual terrors of sorcerers and the evil eye. There were weights of the outward life and of the world within. Dembo, the chief of the merchants, had his wealth and success equalized by a groundless fear of poverty and loss; while the glory and genius of Mamoon the poet, whom Shah Jehan himself had crowned with jessamine, and the multitude surnamed the Divine Voice, could scarcely poise a bundle cast into the iron scale; and Teman read, that it was composed of regrets for something which his youth had missed, and an ill-tempered, unloving spouse. The silver scale was heaped to overflowing with the beauty, the power, and the imperial love bestowed on the reigning Sultana; but a preponderating packet of caprice and vanity was the next moment dropped into the iron one. Both were again employed with the concerns of Semroud the Ranee of Bouram, who had governed her father's principality through years of honor; but wisdom, prosperity, and praise were almost insufficient to balance a soiled dingy packet marked with confused characters, and whether they signified jealousy of her young niece, or the love of one who loved her not, Teman could never be certain. Indeed, the Sultan's Shadow tried for many a year to recollect and set in order the fortunes weighed in that mystic balance, with all the particulars of their weighing, but many escaped his memory. One of them it retained with tireless tenacity; for while he wondered over the state of Semroud, his friend, who had hitherto sat quietly by his side, said to the veiled woman, "Weigh to me the fortunes of Teman;" and when all his good fortune was put into the silvery scale, he saw it balanced by a craving after disputed questions and doubtful philosophy. Then Teman turned and said to Fuadeen, "What is the balance of thy fortunes, for all things have gone well with thee also?" And his friend answered—"To know that which thou hast seen; for they that know the equality of things lose the stimulus of hope and the strength of striving!"

That was the last of Teman's remembrances concerning the balance of life. Fuadeen had scarcely spoken till the gray cloud seemed to enlarge and close upon him with a weight of dreamless sleep. When he awoke next day, the noontide sun was streaming through the pavilion, and Fuadeen had gone forth, but there was neither box nor brazier. Teman related the vision to sundry of his friends, with suitable injunctions to secrecy. Each of them was sufficiently astonished while in his presence, but their unanimous opinion on all subsequent occasions was that the Shadow of the Sultan had drunk bhang and smoked bengie. As for Fuadeen, he could never be induced to repeat the experiment, and soon after requested from Shah Jehan leave to take a long journey to the westward, from whence, the choniclers of India remark, he did not return.

HONEST AND HAPPY.

There's much in the world that is doubtful,
  There's much we shall ne'er understand—
Why virtue should live in a poorhouse,
  And vice on the fat of the land.
For those who are fretful and peevish,
  This duty remains to fulfill—
But strive to be honest and happy,
  And let the world do as it will.

The man who with plenty dishonors
  His name and his station, is poor;
While he who is humble yet upright,
  Hath wealth that for aye shall endure!
The vicious may mock at his mem'ry,
  But ages will think on him still—
Then strive to be honest and happy.
  And let the world do as it will!

Oh! who would repine, then, at fortune,
  Though sorrow and toiling betide?
The man that with wealth is a villain,
  Might be virtuous were it denied.
Too much may o'erburden and sink you,
  Too little oft keep you from ill.
Then strive to be honest and happy,
  And let the world do as it will!

Whatever your fate or your station,
  To God and your country be true;
Love those you have proved to be faithful,
  And laugh at what malice can do;
And then, when affliction o'ertakes you,
  And death scorns at medical skill,
You'll fall asleep honest and happy—
  Yes, let the world do what it will!

AN INFIDEL CONVICTED.

BY REV. JOSEPH F. TUTTLE.

PROVERBIALLY, infidelity is bold so long as there is no danger. Death, apparently inevitable, discloses the foundation of sand on which skepticism is built. I was once crossing Lake Erie with an old gentleman, who related an incident of thrilling interest. His narrative was elicited by the fact that our boat had been on fire the night before, when we were all asleep, but God being merciful, the fire was extinguished without alarm to us. My friend was a plain man, but one of those Christians who are skillful in the Word of God. As near as possible, I will give the narrative in his own language.

"I was once crossing this lake in the mouth of April. It was the first trip the boat made that season, and really the weather was never more pleasant, and the lake more calm. We were bound from Detroit to Buffalo. Towards evening I noticed a certain anxiety in our captain's countenance, and the care with which he examined the machinery of the boat. Still I could see no reason for alarm, and felt none. A young lawyer embarked with us, who during the day made himself conspicuous for his impudent denial of any divine revelation, and for finally asserting his disbelief in the existence of God. He was profane and coarse in his jests, and malignant in his sneer at religion and its friends. I was among the marked objects of his ridicule, and the following may give you an idea of my conversation with him, abating profaneness and other coarseness on his part.

"'A man is a fool to believe in God. All things *happen* according to a necessary law. They do not want a Creator!'

"'Why do not steamboats *happen* in the same way?' I inquired. 'The steamboat shows no more masterly workmanship or design than the forest oak that furnished its ribs and planks!'

"Here there was a dead pause. The skeptic was at the end of his sofa, and I said to him, in a quiet way, 'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.' I then left him, and he followed me with an audible curse, which to a wicked man is a weapon more available than truth.

"We were seated at the table, and in an instant the dishes seemed dancing. The vessel rolled heavily, as though struggling to keep from sinking. We left the table, but so greatly did the boat toss, and rock, and plunge, that we could scarcely keep from falling. We were in the midst of a gale, and all was now in confusion. The machinery worked true, and seemed instinct with desire to save us. The tiller-chains grated ominously over their pulleys, and it seemed as if man, the inventor of that gallant boat, would outride the tempest.

"One fact struck us all. Our bold infidel seemed paralyzed. He became deadly pale, and as the storm increased he uttered cries of distress. You must be out in such a storm to have an insight into the words, '*He did fly upon the wings of the wind.*' It is a trying time for any one to meet God in the tempest, and be convinced of his weakness, but especially is it so to the fool who has said, 'There is no God.'

"While noticing the agitation of this man, my attention was suddenly called to the perfect absence of sound from the chains by which the rudder was managed. Clinging to the sides of the cabin, I crept along to where the captain stood. He was in despair. 'Our rudder is gone,' said he. At that moment a heavy wave struck the unmanageable vessel, and we were thrown into 'the trough of the sea.' Another wave poured over the deck and our fires were extinguished. 'We are gone!' exclaimed the captain in consternation; 'nothing short of a miracle can save us!'

"The infidel had reached the place where we stood, and as the captain spoke, and all hope fled, he uttered a piercing cry, and looked the perfect image of despair. His infidelity was gone.

"'Captain ———,' said I, 'you have read the account of Paul's shipwreck, have you not?' 'Yes.' 'Can you tell me why Paul said to the centurion and soldiers, as the sailors were about to abandon the ship and its passengers to ruin, Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved?' 'No, I cannot,' the captain replied. 'Well, I will give you my idea about it,' said I. 'God purposed to save them all, but generally

He works through means. The sailors knew best how to manage their vessel, and therefore their agency formed a part of the plan to save those two hundred and seventy-six persons. Now you, Captain ———, have no right to cease effort to save our lives so long as there is a plank left.'

"A sailor accustomed to storms on the ocean stood by me, and when I spoke thus, he abruptly exclaimed, 'That's first rate; and now I'll give you my opinion. I don't believe the rudder is gone. Just put a rope around me, and I'll go down and examine.'

"It was a bold proposition, and yet the bold man executed it. We held to the rope, and he leaped from the stern of the boat. In a short time we drew him up. 'Just as I said,' he exclaimed. 'Give me a hammer and some spikes, and I'll right the craft in a minute.' You may be sure we watched the experiment with thrilling interest, and to our joy it was perfectly successful.

"In a minute the vessel was brought out of the 'trough of the sea,' and we rekindled our fires. In a few hours we were safely moored at Fairport. The lawyer stayed with me, but he was no longer an infidel. The entire night after we landed at Fairport, he paced the room, and constantly uttered exclamations of mingled penitence for his past wickedness, and of wonder that he was not already 'in hell, lifting up his eyes, being in torment.'"

DAVID'S GRIEF.

BY MARGARET JUNKIN.

'Twas evening in Jerusalem—the hour
When from the palace of the minstrel king
Were wont to issue sounds of melody
So sweet, that oft the passer by would pause,
With ravished ear, to catch the liquid tones
That rose and fell upon the twilight air,
Like hymns of angels. But the harp was still,
And Israel's Psalmist woke not on the chords
His nightly song.
Within the palace halls
Was hushed each sound of mirth and reveling;
And through them, to and fro, the menials passed,
With muffled tread, as if they feared to break
Some slumberer's vision.
In a darkened room
King David sat alone,—upon his head
No jeweled diadem; nor round his form,
The regal robe of empire; for a crown,
The sprinkled ashes were upon his brow,
And mournful sackcloth occupied the place
Of purple vestments. Visible lines of grief
Were on his forehead, and his eyes were dim
With watching and with weeping; for the babe
Whose lip had scarce begun to syllable
Words of fond meaning—and whose little foot
Still faintly faltered as it trod the floor,
Lay sick and dying.
From the father's heart
A groan escaped, when he recalled to mind
The questioning look of agony that dwelt
Upon the child's fair face, as if it knew
No reason why *it* should be stricken thus;—
And then the memory of his fearful guilt,
Thus sorely visited upon the head
Of the sweet innocent, unoffending babe,
Sank like a burning arrow in his soul.
Night brooded o'er Jerusalem heavily,
And gladsome day succeeded, and again
Melted away in darkness,—yet the child
Still struggled for existence. Weeping lay
The sorrow-stricken king; unheeding all
His friends' entreaties that he would partake
The food they offered, or arise and put
Aside the mourner's garment. He was deaf
To every prayer, while keen remorse and grief,
With wild reproaches, filled his bleeding heart.

The strife at length was ended, and the brow
Of the sweet babe was like the ivory couch
On which they laid him to his last repose;
But who durst break the tidings to the king
That death had done his work? While hope was there
Still lingering on the outmost verge of life,—
How deep his sorrow! Now that hope was gone,
Bearing the spirit with her in her flight,—
What grief would overwhelm him!
Sadder hung
The stillness round the chambers; to the king
The hush grew more oppressive, and he saw
The shadows heavier on the brows of those
Who ministered upon his solitude;
He knew his child was dead. No boisterous grief
Burst from his lips: they looked that tears should flow
A tempest torrent—but his cheek was dry;
They thought to hear a piercing wail of wo,
But he was silent; calmly he arose
And wiped the badge of sorrow from his brow,
And threw aside the sackcloth, and bowed down
In resignation.
"Wherefore should I weep?
Can tears prevail to bring the sweet breath back
Which God hath taken? I shall go to him,
But he shall come again to me no more!"

THE REPUBLIC OF LETTERS.

BY HORACE DRESSER, LL.D.

Time, in his desolating march of centuries, contributes alternately to build up and to demolish. —The empires of the world tremble at his passing by, and their monuments of greatness and glory crumble beneath his tread. His path is the material universe, and his errand the execution of the mandates of Deity himself. But amidst his mighty desolation the empire of mind stands unshaken; its monuments retain their originality; and age but adds brilliance to the gems which sparkle in the sky of its glory. Its extent, vast as the creation of intelligence, is limited only by the universe of mind, and its duration commensurate only with eternity itself.

Such are not the mere figments of fancy, but the deductions of reason from indisputable evidence. Time need not be squandered in demonstrating the superiority of mind to matter—study to indolence--and knowledge to ignorance. Mind and its mysterious agencies are the broad foundations of the poet's reveries, the statesman's dreams of immortality, and the philosopher's speculations. Enamored with contemplations which extend from the meanest being to the Eternal Being himself, they spurn the paltry distinctions of wealth and the ephemeral chaplets which wither at the touch of Time.

Would we ascertain the origin, fix the boundaries, and take the statistics of the Republic of Letters, our researches must be had not only among contemporaries, but among the sepulchres of the dead—and so acute must be our vision as to discern the true proportions of things, although in the dim distance of Antiquity.

Since society has existed and government been instituted, there ever have been the studious and the learned—but, at first, how profound may have been their learning, will not be our province to determine. Though fable envelops the period when the learned first became so organized as to be justly entitled to the appellation of Republic of Letters, yet sufficient appears through the fabulous veil to authorize its application to the priesthood of Egypt. Here, as from a centre, radiates that learning by which Greece, in its reception, was enabled to rise to greatness and splendor. Learning thus transplanted from a soil whose main ingredient was mystery, to one whose elements afforded nutriment congenial to its nature, could not be otherwise than productive of fruits of surpassing excellence. And it is here we linger on the strains of Homer and Hesiod—listen to the doctrines of Thales—start at the speculations of Pythagoras—and admire the virtues and stern morality of Socrates. Here the shades of Academus, vocal with wisdom and philosophy, become the very *penetralia* of Plato. Here the Stagirite gives to philosophy the laws which are to be interwoven throughout the works of subsequent ages. It is here the thunders of eloquence, never to be surpassed, reverberate along the hearts of those too unyielding for slavery, and give the alarm of the stratagems of the Macedonian. Enough to awaken in man all the faculties of the soul, and stir the divinity within him. But why linger we among the learned men of times so ancient?—they possess charms as potent as those of Circe, but as pure and refined as the accents of Mentor. We fain would stay in retreats so sequestered, and whose hallowed retirement sheds around a sanctity that purifies and teaches how awful is the communion of their inmates.

But, in the distance, along the banks of the Tiber, we discern an assemblage whose amaranthine wreaths tell of the court and cabinet of Augustus. We recognize him of the Forum, whose "lips drop manna" in the sublime unfolding of thought destined for immortality, and whose eloquence, like the gush of playful waters, charms, entrances, and captivates. Do we mistake—or is it the pipe of him who "sings of arms and the man," that sends its gentle strains along the breeze? Is it illusion--or do we hear the favorite of Mæcenas satirizing the extravagances of the age, and pouring praises upon the virtues of his patron? Like the inhabitants of their own Elysium, this group of worthies flits away before our gaze, and their unsubstantial forms elude our grasp.

From hence, looking at the Republic of Letters through the vista of years, it dwindles to a point;

and those lights which before shed radiance on its fertile territories, seem to glimmer with faintness that only renders the "darkness visible." The Goth has lifted his gory arm, and at his behest the nations tremble—the altars of Odin smoke with the victims of ruthless carnage—and the Muses, affrighted, no longer dally with Genius. But in the gloom which broods over the benighted Republic of Letters, a spark of ancient learning beams in the cloister. Thus beclouded and involved in mental darkness, Europe remains, till the Arab, with only this one redeeming act, emancipates letters from the thraldom of the Middle Ages. Though revived, literature and science shed but a feeble ray, inasmuch as they are overcast with the barbarous subtleties of the schools, and the quibbles of the Roman law. Onward, however, a prospect opens that cheers the philanthropist, while it gives amplitude to the range of literature and science. Archimedes fondly dreamed he could move the world, but *the art of printing*, in relation to the moral and literary worlds, has done more—it has not only removed them from orbits which sometimes conducted them into regions of night, but has done for them the work of renovation. From this period who has not beheld with wonder the rapidity of the march of mind, and the enlargement of the field of literature and science? Europe, arousing from a sleep of ages, breaks the barriers which impede her steps, and lays out her broad territories in one vast Republic of Letters. Over this more than princely domain Genius presides, arrayed, not with the diadems and insignia of royalty, but with the unearthly gems and brilliants of intellect. Nor is genius the phantom of a delirious imagination—an unreal existence. Kings and princes are willing tributaries to this intellectual dynasty, and cheerfully do homage to its august sovereign. We forbear to name the illustrious catalogue of those who have filled the departments of the cabiuet of genius. Their names are blazoned in history—their works are their imperishable monuments.

But the soil of Europe is not alone congenial to the cultivation of learning—our own American Republic of Letters is fertile of knowledge, and holds an enviable rank among the nations of the Old World. Methinks its genius is seen on an eminence spurning the taunts and calumnies of European arrogance, and encouraging the efforts of her votaries to extend the limits of her realm. Although it should seem that in literature and science there would be a community of interest, yet lamentable is the fact, that there are those who are surcharged with malevolence, jealous of the Americau name, and ready to traduce and misrepresent. Those vampires which hover over the dreams of her favorites, and would drain them of the remaining drop of vitality, begiu to feel the weight of her indignation, and to vanish at her bidding.

While casting a glance abroad on the widely-extended Republic of Letters, we would not suppress the emotions which its grandeur engenders. The idea of its continuity of existence from remote antiquity—its surviving every other human combination—its splendid exhibitions of genius—its triumphing over the ruins of Time—fills the mind with emotions of sublimity. It is based on mind—and mind has the impress of Majesty, Sublimity, and Eternity.

BEAR AND FORBEAR.

What a burden of trouble a little fault brings us,
  A simple defect which we all could amend!
But we seem not to see it at all till it stings us,
  And then we perceive it is better to bend
Than to madly contend, through an error of reasoo,
  Unjustly or falsely, no thought or no care.
Be patient and kind, for there must come a season
  Of calm explanatioo—so bear and forbear.

Let us do to each other as we would reqoire
  That all men in turn should to os do again;
If the light of forbearance buro'd brighter and higher,
  'Twould banish an infinite portion of pain;
We should deal with each other sincerely and kindly,
  Not dimly deceptive, bot honestly fair;
Nor yet in our eagerness hurry on blindly,
  But, fathoming all things, still bear aod forbear.

Be oot hasty in judging nor qoick in condemniog,
  Things are not at all times exact as they seem;
For errors, like changes, are constantly coming,
  To darken our pleasures whenever they beam:
Aod the world often looks upon errors as vices—
  This is wrong, for they differ; define them with care.
Forget and forgive is a motto oft murmur'd,
  But cannot be felt till we bear and forbear.

LIFE AND GENIUS OF THOMAS HOOD.

It would be a curious and rather startling occupation for a lover of biography to analyze the personal character of men, and compare them with their personal fame. They would find that even Robespierre was not a great, huge, sanguinary ogre, but that he was originally a man of refined tastes and benevolent feelings, whose later actions were dictated by a colossal will, that had been perverted and corrupted by an active revolutionary education; Charles Lamb was not the gentle, timid woman-man that tradition paints him to have been; Shelley was not a rabid monster, nor Sterne a sighing sentimentalist; Young was less noble and poetical than his "Night Thoughts;" Godwin was far less vigorous and peremptory personally than in his style; L. E. L. was not the weeping despondent of her poems; nor was Felicia Hemans's the life which flowed on as smoothly and beautifully as her song. The world supposes certain things of its favorites, and says and believes them, however much their common life and deportment may contradict the popular belief. Few men, perhaps, suffered so much from the general conception as Thomas Hood; few men deserved a higher place in the sad and serious consideration of mankind, and few men were ever awarded a lighter or merrier fame. His name seemed to be a talisman flung into the bosom of society by Momus, in order to keep it merry; smiles or laughter followed the articulation of the magic syllables, and care seemed to recognize in them her chiefest exorcist. The electric coruscations and genial sparkles of his genius were regarded as light, witty, funny fulminations, that danced, like prismatic soap-bubbles, from the fullness of his happy spirit, and then were dissipated in their ephemeral passage into light. Until near the close of his long and eventful literary career, "Tom Hood" was generally regarded as "a clever, witty fellow," who could draw smiles from the saddest faces, and reach the coldest hearts with a joke; but that he could fathom the depths of the human soul, and reveal, in the vibrations of his harpstrings, its deepest thrillings of wo or pain, few were inclined to suppose.

Mr. Hood's attachment to literature began in very early life; his marriage to it was an accident of his riper years. Literature is not a profession to which men are regularly apprenticed and indentured. It is the refuge of men who have been impelled towards it by the latent impulses of an overpowering attraction. Men woo letters from imperative affection, and they cultivate them from imperative necessity. In their early devotion to literature they voluntarily idealize and glorify it; in their riper connection with it they find its claims upon their homage and worship to be imperative and real. Mr. Hood had a somewhat literary origin, for his father was a bookseller, if not a bookmaker, in London, where also the future editor of the "Comic Annual" was born. Tom Hood was a lively boy, and early displayed good parts—too good, his father judiciously supposed, to be wasted in poetasting, and so he was apprenticed as a merchant's clerk, and constrained to do penance on a tripod daily during counting-house hours. The will of young Hood made no strenuous protests against his first uncongenial occupation, but his health soon took effectual exception to his continuance in it, and he was accordingly shipped, as prescribed by his physician, to the care of his father's relations in Dundee.

While roaming about, acquiring health, and imbibing parental air on the banks of the Dee, Thomas Hood essayed his incipient powers of song, and found admission to the local journals. Emboldened by success, the boy Icarus must needs fly at "Maga." The venture was successful; the editor of the "Dundee Magazine" accepted his paper, and fixed the tendency of his pursuits. With health restored, Thomas Hood returned to London, but not to his desk. He had forsaken the temple of Hermes and devoted himself to Apollo; and although he did not at first grasp the votive lyre, but the incisive graver, he nevertheless foreshadowed, from this early period, the purpose of his life. His talents as a draughtsman recommended him to his uncle, who was an engraver, as one likely to excel in that profession; and subsequently he was transferred to one of the Le Keux, in his prosecution of this calling.

Thomas Hood made his literary debut as the clown of a harlequinade. He became the servant of the world, that he might amuse it. The bright and joyous visions of his youth were full of grotesque shapes, like the vision of St. Anthony. His fancy, in its robust and active youth, was a phantasmagoric power motive with caricatures

of life. He saw men through a funny medium. In words his imagination perceived puns—in sentences *double entendres*—in the fixed or single ideas of common men he beheld infinite intensations—and his soul being full of laughter, he laughed right out.

Mr. Hood's first popular works were his "Odes and Addresses," which he published conjointly with the works of his brother-in-law. "Whims and Oddities" added to his whimsical reputation, and his "National Tales" spread his name over the British nation. His "National Tales" are written in the most simple and perspicacious style. They remind you of the direct and natural manner of Boccaccio or Le Sage, and they contain a racy and ludicrous satire upon the school of sentimentalists. Incidents that suddenly transmute high dramatic expectation into shouts of laughter, form parts of a course of detail that leads to a perfectly serious, probable, and dramatic *denouement;* and the most tragic and "raw-head-and-bloody-bones" conceptions are recited in a style of the most ludicrous *naiveté.* In the "National Tales" there is none of that richness of expression which appears in Hood's "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies." There is, however, all that redundancy of conception so admirably characteristic of his genius.

The most extensively known of his larger periodical works are his "Comic Annuals," which he subsequently reproduced as "Hood's Own." Few books contain the same amount of invention; and this invention is not only expressed in literary but artistic style. There are hundreds of quaint "cuts" in the work, which were drawn by the editor's hand, as well as illustrated and sharpened by his witty muse. These pictures are not the mean attempts of a tyro in design, but puns and jokes in hieroglyphics. A man who could not distinguish the forms of the "letters Cadmus gave," would distinguish at a glance the moral, maxim, or idea which Hood has expressed in these epigraphs. They are something more than the works of an artist and humorist; they are the language of an exuberant fancy, for whose purpose both pen and pencil were inadequate.

We believe that the mission of Hood has been denominated a puerile one, and that the purpose to which he devoted his talents has been termed a frivolous one. The sound of serious regret which rose from the bosom of his country when the shaft of death pierced his generous heart, is sufficient to prove that the public mind would now be inclined to reverse this verdict. He struck some few notes upon his lyre, which, like the wailings of a coronach amidst the music of a bridal, had startled his auditors the more because they were so foreign to the expected canzonet. Struck by the deep thrilling cadence of wo, that sounded like an agouy amongst the lighter syllables of his muse, his country paused, and listened, and felt that a prophet was speaking in the language of comedy. It felt, in the language of Burns, that

> "Harps attuned to sweetest pleasure
> Can thrill the deepest notes of wo:"

and it began to believe and perceive that a great moralist and instructor had been infusing pathos, and sympathy, and philanthropy into the heart, while he had made the eye dance with laughter. Let no man condemn the path which Thomas Hood trod, for he who does so neither understands his genius nor comprehends his mission. Let him of a more serious mood consecrate his life in all truth to the rendering of men happier and better, and let him recollect that the motive, if not the mode, of Thomas Hood was the same. The comedian, if such men please to call him, acknowledged and devoted himself to the same great moral end as Chalmers and Robert Hall. He gave the talents which God had given him to the service of humanity; and who shall quarrel with these talents because of their kind? We might as well decry the grace and glee of the antelope because these are not the gravity and stolidity of the grizzly bear. "Eugene Aram's Dream," and the "Song of the Shirt," welled up from a deeper and more capacious genius than the censors had acknowledged in this great poet; but the public heard the latter, and it hailed a prophet of the poor.

Thomas Hood, it is true, was a satirist; and we must confess that we have neither sympathy with, nor love for, the general satirical character. But the satire of Hood is the satire of genius, genial even in its fooling. It contains none of the coarse brutalities of Swift, nor of the methodical mathematical reprehensions of Pope. The gross vulgarity of Butler was beneath him, and the bitterness of Churchill was unknown to his nature. He was a poet, not a pragmatical rhymster. With the eye of the poet he beheld a future world, for which his soul panted. He sought to lead humanity towards that future, and he cheered the weary, toilsome, darksome way with airy jests and lightsome flashes of song. He ever pointed his readers towards a moral, and led their hearts towards their fellows,

while his music made glad symphony, to sweeten and brighten the path of life. The highest of all sentiments is the love of God, and the love of God is emphatically the love of truth. The writings of Hood are full of candor; they are revelations of his inmost heart, and bear consistent testimony of his devotion to the good and true. His life was a religious one; it was a course of action in accordance with his belief; His writings all tended to consummate the divine injunction, "Love one another." He never sought to divide society into two antagonistic classes, the one hating and the other fearing. He spoke for suffering humanity with a painful eloquence, but he sought the suffering of no man while he cried for the amelioration of the downtrodden. His "Song of the Shirt," which is among the last of his works, is a model of his genius, and may most appropriately be reprinted here.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With fingers weary and worn,
  With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
  Plying her needle and thread—
    Stitch! stitch! stitch!
  In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
  She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
  And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's O, to be a slave
  Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
  If this is Christian work!

  Work—work—work
Till the brain begins to swim;
  Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and hand,
  Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
  And sew them on in a dream!

O men, with sisters dear!
  O, men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
  But human creatures' lives!
    Stitch—stitch—stitch,
  In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
  A shroud as well as a shirt.

But why do I talk of death?
  That phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
  It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
  Because of the fasts I keep.
Oh, God! that bread should be so dear,
  And flesh and blood so cheap!

  Work—work—work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw
  A crust of bread, and rags:
That shatter'd roof, and this naked floor,
  A table, a broken chair,
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
  For sometimes falling there!

  Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime!
  Work—work—work,
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
  Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumb'd,
  As well as the weary hand.

  Work—work—work,
In the dull December light,
  And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
  The brooding swallows cling
As if to show me their sunny backs
  And twit me with the spring.

  Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet,
  With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
  To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
  And the walk that costs a meal!

Oh, but for one short hour!
  A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
  But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart;
  But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
  Hinders needle and thread."

With fingers weary and worn,
  With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
  Plying her needle and thread—
    Stitch! stitch! stitch!
  In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
  She sang this "Song of the Shirt."

There never was a more harrowing picture of human misery placed in such a frame. The essence of the poem is pathos, pain, and misery, while its form is like some of Hood's designs in pencil, quaint and comic. It could be sung to some of the lightest and most ranting airs, and in appearance the marriage would be a legitimate one; but its sentences would ever and anon startle the soul, like the scream of the albatross, with a dreary sense of death.

  Oh, God! that bread should be so dear,
    And flesh and blood so cheap!"

is a mere ejaculation, a simple exclamation, when viewed in its unity and individuality; but when connected with Hood's subject, it becomes one of

the most painful and harrowing apostrophes that ever was addressed to the human sense or feeling. In this age of reform, Thomas Hood was a reformer, ardent, and earnest, and vehement. Let not our readers mistake us. We do not mean that Thomas Hood was a partisan: we do not mean that he was a democrat, as opposed to aristocracy. The virulent bigots of a political creed are never true reformers. They struggle for the supremacy of a faction, not for the elevation of mankind. He is the true reformer who adds to the world's store of virtue and happiness —who advances the only true reformation, which is a divine morality—the fruit of divine Christianity.

Oh, if there is a loftier and nobler grace imparted to the human soul—if there is one more elevated characteristic than another which Christ bestows upon his disciples, it is the sublime principle of charity, and it is often found beaming most brightly in the bosoms of the humblest men. The priest and Levite, with the dogma written on their phylacteries, may be outdone in essential charity by the Samaritan whom they would drive from their path as unclean. The day of God's glory and of human improvement—the grand work of true reform, by the action of true ideas, are the consummation of Christian charity. None ever wrote more impressive sermons upon this divine text than Hood. His "Bridge of Sighs" is a masterpiece on the subject; it is an exquisite Christian poem, written with tears and made eloquent with tenderness:—

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

"Drown'd, drown'd!"—*Hamlet.*

One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her—
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful:
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clamily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb—
Her fair auburn tresses:
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed:
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence,
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river:
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurl'd—
Any where, any where
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran,—
Over the brink of it,
Picture it, think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair.

Ere her limbs frigidly,
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smooth and compose them,
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly.

Dreadfully staring,
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring,
Last look of despairing
Fix'd on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurr'd by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest.—
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast.

Owning her weakness
Her evil behavior,
And leaving with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour.

Such a poem as this is above all criticism; it is its own criticism.

Thomas Hood had long suffered from a severe and painful illness, but, like Schiller, his spirit triumphed over the infirmities of his body. He wrote and smiled while others would have wept. When his physical system at last became incapable of sustaining its part in this world of duties, and succumbed to the insidious disease which had so long been preying upon it, the spirit of Hood maintained the strength and serenity, and leaned in faith upon the Rock of Salvation. He was most anxious that his sentiments on the momentous question of religion should not be mistaken when he was 'shuffling off this mortal coil,' and approaching the brink of immortality. He had loved through life the sublime faith which Jesus had taught, and which dictated the noble, unostentatious deeds of Christian benevolence which he had practised in singleness of heart for the Master's sake. He died with the same love quickened in his heart and animating his soul. He had ever combated cant and falsehood as the worst enemies of vital religion. He deplored their existence on his death-bed, as the most disgraceful corruptions of human sentiment. He was a lover of truth, and he could not but be a lover of the Lord of truth.

Thomas Hood died in May, 1845, leaving behind him a widow and two children—all, save his works, which he had to leave to posterity. Sir Robert Peel, with characteristic generosity, bestowed upon the poet's family a generous pension; and with this sum and the proceeds of a public subscription they were left to console themselves for the loss of a husband and father, who had given his genius and labor to the world, and little more save his love to them. If there is a man whose descendants society in its state capacity ought to reward, it is the poet. He spends his life, it is true, in producing no tangible ware that he may sell at market on Saturdays; but he produces ideas that will feed the souls of a hungry posterity. Is not the world still a debtor to John Milton and Oliver Goldsmith, although ten pounds was paid them for "Paradise Lost" and the "Vicar of Wakefield?" Warriors are loaded with golden rewards, and their children are tricked up into the rank of factitious nobility; but the poets, the men-elevators, sing their lives away, like a swan, and a sigh and a piece of cold marble are the world's tribute for their labors. The day is fast coming, however, when the true, for which poets and philanthropists are working, shall unhorse the false idea of honor which now prevails, and then we shall not always have to mingle our tears and wailing with our admiration and praise over the graves of those who have lived to make the world happier, wiser, and better, as did Thomas Hood.

WOMAN ON THE BATTLE FIELD.

"Sed fulgente trahit constrictos gloria curru."

BY E. W. B. CANNING.

'T'was the evening of battle—the mild autumn sun
Looked sad o'er the hills where the conflict had been;
And his sheen lay where crimson-dyed torrents had run,
Like the glance of a seraph on traces of sin.

They had broken the turf all ensanguined and scarred,
For the soldier's last bivouac, dreamless and dumb;
And they laid the cold forms by the death missile marred,
To a rest undisturbed by the strife-stirring drum.

Mid the forms of the living in martial array,
That a comrade's adieus were thus paying the slain,
A meek, gentle mourner, like pilgrim astray,
And bowed in deep sorrow, was pacing the plain.

At length, long and tearfully pondered she, where
Still grasping his sword, lay a youth in his gore:
And, groaning all wildly her anguish-wrung prayer,
She turned from the field, and they saw her no more.

O loud were the voices of glory that rung,
Like the joy of a tempest, resounding to heaven;
And lofty the pæans of victory sung,
And brilliant the wreaths to the brave that were given.

They joyed like the earthquake;—but who mid the roar
Remembered the heart-broken pilgrim afar?
The soul's blighted hopes that shall blossm no more?—
The star of love quenched in the tempest of war?

Ah! thus rides the demon of Glory in wrath,
And trophies triumphant and dazzling uprears;
But oh! the crushed flowerets that bleed in his path—
Unheeded his iron heel bathing in tears!

SONNET ON GALILEO.

Patient, with fatal glory, like a ban,
Upon a forehead hoar with many years,
Within a dungeon of old Rome—no tears
Upon his face—stood that sublime old man!
The mysteries of natural truths had rung
In solemn utterance about the world,
And wond'rous words among mankind his tongue
Had syllabled. But soon, depress'd and wan
With ignominious punishment, the sage
Did expiate his genius, being hurl'd
Into a cell, built for dark crimes by rage
Of priestcraft, grown thus pitiless with fears;
Yet hears the seer in approbation chime
The awful voices of all future time.

GALILEO AND HIS DAUGHTER.

BY J. B.

I NEVER observe the planet Jupiter—at least, thus eminent among its brethren—without being more or less reminded of—

"The starry Galileo, and his woes."

To this planet did the philosopher direct the then newly-invented telescope, the result being the discovery of four attendant moons; while the analogy derived from the motions of these little stars, performing their revolutions round the primary planet in perfect order and concord, afforded an argument that had a powerful influence in confirming Galileo's own views in favor of the Copernican system of the universe, and ultimately converting the scientific world to the same opinion.

Yet little more than two centuries since, on the 14th February, 1633, the astronomer, cited before the Inquisition, arrived at Rome, to answer the charge of heresy and blasphemy; while, a few months ago, in the brief but glorious day-burst of Roman liberty, that very Inquisition was invaded by an exulting populace, and among its archives, full of memorials of martyred worth and of heroic endurance, most eagerly, but in vain, was sought the record of the process against the great philosopher.

Galileo, on a former occasion, in reference to some of his scientific discoveries, had heard rumors of the papal persecution, and as a cautious friend whispered to him the unpleasing tidings, he had exclaimed, "Never will I barter the freedom of my intellect to one as liable to error as myself!"

The time quickly arrived to test his courage and his resolution.

For a little while, we are informed, he was allowed to remain secluded in the palace of his friend Nicoloni. In a few months, however, he was removed to an apartment in the Exchequer of the Inquisition, still being permitted the attendance of his own servant, and many indulgences of which they had not decided to deprive him. On the twenty-first of June, of the same year, he appeared before the Holy Office. Through its gloomy halls and passages he passed to the tribunal. There was little here, as in the other ecclesiastical buidings of Rome, to captivate the senses. The dark walls were unadorned with the creations of art—state and ceremony were the gloomy ushers to the chamber of intolerance. In silence and in mystery commenced the preparations. The familiars of the office advanced to the astronomer, and arrayed him in the penitential garment; and as he approached, with a slow and measured step, the tribunal, cardinals and prelates noiselessly assembled, and a dark circle of officers and priests closed in, while, as if conscious that the battle had commenced in earnest between mind and power, all the pomp and splendor of the hierarchy of Rome—that system which had hitherto possessed a sway unlimited over the fears and opinions of mankind—was summoned up to increase the solemnity and significance of the judgment about to be pronounced against him.

To the tedious succession of technical proceeding, mocking justice by their very assumption of formality, it would be needless to refer. Solemnly, however, and by an authority which it was fatal to resist, Galileo was called on to renounce a truth which his whole life had been consecrated to reveal and to maintain, "The motion through space of the Earth and Planets round the Sun."

Then, immediately, assuming he had nothing to allege, would attempt no resistance, and offer no defence, came the sentence of the tribunal, banning and anathematizing all who held the doctrine that the sun is the centre of the system, as a tenet "philosophically false, and formally heretical."

And then they sentenced the old and infirm philosopher—this band of infallibles!—they bade him abjure and detest the said errors and heresies. They decreed his book to the flames, and they condemned him for life to the dungeons of the Inquisition, bidding him recite, "once a week, seven penitential psalms for the good of his soul!"

Did Galileo yield? Did he renounce that theory now affording such ample proof of the beauty and order of the universe; to whose very laws, Kepler, the friend and contemporary of the philosopher, was even then, though unconsciously, bearing evidence, by his wonderful theorem of

velocities and distances, a problem which Newton afterwards confirmed and illustrated?

Did Galileo yield? He did. Broken by age and infirmity, importuned by friends more alarmed than himself, perhaps, at the terrors of that merciless tribunal, he signed his abjuration; yielded all his judges demanded; echoed their curse and ban, as their superstition and hate required. There was a darker tale dimly hinted by those familiar with the technicalities of the Holy Office, that the terms, "Il rigoroso esame," during which Galileo is reported to have answered like a good christian, officially announce the application of torture.

Then occurred, perhaps scarcely an hour afterwards, that remarkable episode in this man's history. As he arose from the ground on which, all kneeling, he had pronounced his abjuration, he gave a significant stamp, and whispered to a friend, "*E pur si muove!*" "Yet it does move," —ay, and in spite of Inquisitions, has gone round —nay, the whole world of thought itself has moved, and having received an impulse from such minds, will revolve for ages in a glorious cycle for mankind! But the most touching incident of Galileo's story is yet to come.

After several years of confinement at Arcetri, the great astronomer was permitted to retire to Florence, upon the conditions that he should neither quit his house nor receive the visits of his friends. They removed him from a prison to make a prison of his home. Alas! it was even worse than this.

Much as the greatest minds love fame, and struggle to obtain it, the proudest triumphs of genius and of science, the applause of the world itself, ever loud and obtrusive, is not to be compared to the low and gentle murmurs of pleasure and of pride for those we love. There was one being from whom Galileo had been accustomed to hear those consolations—his child, his gentle Maria Galilei. He had been otherwise a solitary indeed, and now more than ever so, when he was cut off from the communion of the greatest minds. To his lovely girl, his daughter, his heart clung with more than fondness. No wife of Pliny, perhaps, ever wafted to her husband with sweeter devotion the echoes of the applauding world without, greeting him she loved, than she did—his Maria Galilei. As he returned from prison, the way seemed tedious, the fleetest travelling all too slow, till he should once more fold her to his heart; and she too, she anticipated meeting her father with a pleasure greater than ever before enjoyed, since he had now become a victim, sainted in her eyes, by the persecution he had suffered.

Short, indeed, was this happiness, if enjoyed at all. Within the month she died, and the home of Galileo was more than a prison—it was a desolate altar, on which the last and most precious of his household gods was shivered. And he died too, a few years afterwards, that good old man!

But he had yielded—he was no martyr! Yes, indeed! But be it remembered, that if he possessed not the moral courage of a Huss, a Savonarola, or a Luther, he was not called to exercise it in so high a cause. The assertion and support of a religious truth is impressed with far deeper obligations than the advocacy of a scientific one, however well maintained by analogy, and confirmed by reason.

Still there was a deep devotional sentiment that pervaded the character of Galileo. Before he died he became totally blind; yet he did not despair. Like Milton, he labored on for mankind—nay pursued his scientific studies, inventing mechanical substitutes for the loss of his vision, to enable him still to pursue his arduous researches.

It is true he was shut out, like the elder Herschel, from the view of that glorious company towards which his spirit had so often soared. Well might his friend Castelli say, in allusion to his infirmity, "that the noblest eyes were darkened which nature had ever made,—eyes so privileged, and gifted with such rare qualities, that they might be said to have seen more than all those who had gone before him, and to have opened the eyes of all who were to come." Galileo himself bore noble tribute to his friend, when he exclaimed,—

"Never, never will I cease to use the senses which God has left me; and though this heaven, this earth, this universe, be henceforth shrunk for me into the narrow space which I myself fill, so it please God, it shall content me."

The malice of his enemies long survived his death. The partisans of Rome disputed his right to make a will. They denied him a monument for which large sums had been subscribed.

A hundred years afterwards, when a splendid memorial was about to be erected to his memory, the President of the Florentine Academy descended into his grave, and desecrated his remains, by bearing off, as *relics for a museum*, the thumb of his right hand, and one of his vertebræ! So the victims of the religious fury of one age become the martyrs of science in another!

And what is the moral of what we have written concerning Galileo? Is there no teaching that may instruct our own times, especially when we see how, through scorn and persecution, and this

world's contumely, and through the gloom and shadows of ignorance and fear, the form and substance of mighty Truth rises, slowly and dimly, perchance, at first, but grandly and majestically ere long? Little more than two hundred years have passed since the death of Galileo, but ample justice has been done to his memory. His name will be a watchword through all time, to urge men forward in the great cause of moral and intellectual progress; and the Tree of Knowledge, whose fruits were once on earth, plucked, perhaps, ere they were matured, has shot up with its golden branches into the skies, over which has radiated the smiles of a beneficent Providence to cheer man onward in the career of virtue and intelligence.

"There is something," as a profound writer has observed, "in the spirit of the present age, greater than the age itself. It is, the appearance of a new power in the world, the multitude of minds now pressing forward in the great task of the moral and intellectual regeneration of mankind."

And this cause must ultimately triumph. The energies and discoveries of men like Galileo, remote as their history becomes, have an undying influence.

The power of a great mind is like the attraction of a sun. It appears in the infinite bounds of space, far, far away, as a grain among other gold dust at the feet of the Eternal, or at most, but as a luminous spot; and yet we know that its influence controls, and is necessary for, the order and arrangement of the nearest, as well as the remotest system. So in the moral and intellectual universe, from world to world, from star to star, the influence of one great mind extends, and we are drawn towards it by an unseen, but all-pervading affinity. Thus has the cause of moral and intellectual progress a sure guarantee of success. It has become a necessity, interwoven with the spirit of the age—a necessity impressed by every revelation of social evil, as well as proclaimed by every scientific discovery—gaining increased energy and power from the manifestation of every new wonder and mystery of nature—nay, from the building of every steam-ship, the laying down of every new line of railway.

THE ONWARD PATH.

BY J. A. S.

The day is fair, walk out and woo the sun,
  Nor sit repining by the winter fire;
Walk onwards—upwards—ere the day be done;
  Walk with a hopeful heart, a ready lyre,
A cheerful song—that in itself is prayer;
  Nor halt, nor hesitate, tho' on thy road
A human sorrow reach thee—and the air
  Brings mournful echoes from grief's near abode!

Pluck not the flowers and pass; cull them with care,
  For they may hold a healing in their leaves;
Sing not thy song and leave the weeper there,
  Sing it to him beneath his sad roof's eaves;
But with a tone of sympathy; a hand
  To lend what little aid thou canst; a will
To make him sharer in the fragrance bland
  Which thou hast gathered with such tender skill.

And if thou tarry with him, tarry not
  In idle utterance of congenial cares;
But say and act such things as mend a lot
  Whose worst no fretful indolence repairs:
Then, on thy way! The world is wide; we have
  No time to loiter in one cultured space;
But as we go thro' waste land or by wave,
  Still let us sow a seed and spare a grace!

An onward path is best: but not too high
  Walk with Ambition; mountain tops are cold!
Our songs may, like the lark's, ascend the sky,
  Tho' with the lion wingless tracks we hold!
An onward path is best—but not too low!
  The road of evil lies below the hill;
But still remembering wherese'er we go
  That faith and hope best aid a human will!

THE FEAST OF BELSHAZZAR.

A SCRIPTURE SKETCH.

BY METTA VICTORIA FULLER.

In the streets of Babylon, among the children of the city, walked many pale-browed, patient men of another nation. There was something subdued in their manner that set them apart from others; and yet a quiet hope shone through their meekness. They walked in captivity; but it had been promised to them that in seventy years would come the restoration to their beloved Jerusalem. They had many things to sadden them; they had reason to feel that the Lord had withdrawn his smile from them. But they trusted in the promises of the prophet, and it was this faith—this Love!—that surrounded their bondage with a halo of beauty. The lonely matron taught it to the little child; the maiden thought of it as she balanced the cool pitcher on her graceful young head. The old men longed to live to behold the day when Jerusalem should be restored to her glory; when the holy vessels of the house of the Lord should be rescued from the hands of the idolaters. The hope of it made the heart of the young man leap with pride, and gave a dignity to his humility that was sublime.

Yet often would their trials have been greater than they had strength to endure, had not new evidences of the surety of the promises nourished the holy faith in their hearts.

With breasts nearly maddened by grief and resentment, they saw the burning, fiery furnaces heated to receive their beloved and wise brethren, who would not fall down when the rich burst of musical instruments summoned them to worship the golden idol Nebuchadnezzar had erected in the pride of his power. They murmured against the Almighty, and their hearts were sore in their bosoms.

Yet how was that madness turned to praises and thanksgiving when they beheld their friends walking unharmed in the midst of the glowing flames, conversing with an angel of light? How did their souls thrill with gladness when they heard the voice of the king praising the God of their nation, and promoting the three faithful men, who, by their holiness, reproved them for their trembling unbelief?

The old men died, and the maidens became matrons, and the prattling infants maidens and youths; and they cherished this hope and this love in their hearts with great and increasing joy, as the time drew near for the consummation of the period of their captivity.

A thousand lords sat at the great feast of Belshazzar. Golden lamps flung down their brilliancy upon the luxurious board, around which, on silken sofas, reclined the reveller. Festal music swelled and floated through the air.

Beautiful women lent their radiant charms to bewilder the guests; with smiles and laughing words they graced the brilliant scene. Wine sparkled with amethystine and ruby richness in the costly goblets; rare viands heaped in golden platters, and delicate cates, in unique dishes, tempted their merry lips. Was there not enough of splendor to satiate the princely king? Ha! a thought strikes the voluptuous king!

His cup-bearer received the command of his monarch, and hasted to obey him. The sacred vessels, dedicated to the Lord God of Israel, were brought in, and filled with the unholy wine, and given to the princes, the queen, and the concubines.

The news of this desecration reached the ears of the captives. Men, pale with wrath and scorn, came near the palace, and beheld from the distance the lights of the feasting, and heard the gay music and the laugh of the wicked. It was whispered in the houses of the bondmen; and their wives and daughters wept and prayed, and went not to slumber, because of the heaviness of their hearts. While the fathers talked together, in low tones of despair, the women pressed their babes to their bosoms, dropping hot tears upon their little innocent faces.

Suddenly a shout smote the ears of the mourners. They started—solemn-faced men and sobbing women started to their feet and listened!

It came not to their ears alone; through the music and gayety, it reached the festal throng, who had just listened, with pale faces, to the interpretation of the hand-writing on the wall. The crimson fled frightened from the cheeks of the beautiful women; the vessels of silver and gold, which they had polluted by the touch of their mocking lips, fell from their trembling fingers; they fled in terror to their apartments! the king turned ghastly white, and the visages of the princes were pale with fear!

The shout increased; it was one of victory! rolling and swelling over the night-shadowed city, followed by shrieks of wo, and the clatter of arms, and all the fearful sounds of battle. A mighty stream of armed men poured through the open gates. Babylon, the city of power and pride, was given into the hands of the enemy.

Onward, toward the palace of Belshazzar, rushed the besiegers; what was the resistance of the guards? a leaf against a torrent—a mist before a whirlwind!

That night Belshazzar was slain.

The seventy years of captivity had expired! the tears and the anguish of the solemn watchers were turned to rejoicing.

The love for their religion, their freedom, and their Jerusalem, which they had kept pure and undefiled within their hearts, received its fulfilment and reward.

EDUCATION OF THE DOMESTIC CIRCLE.

Parents possessed of tolerable means seldom neglect to send their children to school. They are often heard to say of their young people, "Whatever advantage money can purchase for them in the way of education, we are willing to give them." Having expended the money ungrudgingly, they are often surprised that their children do not turn out very well. The fact is, they expect too much from liberality in school fees—they are too apt to feel their consciences relieved as to their duty to the young by mere considerations of the cost in money. However well it may suit a busy father to depute the nurture of his children, and use his own time in money-making or in needful recreation, it is very certain that the children will be imperfectly educated if they have not been reared carefully and rationally in the domestic circle, and cost their parents, or some persons standing in the light of parents, a great deal of trouble over and above all that is purchaseable from the schoolmaster.

The education of the domestic circle is moral education. The fresh human beings continually coming into the world might be regarded as a colony of savages coming in amongst a civilized people, and requiring to be adjusted to the tone of the society of which they are henceforth to form a part. Their impulses are in full activity; the provocations to the workings of these impulses lie full before them. The business is to train the impulses to submit to those checks and those modified or regulated movements which society pronounces to be desirable. It will not be by reading of texts, or hearing of precepts and maxims, that this will be done. It only can be done by training to habits—a duty requiring much time, great patience, and no small skill and judgment.

It is, then, an onerous duty, and yet its weight may be much lessened if a good method be adopted, and adopted sufficiently early. Something can be done with a child from a very early period of existence. For instance, if he cries, we may avoid a great evil if we abstain from administering dainties for the purpose of soothing him; or, on the other hand, from using him harshly by way of punishment. The crying of a child on account of any little accident or disappointment is less an evil to him than annoyance to us: we probably attach too much consequence to the idea of keeping children *quiet*, as if quietness were in him a virtue. If, however, it appear really desirable to stop the crying of an infant, the best way is to produce a diversion in his mind. Create some novelty about or before him, and if it be sufficient to give a new turn to his feelings, he will become what is called, "good" immediately. This is a cheap way of effecting the object, and it can be attended by no imaginable bad consequences. It must be remarked, however, that we—that is, grown-up people—are ourselves the causes of much unavoidable squalling among the young. A child is looking at something, or is enjoying himself in some little sport with a companion: from fondness, or some other cause, we snatch him up of a sudden in our arms: he cries. Can we wonder? Should any of us like to be whipped up from a dinner-

table in the midst of our soup, or from a concert-room when Jenny Lind is enchanting all ears? Undoubtedly it is injustice to a child to treat him thus, not to speak of the worse injustice of punishing him in such circumstances for crying. He is entitled to have his will consulted before we snatch him away merely for own amusement.

Our ancestors were severe with children. There used to be some terrible maxims about maintaiuing awe, and breaking or bending the will. Corporal correction was abundantly resorted to. The direct result of the system of terror was to produce habits of falsehood and barbarism; for there is no child who will not tell a lie if afraid of punishment on letting out the truth, and the beating he gets only serves as an example of violence for his own conduct towards brothers, sisters, and companions. Kindness is now the rule in fashion—upon the whole an improvement. An excess in this direction would, however, be as fatal as one of an opposite kind. It is not so much kindness that is required, as simple civility and justice. Treat children with courtesy, and as rational beings, and they will generally be found sufficiently docile. We hear obedience trumpeted as a first requisite; but the question is, how is a right kind of obedience to be obtained? Perhaps the fewer commands we address to children the better. Ask them politely. It is difficult for any one, even a child, to refuse what is so asked. If they do, they lie so plainly in error, that little can be needed beyond a calm expression of opinion on the subject. They will be less likely to refuse a second time. This is very different from a command palpably disobeyed, in which case there must either be punishment to the child or a defeat to the parent. The imperative plan does not seem to work well. It leads to a constant contention between the parties—tne child to escape duties which he has no pleasure in obeying, the parent to enforce an authority which is deficient in moral basis. The opposite method admits of the child having some satisfaction in complying. It trains him to free agency, and thus prepares him better for the world. It is a great mistake to try to suppress or wholly overrule the will of a child. The will is a good thing in him as in you. Try to take it along with you, and to direct it to good purposes, and you will find that you are accomplishing a great purpose in education. On the other hand, a constant appeal to the affections, as a means of obtaining compliance, would obviously be an error. If treated justly, and not unkindly, a child cannot avoid loving its parents. Trust to this love operating of itself in persuading to a compliance with all reasonable requests and an obedience to all reasonable rules.

Even tolerably amiable children, when placed together, will be found to have frequent little quarrels, the consequence of disrespectful words, or, perhaps, interferences with each other's property. Some are much more liable both to give and take offence than others. Nothing is more troublesome to a parent; for it is scarcely possible entirely to ascertain the merits of any case. The liability to such collisions will at least be diminished if the parents never fail to observe towards their servants and children the rules of good-breeding; and if they, moreover, take every opportunity of inculcating the beautiful and happy results of domestic peace. These means, however, will be in vain if children are allowed too much time to spend in idleness. If entirely occupied, in whatever way—with lessons, with work, with amsement, or with reading or drawing—they will be very little liable to fall into discord. It should, accordingly, be regarded as one of the first duties of those having a charge of young people, to keep them incessantly engaged in something which may interest their faculties.

As soon as their understanding fits them for such intercommunion, children should be made the companions, friends, and confidants of their parents. The old rule was, that in their parents' presence they should be perfectly quiet. This might be a gratifying homage to the parent, but it was not education to the child. If a child is brought to a family table, he should be allowed to join in the family conversation, that he may learn to converse. It is both surprising and gratifying to observe how soon children work up to the standard of their parents' attainments, and how beautifully they repay the openness and confidence with which they are treated, by reposing the most unreserved confidence in return. They know the family position, the family prospects, objects, and wishes, and become deeply interested in them all. Affection proves a far more powerful check than severity; obedience is a word unknown in the family vocabulary, because the thing is never wanting. Co-operation, cheerful contribution by heart and hand to the family objects, is the principle of action. In such a family there is rarely anything entitled to the appellation of discord: there are no separations, no elopements, no acts of domestic rebellion. A smooth course of happy life flows on, and the old age of the parents, who have trained so much worth in their offspring, is soothed and cheered by the unremitting exercise of the very virtues which themselves have fostered and perfected.

THE POETRY OF CREATION.

As the stars pale before the sun, so does the poetry of man lose its brilliancy when compared with the wonderful poem of the Creator. God is the Supreme Poet, and he deals not with words —mere shadows of the things that are—but with the actual embodiments of poetry themselves; for there is in every object which He has made something beside an outward, mechanical form: there is a spiritual meaning, a living lesson, to be drawn from everything.

This world is not merely the rugged spot on which we are to struggle for a foothold on life—toil for daily bread,—but a bright member of the starry brotherhood that range the fields of space, raising from every corner of the universe the harmonious anthem of praise; a religion of still waters, and cooling shades, and bright birds, and blessed things, for the comfort of God's weary children. This world is a poem written in letters of light on the walls of the azure firmament.

Man is not merely a creature displaying the endowment of two legs, and the only being qualified to study grammar; not an animal browsing in the fair fields of creation, and endeavoring with all possible grace to gild and swallow the pill of existence; but the masterpiece in the mechanism of the universe, in whom are wedded the visible and the invisible, the material and the spiritual; before whom the waves of the ocean crouch, and on whom the winds, and lightnings, and the fire, all wait to do his bidding; the great gardener in this garden of the Lord; the keeper of His great seal, for he alone is stamped with the image of God. Man is a glorious poem; each life a canto, each day a line. The melody plays feebly at first upon the trembling chords of his little heart, but, with time, gains power and beauty as it sweeps onward, until at last the final notes die away, far, far above the world, amid the melodies of heaven.

Nature is not merely a senseless, arable clod, through which runs the golden vein, and o'er which waves the golden harvest; not a monster, to be bowed down by the iron fetters of railroads and telegraphs; but it is a grand old temple, whose star-lit dome and woodland aisles, and bright and happy choir, invite the soul to worship and to gratitude. Nature is a sweet poem: each downy-cheeked floweret, each uncouth stone, and frowning mountain, and silvery river, are the bright syllables. And though the fall of man has thrown them into confusion, they shall be arranged once more in harmony; and the burthen of that song shall be beauty and praise to Him from whom all beauty radiates.

How often, when the quiet night woos us forth to commune with Nature in her chastened robes, is our spirit thronged almost to oppression by thoughts new and inexpressible! When the bright moon, just risen above the hill-top or on the peaceful waters, tinges the cloudy curtains that hang about the couch of the departed day, draws out the long mysterious shadows, and locks in her white arms the slumbering earth; then, as we look above, can we say with him who knew so well to express his lofty thoughts:

> Ye stars, which are the *poetry* of heaven!
> A beauty and a mystery, ye create
> In us such love and reverence from afar,
> That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves
> a star.

Why should we, then, give way to the mechanical spirit of these days? Physical good is not the only good on earth. The mind, the soul must be fed as well—ay, infinitely rather than this feeble body. We are in the world to make ourselves blessed; and is not the bliss that comes from purifying the heart and enlightening the intellect more to be desired than the gratification of our sensual appetites? Let us, then, learn to analyze whatever we meet in the pilgrimage of life, and read the lesson of truth and beauty that God has stamped upon it. Then will the desert of the world gush out in fountains to refresh our flagging spirits and to brace our sinking frames.

THE GENESEE FALLS.

WITH A PLATE—FROM A SKETCH BY THOMAS COLE.

The Genesee river, near Geneseo, is a wild and picturesque spot, peculiarly American in its character, and one of those subjects in which the genius of the artist delights. Our rivers abound in such wild uncultivated spots, which now lie out of the high road of travel, and are therefore overlooked by searchers after the picturesque. Of late years our young artists have taken their sketching materials in hand, and with a camp-stool and a knapsack, have gone all over the country in search after scenes of picturesque beauty. The results of their intimacy with nature have been, not only a number of beautiful pictures, which have created a new interest for art, but made our people familiar with the places best worth visiting in their own land, and saved many an enthusiast from the trouble and expense of going to Europe in search of scenes which may be found at home in greater beauty. Among those who first taught Americans to love American scenery was Cole. Although not a native of the soil, his soul seemed to glow with delight in contemplating the grandeur and loveliness of our river and mountain scenery. Until he transferred to his glowing canvass a semblance of our gorgeous forest scenery when first smitten by the frost, the wild and solemn magnificence of our lonely lakes and rivers, our majestic mountains and green valleys, no American artist had ever attempted to represent American natuse. All that landscape painters had attempted was to reproduce European pictures. Even the landscapes of Alston were painted after Italian models—nobody seemed to have looked upon the wilderness of American scenery as suitable for pictorial embellishments.

The appearance of Cole's landscapes, in which the prominent features of American scenery were so truthfully and beautifully portrayed, gave a new impulse and new direction to art in this country. Let critics differ as they will in respect to the merits of Cole's paintings, there can be no difference of opinion as to the effects of his early works on American art. While he confined himself to such subjects as the one that forms the picture from which our engraving has been copied, he remained unapproachable by any of the many imitators of his style—and they were very numerous—who were called into existence by the exhibition of his pictures. It was only when he attempted other kinds of landscape that artists came near him. He was in art what Cooper was in literature—he first directed the mind of America to the wealth of romantic beauty which abounds in its primeval forests, by the woody banks of its nameless lakes and rivers, its roaring cataracts, and boundless prairies.

In the accompanying picture all the features of the scene are peculiarly American; but the charm of color, the rich dark green of the foliage, the bright tints of the russet leaves, the clear depths of the blue sky, the bright, fresh, and glowing atmosphere of the whole, cannot be copied; but the engraver has performed his task well, and given a faithful rendering of the original work.

TRUST.

Supernal light will gleam
  Upon the darkest hour:
Some holy star, with cheering beam—
  Some dew-distilling flower—
Some rainbow color, send a ray
Of joyfulness or love, to cheer the pilgrim's way.

We are not full of trust:
  Eyes made to gaze on heaven
See but the earth, its changing dust—
  Its dwellings tempest riven.
We write upon our banners, "Faith,"
But in our camps—our hearts—are unbelief and death.

With iridescent crest
  The ocean wave rolls on—
Hides all its secrets in its breast,
  And joyous greets the sun;
So should the pilgrim's journey be,
So should he onward press, to bail his destiny.

DESIRABLENESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Those who lack knowledge have no conception of the pleasures and advantages of which they are deprived. Knowledge only can give this sense of loss, which makes the case of the ignorant man more serious and hopeless than it otherwise would be. Could the unlettered, hard-toiling day laborer, be allowed a glimpse of that bright world from which ignorance excludes him—could he listen to the music of nature as it discourses to the educated ear—could he drink in one of those refreshing draughts a thirst for intellectual pursuits prepares—could he experience the majestic emotions that swell the heart and awaken the energies of mind-toiling men, enabling them to endure trials, and achieve things far removed from this insipid, plodding, and joyless life—how, in the bitterness of his soul, would he mourn over his fate—how soon would he resolve to become a laborer in the mental vineyard.

Knowledge opens to the mind a better and more cheering world. It introduces us to objects and glories which genius alone can portray. It lifts us above the earth; it takes us below the earth; it takes us round the earth, and across the earth, pointing out and explaining matters miraculous and stupendous. It brings back the dead—those who went down to the grave thousands of years ago, but whose spirits still light the world. It recalls deeds, and re-enacts events over and over again, as truthfully as though we had been eye-witnesses. It also stretches far into the future. From the past to the present it ascends the dark staircase of coming time, discovering and prophesying things yet to be. It comprehends the possible as well as the actual, and furnishes histories long before they have taken place.

Knowledge enables us to live through all time. We can tread the earth from creation's dawn up to the existing moment, and become the spectators of every change it has undergone. The overthrow of dynasties, the revolution of empires, the triumphs of art and literature, and the wars and conquests with which history groans, may all be crowded into our life's volume. The experience of a day becomes the experience of an age, and almost gives to man the attribute of omnipresence. From the wandering Homer, who sang as never man sang before, up to Shakspeare, the bard of all time, down to Byron, Burns, and Moore, we can sit and hold converse with every god-like spirit whose coruscations dazzle the earth.

Nor does the desirability of knowledge rest here. It awakens our sympathies, and, by enlarging our desires, it also multiplies them. It enables the possessor to command within himself all that is commendable and attractive in the eyes of mankind. It brings him in contact with society, and adorus him in robes more costly than hand can weave, or skill invent. It is his passport, his companion, his counsellor; and, what is seldom met with in this world, it is his unfailing, unflinching, uncompromising friend. Knowledge! Why, the ability to acquire it is the one great gift of God to man. It is the channel through which He makes himself known to us. The High and Mighty One is the source of all knowledge.

Knowledge! knowledge! thou art desirable. Would to God that every man, from the highest to the lowest, from the richest to the poorest, could think and feel thee to be so!

Knowledge is also profitable. The time is gone by, when proofs were necessary to establish this position. Still, reducing the question to mere dollars and cents, there are those who say that intelligence is opposed to worldly prosperity. But this is a falsehood. It is opposed to common sense, to comon honesty, to common justice; and we fling back the assertion as being a libel on the wisdom of One who cannot err. Tell us not that the splendid fortunes of our merchants, manufacturers, professional gentlemen, and retired tradesmen, have been raised upon so unlikely a foundation as mental beggary and mindless zeal! The man who would keep his assistant, apprentice, clerk, or son from the acquisition of "that eternal jewel," which alone constitutes true nobility, is a disgrace to his species, and a curse to society Knowledge is the bulwark of our country—knowledge is the basis of her government, the source of her glory, and the prop of her institutions. Whatever reflects credit on us—whatever does honor to that dear soil we delight to call our own—must be referred to the ballast we bring into the intellectual scale of nations! Is history silent on this head? What does it say? I will not attempt to enumerate that proud

host of intellectual heroes, who by study and independence, have raised themselves, from the plough and the manufactory, to the loftiest pinnacles of human greatness. I will not tell over the magnificent productions that enrich the libraries and cabinets of our land. It is sufficient to know that the most illustrious men of this and other ages sprang from the humbler classes of mankind, and that genius does for them what wealth and station cannot do for others.

Without knowledge no man can manage his affairs, regulate his household, and discharge his duty to society. We live not exclusively *in* ourselves, and *for* ourselves—we are part and parcel of those around us, whose well-being has to be considered, as well as our own. The example of the ignorant man is fatal to others, for it contaminates his own children, and, through them, the children of his neighbors.

Knowledge teaches economy, prudence, temperance, industry, and honesty. It points out the way to gain, and helps those who are inclined to pursue it. It strengthens to avoid temptation, and fortifies in the hour of peril. It puts money in the bank, clothes in the wardrobe, and delicacies in the cupboard. It provides entertainments, and supplies advantages otherwise unknown.

Knowledge sends vessels, freighted, to sea—prepares and gathers in the produce of distant lands—makes discoveries in science, and shortens the distances between localities. Knowledge lights our streets, explores our mines, and enables us to transmit our thoughts to those who are hundreds of miles distant.

Knowledge is likewise necessary;—how necessary, few, perhaps, are fully aware. The subject, however, lies in a nut-shell: we must either educate our children, or abandon them to the anti-corrective treatment of criminal prosecutions. Unless they be taught to know right from wrong, they cannot, they will not, court the one and shun the other. Our present criminal code will not reform them, I think, but it will punish and degrade them. Every offender leaves prison more vitiated than he entered, and quits his cell but to go back to it. A fourth part of the sum that is annually expended in prosecuting and confirming criminals would enlighten the whole poor of the land; and if we would rid the streets of professional mendicants, and depopulate our unions and workhouses—if we would put a stop to theft and debauchery—if we would convert dens of infamy into nurseries for heaven and honorable uses on earth, we must do it by education.

Knowledge is necessary. Without it, the faculties of the mind are paralyzed, the memory is lost, perception destroyed, the taste uprooted, and reflection scattered to the "winds of heaven."

Without it, the body, sympathizing with the mind, loses its elasticity and elegant proportion. Without it, no man can soar above the brute, or perform one deed that shall send his name down to posterity, honored and revered. Knowledge is necessary to know ourselves—to understand the relative dependences of men upon their fellow-men—to guard us against cunning, intrigue, and sophistry, and to teach us how to appreciate the government of that Divine Agent whose arm encircles the universe! Knowledge is likewise necessary to live; for, unless the head go with the hand, wheels may revolve, hammers may fall, and spades wear bright in vain. Without knowledge, person and station are but "whited sepulchres," concealing the void and rottenness within.

Man was made for knowledge. His erect figure, his penetrating eye, and his organs of speech, all proclaim it. The very light that called worlds into existence, shines through his outer being; and unless he puts forth the transcendent powers of that hidden presence, Ichabod is written on his forehead. There are patriots who bear the brand and the sword, as there are patriots in name and in speech; but the truest and best of patriotism is that which looks to the mental and moral, as well as the physical, condition of a country, and which desires, above all other things, the cultivation of that intellect with which God has endowed its people. Let enthusiasts babble, and martyrs immolate themselves; but, if they have sincerity, if they have disinterestedness, and if they have a love for their native land, it were far better to *live* for it than to *die* for it: for education is necessary, and dying gloriously, as they call it, will not teach one child to read, nor lead one man to that intellectual freedom which can alone snap asunder the fetters of bondage, and make him better than a slave.

Knowledge is necessary. The police reports say so—every assize says so—the indecency that crowds our streets says so—the injustice men practise towards each other says so—the hypocrisy that is in the world says so—the love of pelf, and the dirty deeds that men will perform for lucre, say so—the littleness of soul, the ill-usage of parents, the violation of duties both natural and religious, and the multitude of crimes daily perpetrated—all say that knowledge is necessary,—the chronicles of six thousand years prove it.

Expository Discourses on the First Epistle of Peter. By John Brown, D. D., Edinburg.—A massive octavo of 800 pages, has been issued from the busy press of the Carters, presenting as fine a specimen of the good old style of Expository Preaching as we have ever seen. Dr. Brown is the principal Professor of the Secession Divinity School in Edinburg, a man greatly revered for his wisdom and scholarship. This elaborate coorse of Expository lectures it took him more than sixteen years to preach. The work will commend itself to scholars by its richness of hermeneutical learning and good sense, its fulness of doctrinal and practical instruction, modestly and sincerely propounded. Much use is made of the beautiful and instructive expositions of Leighton; and the venerable lecturer has gone over the admirable Epistle with the heart and will to extract all its meaning, and enforce all its comprehensive and admirable precepts. His lectures embrace, therefore, disquisitions on almost every topic of ethics, as well as theology, and are discussed with clearness, candor, and just distinctions. Of course, there are points of doctrine where the American reader will differ from the author; but none can fail to derive light from the discussions here offered, nor help being pleased to perceive the beautiful and instructive blending of all topics with religious truth.

Hildreth's History of the United States. Vol. IV.—We are very glad to perceive that Mr. Hildreth designs to extend his valuable history to the later periods of our national annals. We think the former three volumes by far the most able, original, and important history of our country that has yet appeared. There is a kind of grandeur and impressiveness, comprehensiveness and completeness, in the straightforward, clear, and logical style of the work, which are not only exceedingly impressive, but in admirable keeping with the subject. The revolutionary history is nowhere so succinctly and cleary told: and the decided evidences of original investigation and independent judgment displayed, give us confidence in both the learning and soundness of the author.

The present series is also to consist of three volumes, and will embrace the history of the early periods of our national life. The first volume, the one now published, sketches the scenes, personages, and events connected with the adoption of the Constitution, and of the first two Congresses—embracing the struggle with the French influence, the agitation connected with Jay's treaty, and the early hostility to the administration of Washington. We cannot refrain from copying the programme of the second volume's contents, which is now in press:

"The second volume opens thus with an impending quarrel with France, ripening by degrees into a sort of war. Then follows a complete narrative of the refusal to receive Pinckney; of the joint mission of Pinckney, Marshall, and Gerry; of the strange behavior of Talleyrand and the French Directory; of the occasion and passage of the Alien and Sedition Laws, and the proceedings under them; of the State Rights and Nullification resolutions, brought forward in consequence by Jefferson's agency; of the breach in the Federal party; the presidential canvass; and the peace with France; of the final transfer of the helm of state, after a desperate effort on the part of the Federalists to elect Burr, into Jefferson's hands; of his schemes of republican simplicity, retrenchment, and reform; the purchase of Louisiana, and the consequent embroilment with Spain; Hamilton's collisions with Monroe, and finally with Burr, by whose hand he fell; Burr's famous conspiracy; the divisions and quarrels in the Democratic party, both in Congress and the States; renewed difficulties with England, and the rejection of the treaty negotiated by Monroe; Bonaparte's continental system, and the impending ruin of American commerce; the volume ending with the meeting of the embargo Congress."

It is neatly published by the HARPERS.

Lavengro—the Scholar, the Priest, and the Gipsey. By George Borrow.—A remarkable work, by the author of the "Bible in Spain," has been issued in two forms, one by Mr. PUTNAM, with a portrait, and another by HARPER & BROTHERS, in a cheap form. It is a lively, rambling sketch, partly facts and partly fiction, including criticisms on everything, especially sarcastic upon humbugs—whether flying in the sphere of church, cloister, or state. Some of the delineations are admirable—touching the reader with exquisite pathos, or convulsing him with laughter. Noble views of life, and clear convictions upon many of the great stirring themes of the times, are eloquently and suggestively expressed, while the interest of the narrative enchains the imagination, and prepares it for the ready admission of the truth the author would convey. It is unique in conception and style; and contains elements enough of both interest and instruction, to entitle it to the name and attraction of a rare book. The author's fame, and connection with the famous "Bible in Spain," will be sure to attract readers.

The World's Progress. A Dictionary of Dates. By George P. Putnam.—Amidst the cares of extensive business, Mr. PUTNAM finds time to transmute the publisher into the author, and to presents here a most useful, comprehensive, and carefully collected work of Chronology and general statistics, the equal of which we do not know of. There are some copious works in the several departments here combined, but none that condenses so much that is really valuable, or that goes so fully over the field of facts and events which the ordinary reader will naturally traverse. We have kept by us, through the changes of years, a chronological compend by Mr. Putnam, out of which this present work has been constructed, as by far the best we could get. All readers need such a Manual at their hand; and there are many qualities which make this just what is needed. It is copious, orderly, arranged so as easily to be consulted, and embraces in its scope general history and chronology and a summary of great events and literary biography. It is very neatly printed, and shows marks of great industry, observation, and reading.

The Manhattener in New-Orleans; or Phases of Crescent City Life. By A. Oakey Hall. J. S. REDFIELD.—These sketches have the sharpness, distinctness, and grace of daguerreotypes. A little exaggerated,—but none too much so for the needful impression,—racy, truthful, and honest, they give a picture of the great metropolis of the South, in its light and shade, which not only discloses the artist's hand, but affords the reader, who has never braved its miasma, a representation almost like that of actual inspection. A vein of quiet humor sets off the exaggeration of drawing, and gives life to the whole. Some passages are wrought with great felicity—as the mournful threnody of the Mississippi to the Penobscot, and all disclose a practised pen and a heart in its right place.

Rev. Jacob Abbott, whose contributions to our stock of juvenile reading entitle him to the thanks of two generations at least, has resumed his practised pen in this department, and commenced a new series of stories for the young, entitled, *Franconia Stories*, and published by the HARPERS, in an exquisitely neat style, both of printing and illustration. Two of the volumes have been issued,—Malleville and Wallace,—and four more are promised. They are graceful, simple, playful, as works for the young should be, yet always suggestive of useful lessons. We doubt not many a young reader of the famous Rollo books, will give no rest to parents or friends, till this new source of delight has been tasted.

The Annual of Scientific Discovery for 1851, is the title of a most useful and creditable work, edited by *David A. Wells, A.M.*, and *George Bliss, jr.*, of Boston, and published by GOULD & LINCOLN of that city. It is a thorough digest of the principal discoveries and improvements in the various sciences and arts, together with a catalogue of recent scientific publications, a classified list of patents, obituaries of eminent scientific men, and other passing events relating to science. Great industry has been exercised to give the work complete-

ness and comprehensiveness, and the result is an admirable compend of the year's progress in these important spheres. The scholar and the general reader alike will find it a useful manual for reference, as well as a highly interesting picture of the mental activity and research of the age. It is very neatly and compactly printed, and embellished with a fine portrait of Prof. Silliman—a name honorably connected with the history of science in this country, and advantageously known in Europe.

Treatise on Christ's Second Coming.—A fine large volume has appeared from the press of the Messrs. CARTER, from the pen of Rev. DAVID BROWN, of Glasgow, entitled, *Christ's Second Coming, will it be pre-millennial?*

Its primary object is the formal refutation of several recent treatises, advocating the pre-millennial and personal advent and reign of the Lord Jesus Christ, especially the elaborate exposition of Mr. ELLIOT. It has, therefore, a controversial aspect, and lacks the unity of an independent essay; though it gains a fullness of discussion, as well as an appositeness and point, which it might otherwise lose. The theory advocated by the work is the old orthodox view of the subject; and it is sustained with a clearness of reasoning, and acuteness and ability of scriptural exegesis, which we have never seen surpassed in the numerous disquisitions devoted to this subject. Its reply to, and refutation of, the various theories of the literalists, are admirable specimens of Christian dialectics—candid, thorough, kind, and conclusive; and its formal enunciations of doctrine are hardly less happy. The author has a precision of style well-adapted for doctrinal discussions; and an evident fullness of special study and of general learning, adequate to the occasion.

We should suppose that clergymen and bible readers would find it an essay of universal interest and value, and that the influence of its circulation among the religious community could not be otherwise than good.

The World's Religion, contrasted with Genuine Christianity. By Lady Colquhoun. R. CARTER & BROTHERS.

We have long prized this faithful little work, as among the best and most suggestive manuals of practical religion. Its earnest sincerity, close, practical dealing with the conscience, deep spirituality, and fervent desire to do good, give it a character and a pre-eminence. We wish it could find the thoughtful hour of every Christian's religious reading and contemplation.

The Bible in Spain.—The Gipsies in Spain.—Two well-known works of GEORGE BORROW have been opportunely issued by Messrs. CARTER, just as the public taste has been whetted by the perusal of the latest work of this spirited and entertaining author. With all the attractions of Lavengro, and they are many, we think that the "Bible in Spain" is the best work of Mr BORROW. Its lively sketches, singular characters, picturesque and stirring adventures, broad humor—and we must add, though the writer was a colporteur of the British Bible Society—its extravagance of statements, give it the vivacity of romance. The present edition is neatly published, and forms a valuable as well as most entertaining work. It gives a view of the moral and religious condition of Spain, as well as of its social state, its beautiful scenery and its historic associations, scarcely to be obtained elsewhere.

Letters from Three Continents. By M., the Arkansas Correspondent of the Louisville Journal. D. APPLETON & Co.

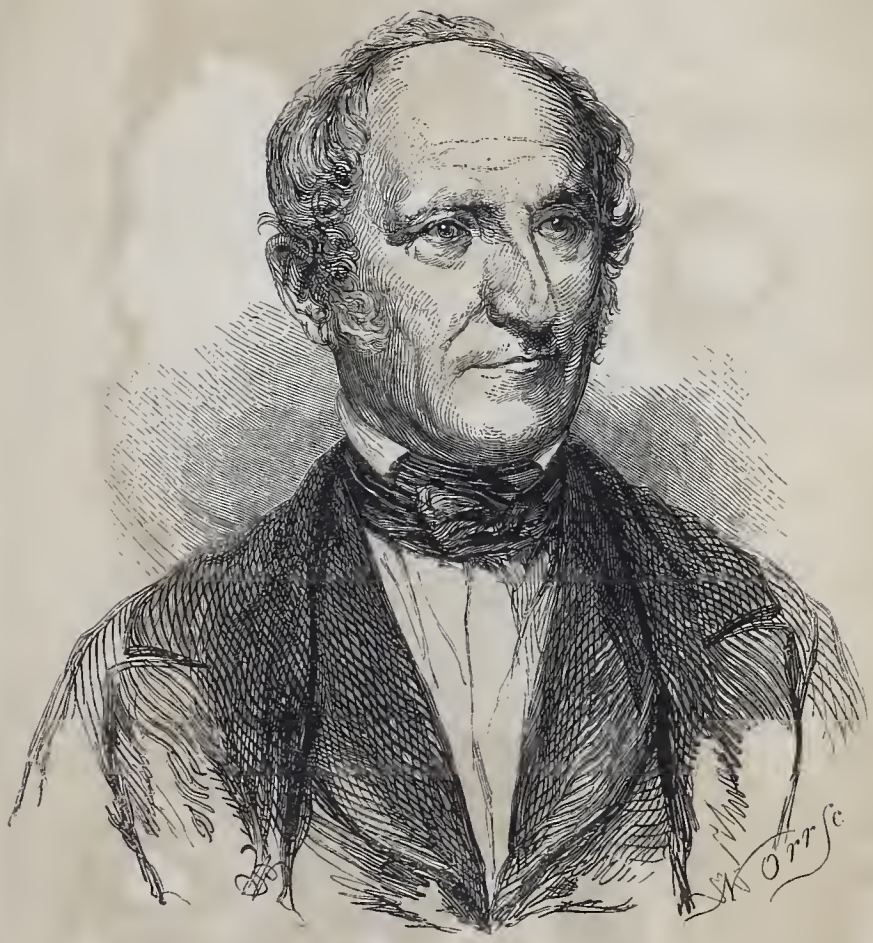
We have been greatly amused with this work, as well as instructed. The impressions of an Arkansas backwoodsman on visiting the Old World could not be in any case without interest. Stronger contrasts than such a traveler would be obliged to adjust himself to, could hardly be imagined. But the author has here purposely exaggerated the contrast. He finds himself most ill at ease in all lands. Everywhere he goes, he grumbles with most unquestionable Wertern frankness. The work, at its lowest estimate, must be regarded as a capital off-set to some of the English books of travel, paying back the Trolloppes and Fiddlers and Hamiltons in their own coin with interest. Whatever intoxication the associations or the wealth or the grandeur of the Old World may turn the heads of ordinary travelers, this book tells a blunt, unvarnished, and unqualified story, and in so doing gives, we apprehend, much the truer picture. The traveler first visited England. Passed through Paris into Germany. He then passed down the Danube, giving a remarkably impressive and beautiful sketch of the river and its scenery, to Constantinople, of which he presents a very clear and graphic description. To Egypt, and through the desert to Palastine, through Asia Minor, back to Constantinople—his route, it will be seen, embracing nearly all that is glorious in scenery, affecting in associations, or interesting in character or people. The author, though sufficiently disposed to admire nothing, does justice to much that he sees, evinces great familiarity with historical associations, a keen, self reliant and manly observation, and a style remarkably clear, vigorous, and unpretending. The work is, therefore, unusually entertaining and profitable; more so than nine-tenths of the books of travel, and worth a perusal if for nothing more than its honest, original, backwoods freedom.

Lands of the Moslem, by El-Mukattem, is the title of a neatly printed work, published by the CARTERS. It is the journal of a traveler through the Oriental countries, and has great merit as a practical life-like picture of scenes and adventures which are novel and interesting. There is but little pretension to literary excellence—the author evidently designing only to give a clear and intelligible account of his travels. He has gone into a variety of particulars not often contained in such works, but which impart value and interest to his journal. For one who purposes to travel in the East, we hardly know where a more valuable preparative can be found than in this work. The way to proceed, the evils and exactions to be guarded against, the expenses of every item, the time consumed, the best route to be pursued, and all the detail of particulars so necessary for the traveler, are here perspicuously narrated. No reader can go through these scenes without a deep impression; and we are glad to welcome a work that increases our familiarity with those ancient scenes and events with which the holiest associations of history are connected.

Procrastination.—The accompanying engraving furnishes an amusing illustration of the danger of putting things off. A portly, easy, self indulgent man, desirous of reaching, with his family, a distant place, to which the only practicable access is by the diurnal post-coach, has yielded to the besetting sin of his nature, by sitting too long at his coffee, and putting off the trouble of preparation, so that his last chance of effecting his journey has been lost, just by a moment's interval. It would have been bad enough to lose the journey, at any rate; but to come so near to obtaining the desired effect, and yet to lose it, is an aggravation of the misfortune, which, in spite of the ludicrousness of the position, has something melancholy in it. Procrastination has its ludicrous side, no doubt. It is often as awkward as it is inconvenient or injurious; and the smart of disappointment is aggravated by the consciousness of deserved ridicule. It is this aspect which the Artist has so ingeniously and effectually set forth in the design of the engraving. A great and valuable lesson is contained in it, which we wish might be so effectually taught that none of the consequences of procrastination more serious than those which provoke a smile, or extort ridicule, may ever be experienced.

ENGD. BY J. SARTAIN. THE ORIGINAL BY A. DESMOULINS.

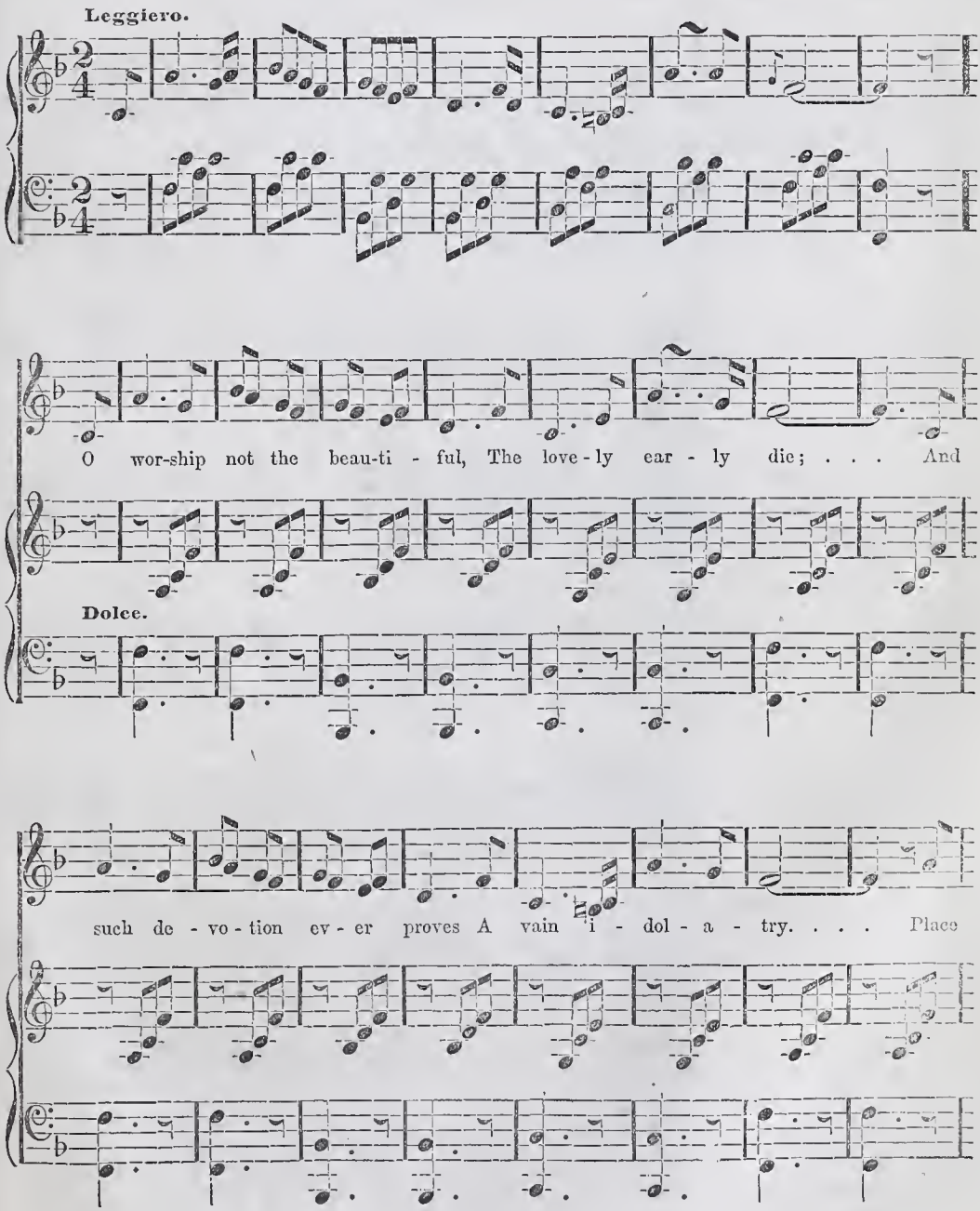
HENRIETTA, QUEEN OF ENGLAND, IN CONCEALMENT.



Giuseppe Averzana

O Worship not the Beautiful.

SUNG BY MRS. L. A. JONES. COMPOSED BY GEORGIANA N. BURNHAM.



mf *rfz* Decres.

not thy heart on bril - liant gems, Their light must fade a - way, . . . For

soon the flow'r that o - pens ripe, Ful - fils its mor - tal day. . . .

Dim. *f*

2. The fairest form by nature framed,
Is made of earthly clay;
The purest soul that dwells therein,
But waits its swift decay.
When aught would bind thy willing heart
To such a transient thing,
Remember, 'tis a serpent's coil,
And bears a deadly sting!

3. Then worship not the beautiful,
They're missioned from on high,
And, like the dew-drops, soon return
Back to their native sky.
But worship their Creator—God—
Who bids thee seek a home,
Not where those lovely flow'rets bud,
But where they ever bloom!

DR. JOHN M. MASON.

BY REV. DR. SPRAGUE.

Dr. John M. Mason—a name that will be recalled with deep interest as one of the brightest ornaments of the American pulpit—was born in the city of New York, March 19th, 1770. His childhood is said to have been characterized by a freedom from everything vicious, an unusual sprightliness of temper, and a strong relish for study. It was obvious in the earliest development of his powers, that he possessed an intellect of no common order; and the rapid improvement and brilliant exhibitions of the boy gave no equivocal presage of the pre-eminent greatness of the man. His father, who was distinguished for his classical attainments, mainly conducted his education up to the time of his admission to college; and it was during this period that he laid the foundation of those habits of intellectual discipline, for which he was subsequently so much distinguished. In May, 1789, he graduated at Columbia College, in his native city, at the age of a little more than nineteen. After having spoken of his diligent application, it is hardly necessary to say that, with such powers as he possessed, he held a distinguished rank in point of scholarship. His comprehensive and brilliant and versatile mind gave him the power of becoming pre-eminent in any department of learning to which he applied himself; while he is said to have been actually most distinguished for his classical attainments and his familiarity with metaphysical science.

The foundation of Dr. Mason's religious character seems to have been laid at a very early period, in the blessing of God on a course of faithful parental efforts. His mind was imbued with a knowledge of the great truths of the gospel, as soon as its faculties were sufficiently developed to admit of comprehending them: and at a very early period, it is not easy to say how early, these truths, through the influence of the Holy Spirit, seem to have become the commanding principles of the conduct.

From the time of his leaving college, and probably at an earlier period, his views seem to have been directed towards the Christian ministry. His course of preparation for the sacred office was begun and continued for a while under the direction of his venerable father; and it was during this period that he became so familiar with the original languages of the Bible, especially the Greek; a circumstance which he afterwards turned to great account in his expository labors. But after having passed a year under his father's instruction, he crossed the ocean in 1791, with a view to complete his theological course in the University of Edinburgh. Here he was honored with the respect and friendship of many distinguished men, among whom were Dr. Hunter and Dr. Erskine, who rendered him marked attentions, and continued his cordial friends through life. Here, also, he became associated as a student with several individuals with whom he formed an enduring intimacy, and who have since risen to the highest respectability and usefulness. It was during his connection with the university that his intellectual character seems to have been more fully brought out in all its wonderful brilliancy, and strength, and originality; and though he was constantly brought in contact with vigorous and noble minds, his own intellectual efforts lost none of their lustre by being compared with those of his most distinguished associates. There was a comprehensiveness of intellect, a lightning-like rapidity and energy of conception, a power of severe abstraction and rigid analysis, united with a glowing and commanding eloquence, which were witnessed with delight and astonishment, as well by his instructors as his fellow-students; and which seemed to mark out before him the brilliant path to which he was destined. While he was thus distinguished by his intellectual powers and efforts, every thing that he did evinced a most cordial attachment to evangelical truth. He was extremely jealous of the least attempt to rob the Redeemer of his glory, or to substitute anything else in place of the Lord Jesus Christ, as all in all; and hence it is said of him, that on being called upon by his professor to comment on an exercise of one of his fellow-students, which had exhibited much talent, but had been marked by a striking destitution of evangelical sentiment, he rose, and

after having given full credit for the exhibition of taste and imagination and power of argument, added, that "there was one thing wanting in the discourse—it needed to be baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, to entitle it to the name o a Christian sermon."

Towards the close of the year 1792, Dr. Mason's course in the university was suddenly interrupted by his receiving the afflictive intelligence of the death of his father, and his being invited to take the pastoral charge of the church with which his father had been connected. Considering that this was the church, in the bosom of which he had been born and educated, and that he was now but little more than twenty-two years of age, this might have seemed at first view a hazardous experiment; but the knowledge which they had of his talents and piety, and their conviction that he was destined to eminent usefulness, led them unhesitatingly to direct their eyes towards him as their spiritual guide. The event proved that their confidence was not misplaced. In compliance with their wishes, he returned immediately to this country, was licensed in November, 1792, and after preaching for them a few months, was installed in April 1793, as their pastor. In this relation, he continued rising in respectability and usefulness for seventeen years. It is probable that during this period he realized the richest fruits of his ministry.

As Dr. Mason had known by experience the advantages of a thorough theological education, he was exceedingly desirous not only that the standard of qualification for the ministry in this country should be elevated, but that young men destined to the sacred office should enjoy better opportunities for theological improvement. This led him, about the beginning of the present century, to project the plan of a Theological Seminary, to be established by the authority, and subject to the direction, of the General Synod of the Associate Reformed Church. This plan he succeeded in carrying into effect in 1801; and the result was, the establishment of the first theological institution in the United States. Of this institution he was himself the very life and soul; he was appointed its first professor, and continued to discharge the duties of that responsible office, in connection with his various other official duties, through a succession of years, until, by the gradual decay of his constitution, he was admonished to retire.

In the year 1806, his fertile and active mind projected the plan of the Christian's Magazine—a periodical which he conducted for several years, furnishing not a small part of the matter which it contained from his own resources. In this work his versatile mind had full scope. Though it partakes in no small degree of a polemical character, yet there are articles from his pen which show that he was equally at home in almost every department of learning.

Dr. Mason continued his labors in connection with his pastoral charge till 1817, when the painful conviction was forced upon him, that his constitution had been effectually undermined by the labors of preceding years, and that he had nothing to expect but that his subsequent course must be one of gradual decline. In the summer and autumn of 1819, he experienced in two instances a slight paralytic affection, which, however, soon passed off, though it was an admonition to him and his friends of an advancing process of decay. After the second attack, he was induced, by the advice of physicians and the importunity of friends, to suspend his public labors for six weeks; but at the end of that period he resumed them, and continued them without further interruption until February, 1820, when an affecting and monitory incident occurred in his pulpit, which put the matter beyond all question that his work was drawing to a close. During the week which preceded the Sabbath on which this incident occurred, he had been remarked by his family, not only to have lost his accustomed cheerfulness, but to be in a state of great bodily depression. When the Sabbath came, he went to the sanctuary as usual, and commenced the service; but soon after having read the portion of scripture on which he intended to lecture, his recollection failed, his mind became confused, and, bursting into tears, he told the audience that such was the infirmity which had been induced by disease, that he was unable to proceed; upon which he immediately offered a short prayer, gave out three verses of the fifty-sixth psalm, and dismissed the congregation. His pastoral charge was finally resigned in October, 1821.

The lineaments of Dr. Mason's character were strongly impressed on his majestic form and noble countenance. In his person he was considerably above the medium size, and was formed in most perfect proportions. His movements, though somewhat rapid, were always majestic and graceful. There was eloquence in his countenance, even when his lips were sealed; something that told of burning thoughts, and lofty purposes, and left no one at his option whether or not to regard him with profound respect. It was a favorite kind of exercise with him to ride on horseback; and such was the dignity of his person, and the perfection of his riding, that he rarely appeared in this way without being the object of marked attention.

As was Dr. Mason's person, so, we hardly need

add, was his mind—well proportioned, bold, energetic. His faculties were all originally of the highest order, and each faculty had received an appropriate and thorough training. He was fitted alike for the lofty and profound, and was equally at home in the regions of philosophy, taste, and imagination. He rarely, if ever, framed an argument but he seemed to be conducted by a broad and luminous path to an irresistible conclusion. He saw clearly the difficulties by which any subject was beset, and he knew well how to encounter them; and sometimes before a single effort of his intellect they would all vanish away. His mind was singularly inventive; for he rarely touched the most common subject without throwing around it an air of originality, which almost left those who listened to him to the momentary delusion that he was conducting them into some field of intellectual light and beauty, which the genius of man had never before explored. His imagination, though eminently sublime and vivid, was entirely under the control of his more sober powers. It would, indeed, sometimes stretch its wings, and mount into the third heavens, and seem to burn with seraphic fire; or it would wander in ecstacy among scenes of natural grandeur and beauty on earth; or it would fly off on a visit of curiosity to worlds of whose existence the telescope alone has made a report. Amid the grander and the softer, the more awful and the more delightful scenes of creation, it was alike in its element; but in its noblest excursions it was never wild or eccentric; never cut loose from judgment, and always moved hand in hand with taste. Nor was he less distinguished for his common sense—the ability to form a right estimate of men and things. He read human character as if by intuition; and no man could be long in his presence, but that he had taken the measure of his mind, and marked at least the prominent features of his character.

Nor were his moral qualities less remarkable than his intellectual. There was implanted in his nature a strong sense of honor, which made it difficult for him to brook a mean action. While he was careful to treat his fellow-men with strict propriety, as became the various relations he sustained to them, no one could approach him with an indecorous familiarity, without being awed into respect by the majesty of his frown. He was as far as possible from anything like concealment or cunning; for though he was not without that prudence which is justified and demanded by the circumstances of society, yet he was pre-eminently an honest man, and always acted in full daylight. He was distinguished also by native decision and intrepidity; there was a moral heroism about him which belonged to his very nature, independent of the influence of Christian principle; so that he never looked upon the face of man with fear, and never shrunk from any enterprise because it was great or difficult. At the same time, he had little of that pride of opinion, that unyielding obstinacy, oftener the quality of little than of truly great minds, which leads an individual to shut his eyes upon the light that reveals to him his own errors; or to persist in maintaining errors in the face of his own convictions. He would not, such a mind as his *could* not, lightly surrender its own opinions, because they were never formed inconsiderately; but he would listen candidly to arguments by which any of his opinions were assailed, and if he could not sweep them away as a cobweb, he would subject them to patient investigation; and if he was convinced that he had been in an error, whether of faith or practice, he would acknowledge it with his characteristic magnanimity. He was generous perhaps to an extreme. There was a chord in his heart which vibrated in a note of sympathy to every touch of wo; and wherever he knew there was distress, his hand and heart were both open to administer relief. Never was he more in his appropriate sphere than while ministering consolation to the wretched; and no man could be more welcome than he wherever he was known, amidst scenes in which consolation was demanded. In a word, his heart was the dwelling-place of all that was warm and tender, and his approach to the disconsolate was always the harbinger of sympathy and kindness.

Dr. Mason was pre-eminently great in the pulpit. It was one of the most prominent characteristics of his preaching, as of his piety, that it was highly evangelical. The great doctrine of salvation by a crucified Redeemer, as it lay at the foundation of all his religious experience, and constituted in his view the very substance and glory of the gospel, so it was the luminous centre about which he delighted in his preaching continually to revolve. Not that he confined himself to a single point of evangelical truth, however important, for he proclaimed the whole counsel of God; but the doctrine of Christ crucified was in some way or other first and last in his public ministrations; and everything else sustained to this the relation of a superstructure to its foundation. He inculcated, indeed, with great zeal, the whole circle of moral virtues, but he took care to distinguish between the morality of the world and the morality of the gospel; and maintained that nothing deserved the name of evangelical truth which is not the fruit of living faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

It was impossible to listen to Dr. M.'s preaching without feeling a great variety of emotions. At one time the mind would be chained, and the reasoning powers tasked to the utmost, by some process of profound argumentation; and for a moment the delusion would almost be induced that such an intellect was made for reasoning, and nothing else. At another, there would be a lightning-like impulse communicated by a sudden flash of his imagination; and his hearers would be carried by surprise into some new field of beauty, or else they would be awed by some scene of natural or moral grandeur, which combined the rapidity of the cataract and the terrors of the storm. Here there would be awful exhibitions of the law of God, and of the wrath of God in the wages of sin, and a deep and solemn communing of the soul with the realities of eternity: and there the gospel would come out in its most attractive loveliness, and the cross would seem to be made visible to the eye of imagination and faith, and the heart would be dissolving, and the eye overflowing, from the sublimity and pathos of his appeals. And then again, there would be a kind of involuntary sportiveness of fancy, an incomparable aptness of illustration, an air of biting sarcasm, which bordered well nigh upon ridicule, which would for a moment cause a smile to play over the countenance of the most serious of his hearers. He was, however, always dignified, and no man sooner than he would have shrunk from prostituting the pulpit to be an arena for vulgarity.

Dr. Mason's manner in the pulpit strikingly embodied the peculiarities of his character. There was everything in it that was fitted to make a powerful impression. His noble form, his commanding countenance, his expressive eye, his easy and graceful attitude, his majestic and flexible voice, gave him advantages for public speaking which few men have ever enjoyed. He could be loud as the thunder, soft as the zephyr, rapid as the whirlwind. His reading of the scriptures was so perfect, that it answered well the purpose of a commentary; and no intelligent person could listen to him without gaining more correct and enlarged views of divine truth. Much of the power of his manner consisted in the expression of his countenance. The various emotions which were prompted by different parts of his discourse, were to be seen in his face, as if it were the very mind of his soul; and this was one grand secret of his always enlisting the most profound attention. It is unfortunate that his sermons, with but few exceptions, were never written, though there is no doubt that his extemporaneous delivery was highly favorable to immediate impression. There was a kindling of the spirit in his looks, a life and energy in his gesture, a perfection of nature in his intonations, which would have been incompatible with reading his discourses, or perhaps even delivering them *memoriter*. It is one proof of this, that when he was obliged, towards the close of his ministry, in consequence of his infirmities, to take up the practice of reading, his preaching greatly diminished in interest, and that notwithstanding he delivered sermons which were written in the days of his greatest intellectual strength and activity.

THE MEN OF VALOR.

God's blessing on them!—those old saints
  Who battled hard and long;
Who cleft in twain a stubborn chain,
  And conquered might and wrong!
O, Time! revere their sanctity,
  Nor let their glory cease;
For by a mortal victory,
  They sealed immortal peace.

God's blessing on them!—those stout hearts,
  In these advancing days,
Who seek to guide the progress stride
  From error's countless ways!
O, be their track a track of light,
  The onward march of man:
The wise to shape our steps aright—
  The good to lead the van!

God's blessing on them!—one and all,
  Of every rank and clime,
Who strive to aid the stern crusade
  Against the growth of crime!
O, be their names a rallying cry
  For ages yet to come:
A word whose echo shall not die
  'Till Nature's self be dumb!

THE WISDOM OF SILENCE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE.

BY A. H. S.

Stryk, the late counsellor of state, had a custom of uttering on almost every occasion these three words, which became a sort of proverb in his mouth—"It is possible!" Often, even when presenting reports in full council, he pronounced them. This was always the signal for a smile on the lips of his colleagues, as if they pitied this weak point in their friend. Notwithstanding this, however, counsellor of state Stryk was a man highly esteemed. The respective governors appreciated and employed him in consequence of his varied knowledge and business habits. All confessed that he was a man of talent and consummate tact. Surpassed by none, M. Stryk was moreover always open and honorable; nothing of a partisan nature could be attributed to him; but his *finesse* was undeniable. So generally was this acknowledged, that while some regarded it as the result of a profound policy, by others he was esteemed a kind of prophet; and all this reputation he owed to these three words—"It is possible!" We have collected some facts regarding this man, once so famous in the history of his country. We are indebted for them to one of his friends, who found them in a journal which the counsellor had kept from his youth. The most important entry therein is the ever-recurring phrase, "It is possible!"

Although he pronounced these words so frequently, he always attached to them a meaning; and whenever they escaped him, he believed himself bound to abide the consequences, and sustain them. Thus the motto exercised the greatest influence over his opinions, his habits, and all the events of his life. Not only did he himself live faithful to these three words, but he seriously wished that his only son should be accustomed to render their influence all-powerful. The young man, who imagined, like many more young men, that he saw things far more clearly than his old father, used to regard the repetition of this text as a very odd habit.

"They will pardon in you this little originality, my dear father" said he, "but in me it would be esteemed most ridiculous. It would be just set down as a mode of speech adopted by design and copied without taste."

"It is possible, Frederick," answered the counsellor of state; "but what matters a laugh, if these three words give you peace, prudence, security, and happiness? If the benefit is evident, and the fear of raillery hinders you from saying them aloud, I beseech you, at least, to repeat them to yourself on every occasion."

"But father, for what good? Your love for this expression goes in truth very far."

"My son," said the old man, "I love you, and this is why I seek to bind it to you, and peace of heart and happiness may follow. Do not think that this axiom has become habitual to me by constant repetition. No; it is a word which I pronounced at first after much grave reflection, and which experience has confirmed. Under God's blessing, it is to it that I owe all I have and all that I am."

"What, then, made you determine to adopt it?"

"The misfortunes of my youth and despair. With these three words I raised myself anew and re-conquered fortune. Our ancestors were honest people, fearing God, but possessed of no great patrimony. What I inherited scarcely sufficed to enable me to pass my terms of study at the university, and procure subsistence for a year or two after. I was an ardent student—too much so indeed; for I lived but in the ideal of models of virtue of my own creation. That illusion cost me dear. I did not know the world, and saw it by turns, according to circumstances, peopled either with angels or fiends."

"That often happens to me, despite myself," said Frederick.

"It is possible," answered the counsellor; "for a young man who has not fallen into that error has neither a pure heart nor a loving soul. It is necessary to pass through that ordeal once. Well,

I was for a long time forced to work without emolument before obtaining a little remunerative employment, with much bad usage. This I did not like, and cast my eyes around to try better for the future. I saw that it was necessary not to appear poor; otherwise I would not readily succeed, even in obtaining that for which I was capable. Accordingly, I dressed with that taste which now would be called gallant, but which was named at that day elegant. I lived in a fine apartment, appeared in the most distinguished circles, and did not fear even from time to time to give small but costly parties; and yet, with all this, I was without debt—a rather uncommon thing amongst young men of my age and station. Everywhere I was represented as wealthier than in reality was the case; and these results I obtained for little money. No person knew how miserably I lived in private. Bread and milk formed my constant nourishment. However, I was very happy, for I had a thousand little pleasures. I was well received—by the ladies with pleasure, and by the men with esteem. Nevertheless, I had found amongst my acquaintances but one friend—a rare and tried friend, upon whom I could depend—an advocate, named Schneemuller. Amongst the ladies, only one occupied my thoughts—it was the daughter of General Van Tyten, named Philippine. For years I loved her in silence. It was almost idolatry; but my whole life was sanctified by that love. No person knew the state of my heart, for to no one did I dare to confide it."

"What! not even to your friend?"

"No, not even to him; for at first the mediocrity of my fortune, my obscure birth, and precarious situation, made me fear seriously to aspire to the hand of the noble general's daughter. Among others, it was from Schneemuller that I first learned that the report was current that I was the preferred lover of Philippine. She loved me ardently, he said, and in consequence several scenes had taken place between her and the mother. I was already aware of the truth of this report, for circumstances had brought me in contact with Philippine—we had discovered our mutual secret—we had sworn eternal constancy—and, after the usual fashion, declared that death alone would separate us. At this period, Dame Fortune seemed determined to heap on me her favors. I became chamberlain to the dowager duchess, with a considerable salary, a situation, moreover, which served to break down the barrier which separated Philippine and I. The general had need of me. I obtained his confidence, and his spouse had no more remonstrances to oppose to the passion of her daughter; and, to crown all, some few months after, a cousin at Batavia died, leaving me the sole possessor of a rich heritage, deposited at Amsterdam. I had become almost a millionaire, and was happy beyond expression, not because of my fortune, but of my Philippine. A young count, a favorite of the then reigning sovereign, sought earnestly to obtain her hand. It was without doubt an annoying matter for me. She prayed me to demand it from her parents, and I prepared for this step; but it was necessary that I should set out immediately for Amsterdam, and in that voyage I was singularly baulked—first, because I could not endure the idea of quitting Philippine; and, in the second place, in the event of my departure, the count—young, rich, and powerful—would be a sore tormentor, left behind. In short, I came to another resolve, and my friend Schneemuller set out for Amsterdam, with the certificates and all necessary powers."

"But you have never yet spoken about that friend," said Frederick.

"It is possible," answered the counsellor; "that will be explained immediately. Weeks and months passed, and still neither my friend nor documents arrived. I despatched letter after letter, and still no answer. Imagining he must have been seized with dangerous illness, friendship triumphed over love, and I departed for Amsterdam. My absence plunged Philippine into great grief, and on quitting me she swooned away in her mother's arms. At each stage I sought for information regarding Schneemuller. I found his name inscribed on all the registers of the inns. I arrived in Amsterdam. He had sojourned for a long time there; he had collected every sum of money which fell due to me under the legacy, and converted all into letters of exchange, but transmitted no part. In short, I learned to my great surprise that a man, very much resembling my friend, had sailed in an American ship about two months before—the very period when Schneemuller had wound up all the affairs of the succession. I exclaimed, 'It is possible!' and had yet to believe the certitude of my misfortune. It was, in truth, very possible; my only, and, as I had imagined, my best friend, had betrayed me. With a heavy heart I came back. I could publish the loss of my money, but not the treason of my friend, for his behavior had destroyed all my confidence in men. On my arrival, I wished to go at once to General Van Tyten's, to see Philippine and recount my loss, which I had already announced by letter, but the evening was too far advanced. My host received me pleasantly. 'What news?' I asked,—'No great things,' said he. 'You know, I suppose, that Ma-

demoiselle Van Tyten is married about a month ago.'—'It is impossible !—impossible! married! the daughter of General Van Tyten ?—to whom ? —to the count?'—'Just so,' said he, and he described all that had passed. My Philippine had not hesitated to accept the hand of the young, wealthy, and influential count, and the marriage had been celebrated just after the receipt of my letter from Amsterdam, detailing to the general the villany of Schneemuller. I would not believe the word of my host, and I cried always, 'It is impossible!' But the next day, everybody confirmed what I had learned on the previous evening. I cried out 'I will believe no more in anything on earth—the love of any woman, the friendship of any man, or the duration of any happiness, for that which seemed impossible has happened. From that day I believed everything was likely to happen, except good; and when any one spoke of the most unlikely circumstances, I always answered, 'It is possible!' In these three words, I found all my system of philosophical practice. I proposed to myself to repeat them on every occasion, finding they were some consolation in my profound grief—that they defended me against utter despair; and I learned to reckon nothing sure but God and myself. Are you ever able, would I sometimes say to myself, are you ever able to be happy on earth? It is possible! was my refrain, and the event justified it. I adopted it forever. The chances of happiness by which I profited did not intoxicate me; I dreamed of the instability of fortune and the disgrace of place, and always said, It is possible! I never experienced a more heartfelt joy than at your birth, my dear Frederick, but I moderated my transports at the idea that death might step in and snatch you from my affection, or, if spared that pain, you might become an evil disposed child. I said, It is possible! and I was fortified against every evil."

"God be praised, my father, it has not yet come to that."

"Happily, my son, it has not, but it was possible. Since I have had my axiom, I take every pleasant moment as a gift from heaven, and no misfortune surprises me, for I am prepared for all. All is possible; wherefore I counsel you to appropriate that idea; but it is requisite by usage to make it enter into your organization, that it may grow into a kind of second nature, otherwise it will not serve you."

The favorite phrase of the counsellor not unfrequently brought him into disgrace, but he was not readily damped. For example, he was one day attending the council at which the Elector presided; it was at the moment of the explosion of the French Revolution. After the sitting closed, there was a good deal of talk about the new events in Paris, Lyons, and Strasbourg—of the changes which were taking place in the French nation, from idolatry of their kings, to the extreme of joy at the fall of the throne. "They are the most fickle people on earth," said the Elector; "no other would act in the same manner. When I think of my subjects, one could never dream that they would be seized with a similar vertigo—that they would renounce their fidelity to their prince. What say you, M. Counsellor?"

The Counsellor, pre-occupied at the moment, had only heard the last words of the prince. He raised his eyes, and answered, as usual, "It is possible, my lord."

The Elector reddened, "How? Do I understand you?" cried he. "Do you believe that there will ever be a time when my subjects will rejoice for my loss?"

"It is possible," answered the counsellor, and this time with reflection; "one knows not the future. Nothing is more uncertain than the opinion of a people, for it is composed of men who have each an individual interest, which they prefer to that of a prince. A new order of things gives ground for new hopes. Although the people bear to your electoral highness that love which you merit, I should not affirm that in these new events they would not forget the beneficence of their prince, and that we may not live to see the electoral arms broken and replaced by the tree of liberty." The Elector retired, and Stryk fell into disgrace. Every one said, Counsellor Stryk is a fool!

Some years after, the victorious French passed the Rhine, and the Elector, with his whole court, took flight. The tree of liberty was planted, and the electoral arms were publicly broken by the people. Stryk, as an able and experienced man, was called to place under the new regime. The cause of his retirement was fresh in the memory of all. He was viewed as the victim of a now extinguished despotism; and by his activity he contributed not a little to maintain order and consolidate the new constitution. However, despite his natural ardor, he never allowed himself to be drawn into political enthusiasm. He attached himself to no party, and became in consequence suspected by all. The Jacobins treated him as a disguised Royalist, and the Royalists held him to be at bottom a Jacobin. He despised both names, and devoted himself to his office.

One day there arrived the commissary of a new department of the republic, who was received with the greatest honors. The commissary, who

had received a hint as to the opinions of Stryk, finding at a grand banquet one day that a toast was to be proposed to the liberty of the world, the rights of nations, and the victories of the republic, turned to him and said, "I am astonished that the kings dare still resist us, for it will only accelerate their own fall. Revolution will make the tour of the world. What do they hope for? Do they think to curb anew the great nation under the yoke of the Bourbons? The madmen! All Europe shall perish first. What think you, citizen? A reasonable man must admit that the throne will never be re-established in France."

"That is not probable," said Stryk; "but it is possible."

"How? Possible!" cried the commissary, in a voice of thunder. "He who doubts liberty, has never loved her. I am distressed beyond measure to see a public functionary profess such opinions. Can you justify yourself, citizen?"

"It is very possible," said Stryk, calmly. "Free Athens accustomed herself at first to Pericles, then to a King of Macedonia. Rome had at first the triumvirs, then a Cæsar, and lastly a Nero. England, who killed her king, supported Cromwell, and again the empire is under kings."

"What matters your Romans, your Athenians, and your English? You do not mean to compare them with the French, I hope. But I forgive your false views; you have not the honor to be born a Frenchman."

The pardon of the commissary was not complete, however, for Stryk lost his place. He was even subjected to some persecution for his suspicious discourse.

Some years after, Bonaparte became first consul, then consul for ten years, consul for life, and, in short, emperor and king. Stryk was immediately reinstated in his functions, for he had belonged notoriously to the moderate party. He played his part with more credit and consideration than ever. Again had his predictions been fulfilled, and he passed for a consummate politician. Napoleon changed the world, and gave away crowns. Stryk also became the servant of one of those crowns, and obtained many honors. There existed no republicans now; every one shrunk under the new master. No person wished to have it said that they ever entertained the idea of republicanism; every one pretended that he had resisted the current; and it was regarded as a disgraee not to have always helonged to the partisans of royalty.

"I have no shame in saying this," said Stryk; "the epidemic reigned; you will again feel its infection; that it will re-appear, and you will feel its still heavier blows. It is possible."

"What! Do you take us for men so weak, that we shall be forever changing?" they answered him.

"I always remember," said Stryk, "of the Sultan of Egypt, of whom Addison speaks. Nothing seemed to him more ridiculous in the Koran than the history of the prophet's aerial voyage. Mahomet, whilst in his bed one morning, had been transported by the angel Gabriel, and carried through paradise—the seven heavens and hell—he had seen and observed all marvels—he had held ninety thousand conversations with God; and all this in so short a space of time, that when the angel had deposited the prophet anew in his bed, he found it still warm, and the water contained in a ewer, which they accidentally overturned when starting, had not entirely ceased to flow. The sultan laughed outright at this history in presence of a dervish, who had a great reputation for working miracles. He promised that the sultan should be cured of his incredulity, if he only did as he was commanded. The sultan took the holy man at his word; and accordingly the commander of the faithful was led by him to a large tub filled with water to the very brim The whole court was present, and surrounded the tub with no ordinary curiosity. The dervish ordered the sultan to plunge his head into the tub of water, and withdraw it again immediately. Scarcely had the prince put his head under the water, when he found himself at the foot of a solitary mountain near the seaside. His surprise may be imagined. He stormed, and threatened to take the life of the dervish; but he must conform to his destiny. Happily, he found some men in a wood; they were woodcutters, and by their direction he was enabled to reach the neighboring town. He found himself far from Egypt, upon the borders of the Caspian Sea. No person knew him, and he dared not reveal who he was. After many adventures he fell in with a rich man, and married his daughter, by whom he had fourteen children. At last his wife died; and after several years of misfortune, he fell into great misery, so much so, that he was forced to beg his bread in the streets. Often he wept bitter tears in comparing his present miserable condition with the sumptuous life he had led in his palace, and he regarded his lot as a punishment for his incredulity. In short, he resolved on repentance, and to make a pilgrimage as a beggar to Mecca. He accomplished that pilgrimage; but before approaching the sacred mosque, he wished to purify himself by a general ablution. He took off his garments and plunged into the waves, but, oh, miracle! as he came out he found himself, not by the water's edge, but before the tub into which the dervish had commanded him to

put his head! He was still surrounded by his courtiers and the dervish; he could not refrain from venting his violent indignation against the man who had caused him so many griefs and misfortunes; but the astonishment of the sultan was redoubled when he learned from all around that he had not quitted the tub, and that all these events had been accomplished in the short space of time necessary to plunge in his head and draw it out again. Now," continued the old counsellor of state, "you are just in the same case as the Sultan of Egypt. Many strange events have come to pass in a wonderfully short space of time; for if any one had told you, before the revolution took place, what you have done in its course, you would never have believed him. And, now that you have brought your head out of the tub, you will never be able to forget what you have thought, done, and experienced, in the time of miracles. If the Bourbons ever re-enter France, they will regard history, since 1789, as if it had not happened; and finding themselves again, as the sultan did, by the side of the tub, will esteem their years of suffering as a fleeting dream."

They laughed. "Come, come," said some, "the counsellor is not far wrong. But if he imagines that the poor Bourbons will ever be restored, that will also belong to the history of miracles."

"Hem! It is possible," said Stryk; and, in truth, he did not wait long to see the event accomplished, and the ancient order of politics resume its seat. That change did not carry danger to a man professing such opinions as the counsellor, who, in addition, had again fallen into disgrace towards the close of the imperial regime. It was said that Napoleon had heard of his political sagacity, and, a short time previous to the Russian campaign, had sent one of his generals to ascertain what Stryk augured from that expedition. The old counsellor was greatly astonished at the question, and refused to answer it. The general said, "Your reserve is singular. I think we shall celebrate the New Year at St. Petersburgh; but it seems as if you feared unfortunate results to us from that war." The counsellor shrugged his shoulders according to habitude, and answered, "It is possible." That answer was not forgotten, and his name disappeared for another time from the list of counsellors of state. When the allied powers entered France, and the creations of Napoleon were scattered to the four winds of heaven, every one said, Stryk is a prophet!

His disgrace under the government of the intruders, as that of the fallen emperor was designated, raised him to favor again, under that of the new and legitimate sovereign. But his axiom was not long in bringing down a fresh tempest on his head. The prince made him understand, one day in council, that his devotion to all governments caused his words sometimes to be suspected.

"I have always been a faithful counsellor," said the old man, "for I have always served my country, whoever was master. The state has always need of the help of her citizens, and he is only fulfilling his duty when he serves her under every circumstance."

"The state," said the prince, "is the sovereign. How dare you separate his person from the state?" and, with a frown, he made a sign for the old statesman to leave the chamber.

This was his last disgrace; and when they asked him if he would still survive more political changes, he answered, "It is possible! They have attacked truth, light, and liberty, not only in France, but throughout all Europe. They desire the re-establishment of the Inquisition, the wars of religion, the tricks of diplomacy, the titles of nobility, ribbons, and holy alliances, censorship, and similar means, all to bring about, as they say, eternal peace! It was thus in the times when Franklin and Washington appeared—the times of the Bastile, of Fouchè, and Rovigo; the same causes will produce the same results. IT IS POSSIBLE."

SPRING.

Softly and gently, on the winter's skirts,
  She plants her foot; then bids the sun and shower
  Re-green the earth, and vivify the bower,
Till with the leaf once more the gay wind flirts.
Touch'd with the fervor of her noonday hour,
  The forest shakes aside its wint'ry mail;
Then soars the lark, and, with a voice of power,
  Pours down its melody on field and vale.
Join him, ye quirers all, of wood and grove,
  With notes harmonious, and with hymns of joy,
Till each has nestled with its kindred love.
  To spend the season in delight's employ.
Man cannot mar, though ever envious he,
Your native freedom and your mirthful glee!

WONDERS IN THE DEEP.

BY REV. FREDERICK G. CLARK.

There is an eloquence in the sea which reaches the sympathies of all men. Who can say that he has no interest in this great theatre of divine power? From early childhood, we learn to associate grandeur, sublimity, and terror with the works of the Lord in the deep. The sea is a part of God's dominion, in which man is compelled to feel his own littleness. Standing on the deck of his frail ship, he sees only the abyss of the heavens above, and the abyss of waters beneath. He sees himself surrounded and upborne by an element which is powerful to destroy. Like a child playing with the mane of a sleeping lion, he knows that he is in the power of waves, which, though they now lie passive, and gently heave obedient to the expiring breeze, to-morrow they may rise, and rage, and roar, dash their spray against the clouds, and engulph their victim.

In this vast temple of waters, the voice of the Lord reaches the ear of the most hardened. Here the fearless tremble. Here the strong and manly are made to "reel to and fro," and to be "at their wits' end." The more we know of the sea, the more do we realize that, though barren, and salt, and desolate, it is yet a field on which Jehovah will gather a harvest of glory to his great name. Its wonders are unsearchable. Down deep in its hidden caverns, there are mysteries which no creature eye can fully explore. What a revelation would be made if suddenly the bottom of the sea were laid bare, and we allowed to traverse its secret chambers, and to gather the spoils which its fury has heaped together, through successive ages!

"What hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells?
Thou hollow sounding and mysterious main!
Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow colored shells,
Bright things which gleam unrecked of, and in vain!

* * * * * *

Yet more, the depths have more!—what wealth untold,
Far down, and shining through their stillness lies!
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal Argosies!

* * * * *

Thy waves have rolled
Above the cities of a world gone by!
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,
Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry.

* * * * * *

Yet more! the billows and the depths have more!
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast!
They hear not now the booming waters roar,
The battle-thunders will not break their rest."

How few can say that they have no link to bind them to the sea by some sympathy, interest, or affection? Our friends and kindred sleep in its coral tombs. Our property lies buried in its capacious coffers. Dear ones have passed over its yielding bosom, and its prosperous gales cheer us with tidings of the loved and the absent. The sea is the field on which our fortunes are to be gathered. It is the highway of nations. Instead of standing, as once, a barren between distant and hostile lands, it is now the reconciling medium of communication, bringing nations nigh, and spreading knowledge and religion over the earth.

God has already achieved some of His greatest wonders in the deep, and here, we believe, he will yet do mightier and more glorious things. As he opened the Red Sea, and formed between its liquid walls a highway for his people, and made the Jordan tarry in its course, and roll its massive waters into a mountain, because Israel would go over, so can God hereafter astonish the world with displays of his power in the sea, and make his glory to be respected as well from the heaving ocean as from the island and continent.

Our interest in the sea, and in lands beyond the sea, is increasing yearly. We wait for tidings from the old world, and catch them as eagerly as if the arms of our own government were stretched over the ocean. We identify ourselves with nations, once distant, and hostile, and savage, but now neighboring and fraternal. To what degree this intercourse and intimacy may be carried, none can tell; but who cannot believe that God is by this means preparing materials for his own glory, and sowing upon the waves of every sea the seeds of honor, and thanksgiving, and praise to his name?

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Our land of the many streams has heard the awakening of many tongues—tongues attuned to songs of freedom, and beauty, and love, and of the hope which hovers with its white wings over the new land of promise. Less philosophical and reflective than Bryant, and less intense and energetic than Whittier, yet as tender, graceful, and ideal as either, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow is one of the greatest of that constellation of poets which New England has given to liberty and to the sacred art. Fouchè, the celebrated chief of French police, was fond of saying that all great men had begun life as teachers. He and his early friend Robespierre had been pedagogual associates, and the idea was personal flattery. Numerous instances, however, could be adduced in support of the Duke of Otranto's theory, from Homer, the blind old schoolmaster of Scio, to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, professor of modern languages and literature at Harvard College, Cambridge.

Longfellow was born in the city of Portland, State of Maine, on the 27th day of February, 1807. When fourteen years of age he entered Bowdoin College, and graduated in 1825. He began, like Bryant, after leaving the university, to study the law, but being appointed professor of modern languages in the college in which he had been educated, he cast aside his legal *vade mecum* and red tape, and proceeded to Europe in 1826, in order to qualify himself for his more congenial pursuits. For three years and a half he resided in France, Spain, Italy, Holland, Germany, and England, and then, returning to his native land, began his duties as a teacher.

In 1835, four years after his marriage, Longfellow was elected professor of modern languages and literature in Harvard College, and then proceeded to Europe a second time, in order to study more thoroughly the literature and tongues of the northern nations. The summer of 1835 was passed by the poet in Denmark and Germany; and here, at the town of Heidelberg, he lost his wife. From Germany he passed into and sojourned in the Tyrol and Switzerland, and returned to America in the autumn of 1836. He took up his residence at Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he has lived ever since, studying the mystic symbols of dry, musty lore, and soaring betimes into the regions of the beautiful and ideal. The first effusions of Longfellow's muse were published at Boston, whilst he was an undergraduate, in the "United States Literary Gazette;" and since that period the poet has been rising higher and higher in the flights of his fancy, and extending the compass of his powers as well as his fame. Whilst residing in Brunswick, he contributed several of the best papers to the "North American Review," made a translation of "Coplas de Manrique," and published a collection of agreeable tales and sketches under the name of "Outre Mer," or a pilgrimage beyond the sea. In 1839 appeared his "Hyperion." The first edition of his collected poems appeared this year also, under the title of "Voices of the Night." In 1841 followed his ballads and other poems. In 1843, he produced his "Spanish Student"—a play. In 1844, his "Poems on Slavery;" and in 1845, a collected edition of his works was issued in a large octavo volume, beautifully illustrated. In 1849, an edition of his poems was published at Liverpool, prefaced by an elaborate essay on the genius and writings of the poet, by George Gilfillan.

The first collected poems of Longfellow, his "Voices of the Night," are lyrics; songs of that great mystery-life that presents itself to the soul in sunbeams and shadows, and stirs it with questionings of the infinite and eternal—of the whence and the whither—of the past which is dead, save to the living mind, and of the future, which cometh beneath a shroud. There is a sad and solemn tone in those voices, which well befits the majestic presence of that dark queen, who, with "sable garments fringed with light," sweeps through her argent halls. Moon and stars, silent, yet many-tongued, climbing the crystal walls of heaven, and fretting with gold its dome; moon and stars, those mysterious presences that look sadly down upon us, as they looked upon our primeval fathers, and that mock us as we seek to know the secrets of their inner life; they, with the cold winds, and the forests that were moaning while humanity slept, were well calculated to awaken in a mind like Longfellow's, as he stood amidst them, those tremulous emotions and deep questionings of his being that became the utterances of his heart, and that vibrated on his early lyre. The language of that heart and lyre, interpreting the emotions and convictions suggested by and deduced from his communions with himself in the

"holy night," is not the language of weeping and despair. If there is aught vague in the philosophy of life to the poet, there is no mistake in his soul with regard to its purpose. In the solemn shadows of night, he learns to "bear what man has borne before;" and in his spirit there riseth this belief,—

> "Life is real! Life is earnest!
> And the grave is not its goal!
> Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
> Was not spoken of the soul.
>
> ....
>
> In the world's broad field of battle,
> In the bivouac of life,
> Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
> Be a hero in the strife!"

All the first poets of America, with the exception of Willis, seem to have caught the spirit of this adjuration of Longfellow. Bryant, Whittier, and Dana, have sung of freedom, and have given their energies to progress. Willis, after the caresses which he met with on his first European tour, betook himself to a model Arcadia, and lay down in satisfied common-place, while humanity was crying amongst the rugged ways of life's weary wilderness.

The "Spanish Student" is the only dramatic composition of Longfellow's that has been published; and although sparkling with wit, full of fine sentiment, discoursed in measured, majestic, and chaste language, and sometimes profoundly philosophical, it is proof enough that Longfellow's genius is not dramatic. The history and poetical character of Spain are intensely dramatic. There is the pride of the hidalgo, whose fathers hewed out glories to his name from the crests of the Moors, and who glorified their estate with the gold of Montezuma; and then there is his present personal poverty and national decay to intensify that pride. Love and jealousy, and the secretiveness induced by ecclesiastical despotism, conduce to develop in the Spanish heart a subtle and burning element of passion that is too deep and too mystical for the pencil of Longfellow to reach.

Nursed amongst men whom he saw when he looked at their faces, because they had no motive to conceal themselves below a conventional mask; and dwelling amongst nature, that grand and perfect mother of beauty, his soul had been taught to soar upward, not to follow the artifices of a highly passionate and conventional life through the tortuous channels of its hidden course. He is more the poet of the sentiments—of love in its trustfulness, in its adoration of beauty, and in its hope and promise, than in its despair and fear. He can paint the spring, and summer, and autumn; the early flushing, the fulness, and the twilight solemnity of life; but he has no sympathy for its storms of discontent and gloom. And yet, with all his love of the outward and visible world; with all his passionate adoration of the grand old forests, and broad rivers, and beautiful lakes, and flowery meads, and mountains green, that tower up to the sky; with all the rapture that he feels when early summer spreads out her verdure and her floral glories before him, and when autumn tinges the cheek of nature with her rainbow hues —strong, and real, and material as is the basis of Longfellow's poetical being—still there is a vein of mysticism flowing through his idealism, not borrowed, we opine, from the German world of fancy, but derived from the fanciful thought of the pilgrim fathers. All men have felt that there may be some truth in the theory of supernatural visitation; the ignorant have almost universally and intuitively accepted that theory as a belief; the philosophical have declared that we have not sufficient evidence either to establish or disprove it. The early settlers of New England had very strong and somewhat stern opinions on this subject, and Longfellow seems to have received those ideas in a beautifully modified form. He says—

> "Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
> And, like phantoms grim and tall,
> Shadows from the fitful fire-light
> Dance upon the parlor wall;
>
> Then the forms of the departed
> Enter at the open door;
> The beloved, the true-hearted,
> Come to visit me once more.
>
> With a slow and noiseless footstep,
> Comes that messenger divine,
> Takes the vacant chair beside me,
> Lays her gentle hand in mine.
>
> And she sits and gazes at me
> With those deep and tender eyes,
> Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
> Looking downward from the skies."

These no doubt are memories, but then they are memories that receive embodiment and personality as they pass through the imagination of the poet; and the ghosts of the Runic bards were neither more nor less such memories. It must be recollected that Longfellow is a professor of languages as well as a poet, and from the nature of his pursuits he has been led to cultivate an acquaintance with all the outward forms of poetry, from the love lays of the sunny south to the wild war-songs of the Norsemen. Perhaps these studies have rather softened his measures than strengthened the essence of his poetry; they have improved the manner of the artist, but have not added to the originality of the poet. The "Skelcton in Armor," the longest and best of the few

ballads written by Longfellow, is not only a fine specimen of ballad versification and of bold and correct rhyme, but it is one of those mysteries that, like the tumuli of the west, and the sculptured ruins of the south of America, cause the question to be asked in vain—Whence came they?

At Newport, Rhode Island, there stands a round tower, which saluted the first colonists on their settlement in New England. Though claimed by the Danes as a work of their early ancestors, still nobody knew anything of its origin, nor could they guess from its style of architecture. However, European antiquaries have subsequently declared that it must have been built by some emigrant from Europe, decidedly not later than in the twelfth century. A comparatively short period since, a skeleton, encased in a suit of corroded armor, was dug up at Fall River; and the poet connecting this with the ancient tower, produced from the union the following ballad:—

Speak! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armour drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched as if asking alms,
Why dost thoo haunt me?'

Then, from those cavernous eyes,
Pale flashes seem to rise,
As when the northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of wo
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse!
For this I sought thee.

Far in the northern land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the ger-falcon:
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

Many a wassel-bout
Wore the long winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o'erflowing.

Once, as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning, yet tender,
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted:
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frighted.

Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildbrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand,
To hear my story.

While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

She was a prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me—
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!—
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

And as to catch the gale,
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail,
Death without quarter!
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Bearing to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward,

There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother!
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear.
Fell I upon my spear,
O, death was grateful!

Thus seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended;
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the northland! *Skoal!*"
—Thus the tale ended.

"Excelsior," one of Longfellow's finest poems, was the unrevealed spirit of progress—the struggling aspiration of the heart of humanity—long before Longfellow gave it a tongue or inscribed it on the "banner white." Bruce saw it, living and speaking in a tiny spider, and investing that insignificant creature with the power and immortality of a thought. The man was laying on the straw, with despondency in his heart; the thought of destiny swung upon a feeble filament from a beam upon his head. "Never give up! Upward!" whispered the eternal; and the spider, hearing and obeying the oracle, gave to a king and a nation their grandest thought. This thought, which Longfellow has embodied in his beautiful poem, has been, through all life, the hymn of strong men. There are things that wear the human form, who are born, and who see the forms of life, and who are satisfied with all they hear and see of them; to such as they "Excelsior" has ever been a sedition—the querulous utterance of a purposeless discontent; but it was and will be the cry of ages, as the hosts of humanity, ever looking forward and upward, stride on towards the future. The youth with his banner is man, and his march is the march of one who feels that above him there is ever the unattained but not the unattainable. He has life and faith, and "Excelsior" is speaking in his soul and gleaming before his eyes, and his path is upward!—ay, even beyond the Alpine heights of living attainment, and the possibility of personal effort, the premonitions of the spirit whisper that also in eternity will be heard the voices of the angels breathing the word "Excelsior," as they hang upon their golden wings, and look towards the throne that the visioned prophet beheld in the Apocalypse,

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner, with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a faulchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the pass!" the old man said,
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"O stay!" the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good night!
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner, with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

Of all Longfellow's poems, however, we esteem most highly "Evangeline." It is completely an American poem—simple, pastoral, and sadly beautiful. In its lights it is a picture of pure republican life—of rural peace—of the happiness that springs from simple faith—the absence of ambition and the possession of abundance; in its shadows it is the immortal infamy of the irresponsible tyrant, who, by the expression of his will, destroys the beautiful and the peaceful, and subjects the true to drag a lengthening chain of misery and agony through the long course of life. Novia Scotia, called by the original French settlers "Acadie," was ceded formally to England in the year 1713; and the inhabitants, who seem to have been considered mere chattels by the diplomatists, could be induced to swear the oath of allegiance to Britain, only on condition that they would never be called upon to take up arms against the French or Indians. This condition they insisted on, because of their natural reluctance to fight with their kinsmen of France, and because of their long friendship with the red man. These scruples produced a long delay in the proposition of the oaths, and Britain had gone to war with France in order to extend her possessions in the colonies, without these oaths having been taken.

British jealousy and tyranny suspecting the Acadians of supplying the French and Indians with provisions and intelligence, although they denied doing either, it was determined to sacrafice the whole settlement. The men of Grand Pré, to the number of 418, were called into their church by Governor Winslow, and the church was surrounded by soldiers. They were then told that the king had commanded their land, cattle, and tenements, to be confiscated, and themselves and families to be shipped to some other country. This act of atrocity and wanton tyranny was carried into operation. The people were driven from their homes, reduced to poverty, sent into strange lands, and separated forever by this edict of execrable memory. The story of "Evangeline," for it is a sad tale of love, consists in the life-long pursuit of that beautiful orphan girl after the lover of her heart, who, having been torn from her on the shore of Acadie, is sought for with the hope and constancy of an angel. Often near him in her search, but never meeting him, her eyes grow sad with hope deferred, and dim with age, and her hair becomes silvered o'er until at last, in a lazar house of pestilence—she a sister of charity, he a weary dying old man—she meets her Gabriel, catching the last gleam of his eyes as a torch to light her path to death, and receiving on her faithful bosom the last whisper of his heart. The measure in which "Evangeline" is written in somewhat uncouth, but it allows the poet more freedom of touch than if it had been more precise and rhythmical. The village of Grand Pré, where Evangeline dwelt, was one of those lovely little villages—

"Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer windows; and gables projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded the door-way.
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps, and in kirtles
Scarlet blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.
... ...
Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed."

This was the life and society of Grand Pré. Simple people who labored, and who simply hoped to live, like their fathers, in peace to labor. An edict destroys this beautiful reality however. The heart of Evangeline's father breaks, and he dies; and she, with a good and

meek old priest, is left alone in the world. She searches for her lover by the broad Ohio, and by the waters of the Wabash, and far away over the prairies to the foot of the Ozark mountains, but she searches in vain. The following few lines will give the reader a view of Longfellow's painting of American scenery, and they will present to the heart and vision, one of the saddest episodes of this beautiful poet. Who does not wish that the sympathies which revealed to Evangeline the proximity of her Gabriel, had been even stronger and more real? Who, with the poet, does not cry out, "Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden? So near, and yet so distant. So hungry for a meeting, and yet so anxious to bear away from the spot that made them so near to each other. Alas! how often we pant to rush away from the spot where our treasure is!"—

"Thus ere another noon they emerged from those shades; and before them
Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.
Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations
Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus
Lifted their golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.
Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,
And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands,
Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,
Near to whose shore they glided along, invited to slumber.
Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended
Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,
Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about on the greensward,
Tired with their midnight toil, the wearied travellers slumbered.
Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.
Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grape-vine
Hung their ladder of ropes aloft, like the ladder of Jacob,
On whose pendulus stairs the angels ascending, descending,
Were the swift humming birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom.
Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it.
Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven
Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.
Nearer, and ever nearer, among the numberless islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers.
Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and beaver.
At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn;
Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness
Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.
Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,
Sought in the western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow."

And now comes the last lone scene—the end of Evangeline's travels and vigils—the meeting that was for life delayed.

"Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from its shadow,
Side by side in their nameless graves the lovers are sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic church-yard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed,
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and for ever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labors,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey!"

We admire the beautiful pictures of primeval scenery and of natural grandeur that constitute the frame-work of this splendid poem; but it is its life, and love, and truth, that captivate our sympathy, and excite our sadness and our sorrow.

"Evangeline" is Longfellow's longest poem; and if the life of one so gentle, so meek, so unrepining, so good, so patient, can constitute what is conventionally called the elements of epic poetry, it is his epic. It is an epic, however, whose heroism is not that of an Ajax or Achilles, but of a simple village maiden. It is the heroism of virtue and endurance, of religion and love, not the heroism

of brutality. It is delightful to be able, while illustrating the genius and commending the spirit of a poet's writing, to be able to say that he himself is good and true. Such can be emphatically said of Longfellow. He has sung, but not by the murmuring streams and under the willows. He has sung of man to men, and he has done so hopefully and bravely. Of him with truth and emphasis can be said—

> "This be the poet's praise;
> That he hath ever been of liberty
> The steadiest friend; of justice and of truth,
> Firmest of all supporters; of high thought,
> And all the beauty of the inner world,
> Creator."

AN ANGEL'S VISIT.

A BABE was reposing in its cradle, and by its side sat a young and beautiful mother, ever and anon bending her slight, fragile form, in order to imprint a fond, maternal kiss on the fair brow of her loved one. "Live, my child," she energetically exclaimed, addressing the sleeping and unconscious infant. "Thou hast been given to me, but for a time, by the hand of an almighty Benefactor. I will rear thee, and diligently fit thee for the brighter realms of thy native soil. Live, beloved by Him who made thee, cherished by his unworthy handmaid who bore thee, and admired by those amidst whom He shall be pleased to place thee. Live, my own darling. As the amaranth shalt thou twine thyself around my heart. I will be to thee as the forest oak, and thou shalt be to me the tender, ever-clinging ivy spray."

"Stay!" breathed a soft voice, in the accent mild that betokened the presence of one sent from another and a better world—"stay, fond mother! He who so recently gave thee yon beautiful blossom wills at once to transport it to a more friendly clime. The cold, keen, chilling blasts of winter, the hot, scorching rays of summer, the mists and gloomy darkness of this untoward atmosphere, shall never impede its growth, or mar its pristine beauty. In the glorious realms beyond the skies, it shall expand and bloom amidst the choicest and most beautiful plants that adorn the fair garden of Paradise. There shalt thou hereafter recognize thy treasure. Wilt thou, then, voluntarily yield it, and trust it unhesitatingly in the everlasting arms of Love?"

"How can I?" murmured the parent, as a bright, sparkling tear bedimmed her eye, and a crystal drop rolled down her cheek. "What! shall I part from my dearest? Must I thus early relinquish the first gift bestowed upon me by my distant Father? Leave it, good spirit, yet a little while. I will foster it, I will nourish it, and beneath my shelter, even here it shall be safe."

"Nay, that must not be. Yet grieve not," replied the compassionate angel. "Know that none but the favored of Heaven are received thus early into the better land. He who gave thee the tender bud he now recalls can and will grant thee some other. Repine not, because he takes the fairest, chooses the choicest, and culls the most delicate. There," added he, pointing in the direction of realms above the eastern sky—"there, are plants of every variety, of every shade, and every growth; but upon none does he glance more radiant smiles, none does he tend with more careful love, than the buds which, like that lying near thee, are snatched away in the prime of beauty."

A deep sigh escaped from the innermost soul of the agonized mother, and a copious stream gushed from her eyelids, as, for the last time she bent over the delicate form, and kissed the dimpled cheek, of her little innocent.

"Thou shalt lose sight of it for the present only," said the agent; "for soon will I return and convey thee also to the same blissful shore, where, beneath a cloudless sky, enjoying perpetual sunshine, invigorated by balmy breezes, side by side, ye shall bloom throughout the countless ages of eternity."

The mother smiled through her tears, and laid her babe in the arms of the angel. With his silvery wings he shaded it, bore it far away, and with joy was it received into the Garden of Eden.

GENERAL AVEZZANA AND THE ITALIAN REPUBLIC.

BY T. D.

It is a remarkable fact, and one not easily accounted for, that with all the attractions which Italy presents in her situation, climate, productions, and history—her conspicuous rank among other countries, at different periods—her distinction in the arts and sciences, and her sad pre-eminence as the seat of the papal power—few, very few, of our countrymen have any just apprehention of the condition and character of her inhabitants at the present day, or of their designs and prospects for the future. Even intelligent Americans, who have travelled in that land of history, painting, poetry, and song, how much soever they may have learned of the remains of antiquity, are generally unacquainted with the extensive diffusion of intelligence and patriotic spirit among the people, the character, designs, sacrifices, and indomitable resolution of themselves and their leaders. The simple truth is this: that the old barriers against knowledge have been burst through in our day; the Italians have at length become acquainted with the state of the world, and their own interests and power, the deceptions, injustice, and cruelty of their rulers, and resolved to share in the blessings which civil and religious liberty have secured to the most favored nations. Among the chief means by which they have been taught these important truths, and brought to this heroic resolution, (as we ought to know, and with pleasure and gratitude,) are to be numbered the example of America, and the Bibles which have been put into the hands of Italians, and have taught them to discriminate between true and false Christianity.

General Joseph Avezzana is a native of Piedmont, where he was educated and spent the first twenty or twenty-five years of his life. During the revolution of 1820 and 1821, he first became implicated in movements against the oppressive government. A large Austrian army had been sent to suppress the constitutional government established in Naples and Sicily, and a rising in their rear was planned between Lombardy and Piedmont. The students of the University of Alexandria, in the latter country, first appeared in the field and marched for the capital, with Avezzana at their head. The plan, however, was defeated; numbers of the heroic youth were put to the sword by the Austrians, and their leader, with such as escaped from Italy, joined the patriots of Spain, then struggling for their constitution.

After a career of dangerous service in that country, Avezzana sailed for America, where he displayed that spirit of resolution and independence which has ever distinguished him, resolutely bearing on against all the obstacles which misfortune and exile had thrown in his way, and rising superior to circumstances under which many might have sunk in discouragement.

Being in Mexico when the Spanish expedition under General Barradas landed at Cabo Rojo, Avezzana hastened to the defence, and so greatly distinguished himself by skill and bravery in resisting the aggressors, that he soon after received from Gen. Santa Anna a commission, which was followed by an appointment to the government of two provinces. Subsequently discovering that his patron, with all his professions of liberality, was in heart with the priesthood, he seized an early opportunity to resign his office, and took up his residence in New York. Here he married, and spent about twelve years in active business as a merchant, forming an extensive acquaintance, and enjoying the high esteem and friendship of all who knew him. Associated with Foresti and other leading Italians, he has for years devoted a considerable portion of his time to the direction of measures designed for the benefit of his countrymen in America, in all parts of which, but chiefly in the principal cities, numerous exiles have been residents. To receive them on their arrival among strangers, to provide for their immediate wants and find them useful occupations, has been a laborious and self-denying task; but it has been faithfully performed, year after year, without inviting public attention, or claiming any reward. Nor these alone: but plans have been devised to provide schools for the young, counsel for the ignorant, care for the sick, support for the distressed, the means of corresponding with distant friends, or of returning to their homes; such

other measures as have been deemed necessary to prepare for doing good to Italy in future, have ever been kept in view: for Avezzana, like his fellow patriots, has always cherished that as the grand object of his life, and never despaired of her success. His own bitter sufferings for her sake have given him an intimate acquaintance with the distresses of his countrymen, and a fixed and unalterable resolution to devote himself at every opportunity to the overthrow of that system of tyranny which is the source of all the sorrows of Italy. His intelligence has been such as to guard him against the mistakes which have misled many others, and brought the late [illegible] termination. With numbers of those friends best acquainted with Americans and their institutions, he a long time since became convinced that the only hope of Italian deliverance was in the evangelization of the people; and a society, which was formed in 1842, earnestly invited the aid of American Christians, in a general, ingenious, and most efficient plan for the diffusion of evangelical light and education among his countrymen at home and abroad. It is due to Mazzini and his associates to say, that they have been for years laboring with these ends chiefly in view; and that in many of the cases in which an appeal has been made to arms, it has been in spite of their remonstrances, and their endeavors to persuade the Italians to endure their sufferings, until the popular mind should be enlightened in the principles of the Gospel, and free government. Had Americans been convinced in time of the sincerity of these great men, and of the practicability of their plans, they would doubtless have aided them in their pure and noble enterprise; but, for some unaccountable reason, increased in its influence by the misrepresentations of the agents of popery among us, years rolled away, and almost all that was done was done by Italians themselves. "Mazzini's Tracts" are now proverbial for their immediate and irresistible influence in Italy: and those who doubted the possibility of circulating any patriotic or evangelical publication of any kind under the strict surveillance of the guards, spies, Jesuits, and inquisitors, now see the unequalled appeals and invectives of Mazzini's pen introduced into the very Vatican, and read by the Pope himself, with knees smiting together for fear, like a modern Belshazzar.

When most of the Italians, and many other people, were deceived by the liberal professions of Pius IX., there were some who placed no confidence in them, even for a moment. Avezzana was one of those who always answered the credulous by the emphatic remark: "Remember that he is a Pope!" As little confidence had he in the aristocracy and monarchs, who, in the course of the great European commotions of 1848, declared themselves in favor of the people, and were allowed to occupy posts of power. Charles Albert, who proved the traitor of Italy, never deceived Avezzana for a moment. He had seen him, in 1821, play the hypocrite, and basely desert the cause, to betray it into the hands its enemies; and a new mask was not sufficient to obliterate the memory of twenty-seven years. Others eyes were soon after enlightened by the removal of that second mask: but it [illegible] Austrians, and yielded up all, in the treaty of Novara.

Avezzana was in Genoa at the moment; and headed the popular party, who repudiated that shameful and ruinous measure, and raised the standard of the Italian Republic. With the greatest skill and gallantry he drove the royal garrison from the castle of Genoa, and defended the city against a powerful army by which it was immediately attacked, disputing every inch of ground in the streets, until overwhelmed by far superior forces. The officers of an American vessel of war, then anchored just out of range of the batteries, expressed their admiration at the superior style in which the defence was conducted. With equal judgment, humanity, and dexterity, the General then made timely provision for the safe departure of the patriots most implicated in the affair, and then proceeded to the quay on foot, attended by the mourning but grateful multitude, to embark for Civita Vecchia, on his way to Rome.

He reached that city at evening, and retired to rest. The next morning he took his seat in a corner of the Caffè Nuovo (then the place of meeting of the central Republican societies), and while taking his breakfast, heard his name pronounced by some one who had recognized him in his modest place and dress. Instantly a general cry of enthusiasm, from the hall and the street, called upon him for an address: and, being raised upon a table, he harangued the crowded and enthusiastic assembly, on the events of Genoa, and the dangers and duties of the Roman Republic, then the only remnant of Italian freedom, except Venice, which was heroically resisting a seige.

The National Assembly were warmly urged by the people to raise Avezzana to a post corresponding to his skill and patriotism; and he soon received an invitation from the government to appear before them, when he was presented with

the appointment of Minister of War, and the commission of Commander-in-Chief.

From that moment a vast amount of labor and responsibility was thrown upon him, which, it may be emphatically said, he bore with the highest credit, and with benefit to the cause of Italy and mankind. It was necessary to form an army without a moment's delay, for he never doubted that a great struggle was before him, with the combined forces of the enemies of the Republic, with France at their head. Other leaders were deceived by false pretences, but not Avezzana; and, in the face of many obstacles, he succeeded in concentrating, organizing, and inspiriting the [illegible] guished themselves, notwithstanding their inferior force, preparations, means, and discipline, against armies of four or five times their number.

Avezzana was actively engaged, day and night, incessantly and laboriously, in the innumerable duties of his two offices, until the last moment of liberty, scarcely allowing time for indispensable repose. Almost entire days he was on horseback, going from point to point, haranguing troops of different classes, and kindling in them the spirit in which many of them were declared by the enemy to be deficient; laying out and directing fortifications, receiving applications, propositions, &c., from thousands of citizens; conferring with the Triumvirate and others; planning military arrangements for defence and attack; affording counsel and aid wherever they were demanded; and preserving that character for firmness, moderation, and high civilization, which the Romans had unexpectedly gained.

One of Avezzana's first and most important measures was his calling Garibaldi from the country to the capital, where that most admired of living military heroes won imperishable honor. His soldiers, who had been drawn to his standard by a generous love of country, and many of them from the most intelligent classes, were chiefly armed only with pikes; and it cost great exertions to furnish them with muskets, the false-hearted French government having stopped the supplies purchased in their territory, as well as prohibited the departure of troops enlisted for Rome. The scarcity of cannon made it necessary to send to Fiumicino for several old pieces which had lain neglected on the coast from the days of Mahomedan invasion; and these were placed upon the ancient walls, which had been erected for the defence of Rome by the emperors, hundreds of years before the invention of gunpowder. Stages were formed for platforms, and from these as well as the bastions, the fire was kept up against the repeated attacks of the French, until some of those at Porta San Panerazio fell under the battering-shots of the enemy.

It was owing to Avezzana's arrangements, with the valor of the defenders, that the veteran troops of France were first driven back in disgrace, and afterwards so long kept out of Rome, in spite of their false faith and deceptions; and that the Neapolitans suffered their defeat at Palestrina. Avezzana had projected a plan of defence, which was not carried into effect, in consequence [illegible] cious step of depriving him of the chief command of the army.

In the noblest measures of the Republic, Avezzana bore his part; and those who know him can easily believe, that whatever he deemed honorable to the cause and the country met his hearty approbation. He knew that the world were looking on, to see how high principles were sustained by his countrymen; and he understood how the world would judge. His exertions were made to bring out the true Italian spirit, which he knew how to reach, to excite and direct; and, happily for the world, the exertions of himself and others were successful.

Avezzana maintained his active, intelligent, firm, and dignified attitude until the last; and, in the decision of the government, to cease resistance, in order to save the inhabitants and monuments of Rome from general destruction, by the pretended French Republic, whose base subservicney to the Pope and monarchs has indelibly disgraced them, he resigned his office, with an appeal to the Italians to remain forever true to their principles and the Republic. Avoiding the vigilance of his foes, he returned to New York, where he was received by public honors, having a sword presented to him in acknowledgment of his noble career; and there he remains, once more engaged in the business of a merchant, the duties of a good father, citizen, and patriot, as unassuming as if he had never appeared in public life, and as full of courage and hope for Italy as if he had never experienced a reverse. We cannot conclude this imperfect sketch without the strong conviction, that we shall hereafter be called upon to rejoice at a glorious sequel in the biography of Avezzana, and in the history of his country.

OUR PROVIDENTIAL ALLOTMENT.

BY IMOGEN MERCEIN.

"Thou camest not to thy place by accident,
It is the very place God meant for thee;
And shouldst thou there small scope for action see,
Do not for this give room for discontent;
Not let the time thou owest to God be spent
In idly dreaming how thou mightest be,
In what [illegible] thy spiritual life more free
From outward hindrance or impediment;
For presently this hindrance thou shalt find
That without which all virtue were a task
So slight that virtue never could grow strong;
And wouldst thou do one duty to His mind—
The Imposer's—overburdened thou shalt ask,
And own thy need of grace to help, ere long."

—*R. C. Trench.*

A BEAUTIFUL September day was drawing to a close. Mrs. C—— aud her niece sat together, in the twilight hour, apparently watching the last rays of the setting sun, from a piazza, which overlooked a scene of imposing beauty. The small, calm lake, the distant lofty hill, the variegated foliage of a miniature American forest, the garden so tastefully arranged, had but a few moments before been glowing beneath the rays of an autumnal sun; but now brightness had vanished, and all nature seemed to seek repose. During the day, domestic avocations, duties of charity, and many visitors, occupied her aunt; but this twilight hour, so calm and sweet, Grace had especially claimed during her visit. It was, in general, Mrs. C——'s meditative hour; but having learned to note and improve the providential interruptions so frequently occurring, she yielded without a sigh her personal enjoyment to the high hope of benefitting her beloved niece. This is a lesson not easily learned by contemplative minds. The indulgence is a luxury so lofty in its nature, and so elevating in its practice, (when enjoyed in accordance with the inward drawings of the spirit, and the outward indications of Providential guidance,) that it is hard to believe it is best to yield to interruptions unimportant, and oftimes trivial, the benefit of which we cannot perceive, except as a means of discipline to our own moral character. Truly happy are they who have grasped the high attainment, and can see God in every event —can "stand and wait," or rise and act: "Lie passive in His hands, and know no will but His."

Many opportunities for affectionate counsel had been improved, and the axe had been laid to the root of many of Grace's youthful errors; and, though shrinking from the pain of the incisions yet urged by the Christian principle which truly dwelt within her, she now sought the farther instructions she desired.

"How glad I am, dear aunt, to have one more opportunity for quiet conversation," said Grace, as her aunt passed her arm around her waist, and affectionately drew her towards her. "While my mind admits the truth of our previous discussions, I still do not seem to see clearly enough to profit by them. I want some more definite instructions respecting my employments, that I may be enabled fully to improve all that you have taught me."

"Which I will most willingly bestow, dear Grace, with the earnest prayer, that if I say something you cannot now bear, the time may yet soon come wheu you will be strengthened to practise and profit by them. I think we settled the question as to vain thoughts. The one I shall now discuss is, 'what may I read?'—I, a young Christian, with a mind to improve, and a heart to cultivate in every moral grace. But, as I look upon you, Grace, and contemplate your position and your duties, the question seems rather, 'what *can* I read, consistently with the performance of those duties?'—remembering that reading is not by any means the primary employment of life; no, not even at your age."

"That sentiment surprises me, coming from

you, aunt." Mrs. C—— smiled, and continued thus—

"You will not for a moment dream, dear Grace, that I place the improvement of the *mind* secondary to anything but the improvement of the *heart*. But I do most firmly hold, and would most strongly enforce the principle, that *moral* improvement is to take precedence of everything else. I did not always see this in the light I now do. For years, I worshipped intellect, and thought everything should do it homage, and that many of woman's petty duties (so I, in my foolish pride, termed them) should give place to higher and more ennobling occupations; that her mind should be cultivated up to a certain standard, though in so doing she trespassed not a little on the time which her relative position as daughter, sister, wife, or friend, made due to the happiness or welfare of others. These were some of the false views which had to be corrected by severe discipline. I had to learn them by being shut up to domestic duties, and was glad to view them in a religious light, and thus rescue them from their otherwise depressing influence."

"You do not mean, aunt, that we must just yield to surrounding circumstances, and quietly resign mental improvement, because our way is beset with difficulties."

"You say truly, Grace, I do not mean that; but mark attentively what I do mean, dear. The providence of God, by defining our position in life, and arranging the circumstances around us, creates our outward duties;—that same Providence bestowed our mental powers, our peculiar temperament, our individuality of character. The two combined are not generally in harmony; and here is scope for that moral discipline which, in its perfected results, will create entire union. The mental and moral being controlled and purified by adverse circumstances and the grace of God, will find as full development and action in any sphere, as the God of wisdom sees best at that time to permit; while the passive waiting and the active trust will ere long be rewarded by some new place of residence, which will give the prepared soul full field for enjoyment and improvement."

"I apprehend that remark clearly, dear aunt, but do not yet see its application."

"You will, Grace. I am preparing the way for an important principle, which I am very anxious you should clearly apprehend and practically adopt. If early learned, it will save you much useless struggle and profitless effort. General laws for the mind extend just as far as general laws for the body: they are good in a general sense. Some rules are good for all without exception, others are good for an especial class; most, in their individual application, need to be modified by circumstances, by peculiarities of mental or physical constitution, by relative position, and many other things; therefore, I do not think that general rules for reading apply any farther than general rules for eating. Our outward position in life is generally regarded as providential; but one other great truth is often overlooked. It is this: Providence speaks just as emphatically in our mental powers, our physical capabilities, our peculiar tastes, and our struggling desires. I will illustrate what I mean. A farmer has two sons, near of an age, between whom he intends to divide his farm when they arrive at manhood. They are sent to the District School, and enjoy equal advantages at all times. To an outward eye they occupy precisely similar positions, and seem destined for the same ultimate station. But mark another thing. The one pursues his school studies, comes home, thinking no more about them, and is happy in sports or farming occupations, until the bell again calls him to his desk. The other learns the same lessons, and comes home to think, to struggle, to dream.

"His geographical lessons float before his mind continually. Other countries, scenes, modes of action, fill him with restless desire to see and know for himself. Or his arithmetic presses him on to mathematical calculations, or his astronomy to pass sleepless nights gazing upon the starry heavens.

"He *cannot* keep his mind within the range of his father's farm, and ere manhood arrives he will (if necessary) cheerfully forego all present worldly advantages, and go forth to see and learn, and know; and ere many years have passed, discoveries in science, of new applications of old knowledge, have made his name familiar as 'household words,' from one extremity of our land to the other. Who questions the fact that Providence led him forth out of his original sphere by the bestowment of those mental gifts? They were stronger than the fence-work of outward circumstances, and therefore prevailed.

"If he had been an only son, and the comfort of aged parents depended upon his oversight of that farm, that same Providence would have required him to delay his plan of action, and hold all mental desires in strict abeyance, until those gray hairs were sheltered in the grave, or other circumstances had been prepared creating equal comforts for the hearts that reared him.

"But, suppose the other, who had never given any indication of especial talent, should insist upon following in the steps of his brother, and,

despite the advice of judicious parents and friends, should also leave his home to travel. The want of previous knowledge and the lack of practical observation would render it utterly profitless, and the result would probably be quite disastrous to his worldly interests. The Providence of circumstances spoke most loudly to him, and should have restrained him, while the providence of gifts instructed the other to go forth and exert wide their influence.

"Thus you see, Grace, we utterly condemn the system of the law that would bind an individual to any position in life because he was born there, while at the same time we as strongly condemn the restless, dissatisfied, ambitious spirit which pervades the majority around us, leading to continual murmurings over their providential allotment, continual envyings of those who seem to possess and enjoy none of the good things of life, to forget the command, "Be content with such things as ye *have*," to make life a scene of perpetual struggle to grasp what, in most instances, ever eludes them."

"But these remarks apply to men in business, aunt. What have I to do with such aspirations?" said Grace.

"I am talking in a circle, Grace," replied Mrs. C—, smiling, "but I am drawing to the centre, and that will touch you—you have much to do with the principle.

"It applies far more clearly to women than to men, because their position in life can (as a general thing) be more calculated upon. Or, if their outer circle varies with their husband's and father's, their inner circle of duties is but slightly touched. We know what they will be in every sphere, though modified by circumstances of wealth or poverty.

"Subject as we are, therefore, in this country to sudden changes of position, we cannot prepare for the future in any way, but by the full improvement of the present; and to neglect present obvious duties because we do not like them, and to pursue other occupations (however good and elevating in themselves) which we think will better fit us for a station we imagine we shall one day occupy, is egregious folly, yea, absolute sin.

"As I look upon you, dear Grace, I can realize that your future husband may be one of the earthly heads of the church, or fill a high judicial station, or be an ambassador to foreign lands, and thus you be called to occupy a station very different from the one you now fill, which now seems very probable. It may be, and it may not. But if in the prophetic vision I could see it far in the distance—my advice would still be, Go home, dear Grace, and occupy well your present position as eldest daughter and sister in your happy home, neglect no present relative duty for selfish improvement, and the God who placed you where you are will so bless and strengthen you and so lead you forth by the right way, that if the period of outward elevation comes, your moral and mental being will be made strong to fill it, or, if called to adversity and disappointment, you will not have foolish lessons to unlearn, and waking dreams to weep for."

"Still striking at the root of my imaginations, aunt, I perceive," said Grace.

"I wish to do so most effectually, my dear niece. You supplied the text for this homily in our last conversation, when you said, 'I do think more of the future than the present.' Our reading and our thoughts are most intimately connected, and will more or less influence each other. If you indulge the habit of rumination, you will seek books to supply the material—and, if you form the habit of reading trifling books, your thoughts will naturally follow the train they present, indeed you will be unfitted for any other.

"I have not for a moment forgotten your question, '*What* shall I read?' but you are not ready for an intelligent answer. You have put away childish things, and the next four years will most surely form your womanly character. I wish you therefore to act upon a reason—to know why you do, and why you leave undone, what you may see your young friends pursuing or neglecting I have illustrated to you the *Providence of circumstances*, or the outward form of life; but there is yet another we must more fully discuss, before I am clear to define your privileges, and that is the *Providence of gifts*, or temperament—the peculiarities of your inward character. Understanding these, I think you will be able clearly to define your position and your duties, and form a plan by which you "by the grace of God," will cheerfully perform every relative duty, and yet find time to gratify every proper desire for personal improvement.

"There is something ennobling in doing our duty, Grace, whatever that may be, and nothing creates greater dignity of character, than to recognise God's appointment in all that pertains to us, and cheerfully to love the wisdom and trust the love that ordains our lot."

"I now clearly perceive the drift of your remarks, aunt—you intend to shut me up to the point, what is best for me to read and do, without reference to what any other may perform, and you hope to give me a rule on which my judgment may act."

"Exactly, dear Grace—nothing so strengthens the youthful mind, as independent action or principle.

"In this day of books, temptations beset those who are fond of reading, on every side. Without a plan or determination on the subject, we may read continually and yet it may all be desultory and profitless, yea, even decidedly injurious.

"With a plan of our own, and the advice of our kind friends occasionally, it may all, however varied, tend to profit."

ESCAPE OF HENRIETTA.

(SEE PLATE.)

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Shakspeare's aphorism has found many a verification in the history of royalty in all ages. The elevation of rank and power furnishes a mark for the flings of fortune, which go far towards affecting the equilibrium of good between the different allotments of Providence. The wife of the first Charles entered life with every promise of ease and honor; but long before her sun reached its meridian, it was overcast with clouds, which gathered blackness and dread till her day went out in gloomiest night. The scene which our artist has seized upon is that of her last escape to Exeter, from whence she took flight to France. Disguise aided the flight from the very presence of the Parliament guards, and secured to the Queen a momentary rest at Exeter, during which Charles II. was born. After her escape to France the celebrated Henrietta of Orleans, the only sister of the family, was born. The Queen never returned to England, and survived her husband's deposition and death only a few troubled years Her sorrows as a woman and a captive naturally enlist the sympathies; but it is a sympathy from which the remembrance of her unhappy influence upon the temper and fortunes of Charles must somewhat detract.

"CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS."

Long ages past, Eternal Wisdom said,
  Perform thy work tho' the reward delays;
"Fear not, but on the waters cast thy bread,
  And thou shalt find it after many days."

Thousands since then have seem'd to toil in vain—
  Have left the world amidst its bitter sneers;
Bot what they cast upon the worldly main
  Hath blossom'd and borne fruit in after years.

Some long have mingled with their kindred clay,
  E'er o'er their graves the mists of error curl'd;
And then their labors, like the dawn of day,
  With light and joy illomin'd half the world.

No work of faith, no earnest hope in God,
  Hath ever been, that failed and came to nought;
No worker rests beneath the grassy sod,
  Whose work and faith no goodly fruits have brought.

Work, then, and wait, and put thy trust in God,
  So joy is sure and conquest shall be given;
Thine head may rest unhonored 'neath the sod,
  Thy trusting soul shall meet reward in heaven.

THE BEAUTIFUL SIDE OF LIFE.

"We spend our lives as a tale that is told," said the Hebrew Psalmist, and this is true in more senses than the one to which he immediately applied it, as pointing out the shadowy brevity of human existence. Yes, a "tale," and how much of happiness or misery depends on the *telling* of that story! How various its aspects—how manifold its characters and incidents—how inscrutable its entangled plot—and how unlooked for oftentimes its startling disclosures when "the end" cometh! Surely they err widely who would forbid us sometimes to tread the flowery paths of nature's own walk of art—to take up the pencil as it drops, ever and anon, from the hand of some departing artist, and re-sketch the features of a story which could only be concluded when the chief actor had passed for ever from our view. Only when genuine biography shall be written in this way—when, with the frequently simple incidents and sober tintings, shall be infused more of the "poetry of life"—more of that vivid interest and loving portraiture which at present are only to be found in the pages of fiction—can that department of literature cease to be the dead letter it now is—the barren catalogue of facts and figures, *unreal* because *unlife like.* Thus much for the imitations; let us turn now to the works of the great artist herself—to those pages from which the painters and poets of every age have made it their boast to borrow.

Perhaps nothing reveals the infinite resources of the only creative Power in the universe more overwhelming to human perception, than the amazing *variety* apparent upon all his works. So remarkable a feature is it, that, while he who "runs may read," the most unwearying research has never assigned its limits; and we may confidently say never will. Marvellously various as are the manifestations of the *external* world—the aspects of nature—the wonders of animal and vegetable life—species that baffle classification, and *within* which a still more astounding variety of individual types surpass wonder as do these—surely the conditions of spiritual life, even so far as they come within the limited range of our experience, are more wondrous still! *These* all endure for a moment; generation after generation passeth away, and the material, resolved into its elements, retains no longer the individuality of its myriad forms, and the types consequently which now fill their places *may* be in all respects the verisimilitudes of those which have perished. A glance, however, will show—the spirit's immortality being pre-supposed—that no such explanation will hold good in relation to the worlds of *spiritual* existence. The individual being of any man to-day, must be as distinct from all the generations of the past as those that, under the same conditions of existence, immediately surround him. We want not proof of this, so far as the experience of the present is concerned. Which of us ever saw two faces—heard two voices—came into contact with two minds, similar in feature and expression—undistinguishable in tone—alike in all their workings?

How astounding then the conclusion, supported as it is alike by necessity, experience, and analogy, that of the untold myriads of the human race alone, entering not upon wide ground, each unit was, is, and must be, diverse and distinct from all his fellows.

It is this never-ending variety of mental structure and moulding, cast amidst circumstances and associations equally diverse, yet connected as so many links with the mysterious chain of human sympathy and brotherhood, that gives to the study of individual life and character its deep poetic interest.

Life in all its stages, however, is fraught with that poetry which is the soul of our enjoyment of it. Childhood comes forth with its beaming eyes and sunny locks, and its path is strewn with flowers, and overarched with rainbows; it glances over our pathway like a beam of light, and the music of Eden seems borne in its joyous utterance. Youth, with its onward lookings, its fervent love and boundless faith. Manhood, when the clouds are gathering, and even the strong-hearted look wistfully back, and, recalling the sunshine of earlier days, half falter a prayer that "the cup may pass from them." The mature mid-day of existence, when armed and battling in the full consciousness of strength, life's soldier grows warm in his harness. The calmness of eventide, when the contest slackens, and, clothed with light as with a garment, the sun of existence goes steadily on to its setting. The serene departure, when the tried and perfected "rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." Surely there is beauty in all *these* aspects of our mysterious pilgrimage—poetry,

surely, for all those who having eyes see not, and do not understand."

"We spend our lives as a tale that is told." In some, there are the strong contrasts, the vivid coloring, the brilliant lights, and darkening shadows of romance; in others, the "tale is one of little variation, of ordinary trials, of purifying love, of noiseless endurance; but throughout the scenes of all is traced the guiding hand, appearing in moments of danger to guard, of sorrow to console." And in each, the most surprisingly vicissitous, or the quiet, even path, trodden with undaunted energy, sanctified by suffering, or illumined by love, the wonderful and strange is not only strictly "natural," but true. When will men *believe* as well as *say* that "truth is far stranger than fiction;" in fact, that little of the fictitious has not been true?

Let us not be told that the "poetry" of which we speak consists mainly in false lights and unreal views—that it is only to the dreamer and enthusiast that this stern life can be so clothed with beauty and fraught with interest. This is only one of the many delusive modes by which the sleeping endeavor to convince themselves that it is *they* who are awake. It is to the highest style of man, just in proportion to the clearness and activity of his mental vision, that life appears most sublime and wondrous in all its aspects. View this state of being—this "life," however lengthened—as but the babyhood of an immortal spirit—the faint, gray dawning of an eternity of existence; believe that the man bowed down with age, and laden with the dear-bought experience of the threescore and ten years of our sojourn is, in the light of that hereafter, but an infant of days, with all but everything to learn, and do you *lessen* the wonder, or disenchant life of its interest? No! no! *these* are not the dreamers who, searching now "as through a glass darkly," where are discerned the liveliest footprints of the Eternal, await the clearer light which shall be vouchsafed to them beyond, for these are but "parts of his ways," and much which is now dimly hinted at, shall then be revealed in full.

Let us cultivate, then, the attentive ear and the observant eye, that we be not among those whose "talent is laid up in a napkin," whose faculties, diverted from their highest uses, rust through neglect, or are wholly occupied with the cares and trifles of this strangely mingled being. But while thirsting after knowledge, and the higher enjoyments of our nature, and while satisfying that thirst from the richest fountains of creation, let us not forget the skill that fashioned, or the hand that governs.

> "Let knowledge grow from more to more,
> But more of *reverence* in us dwell,
> That soul and mind according well,
> May make one music as before."

Amen, beautiful theologian! Most heartily do we bid thee God-speed on thy glorious mission.

EARLY DEATH.

'Tis sad to die with life
Just op'ning to our view—
When ev'ry scene is rife
With pleasure ever new;
Not sad to quit the earth
While all is pure and bright,
Ere sin hath given birth,
In age, to sorrow's night.

'Tis sad to part, withal,
From those that here we love,
Whose longings might recall
Our spirit from above;—
More sad to live and find,
Ere yet the heart is old,
Those lov'd ones prove unkind,
Their love grow slack and cold,

'Tis sad to die in youth,
Ere yet the soul hath known
The lessons deep of truth
That age may learn alone:
Not sad while yet a child
In thought, to die, before
The conscience is defiled
By man's unhallowed lore.

'Tis sad to die and leave
All that the spirit will'd
In after-life, and grieve
O'er visions unfulfilled:
Not sad to think, while lie
Our bodies in the tomb,
Our souls, though borne on high,
The deeds of life resume.

It is not sad to die
In early youth or age,
If bright our memory
In wisdom's sacred page:
If truth the heart possess,
We have not lived in vain—
If we have liv'd to bless,
To die will still be gain.—

2285